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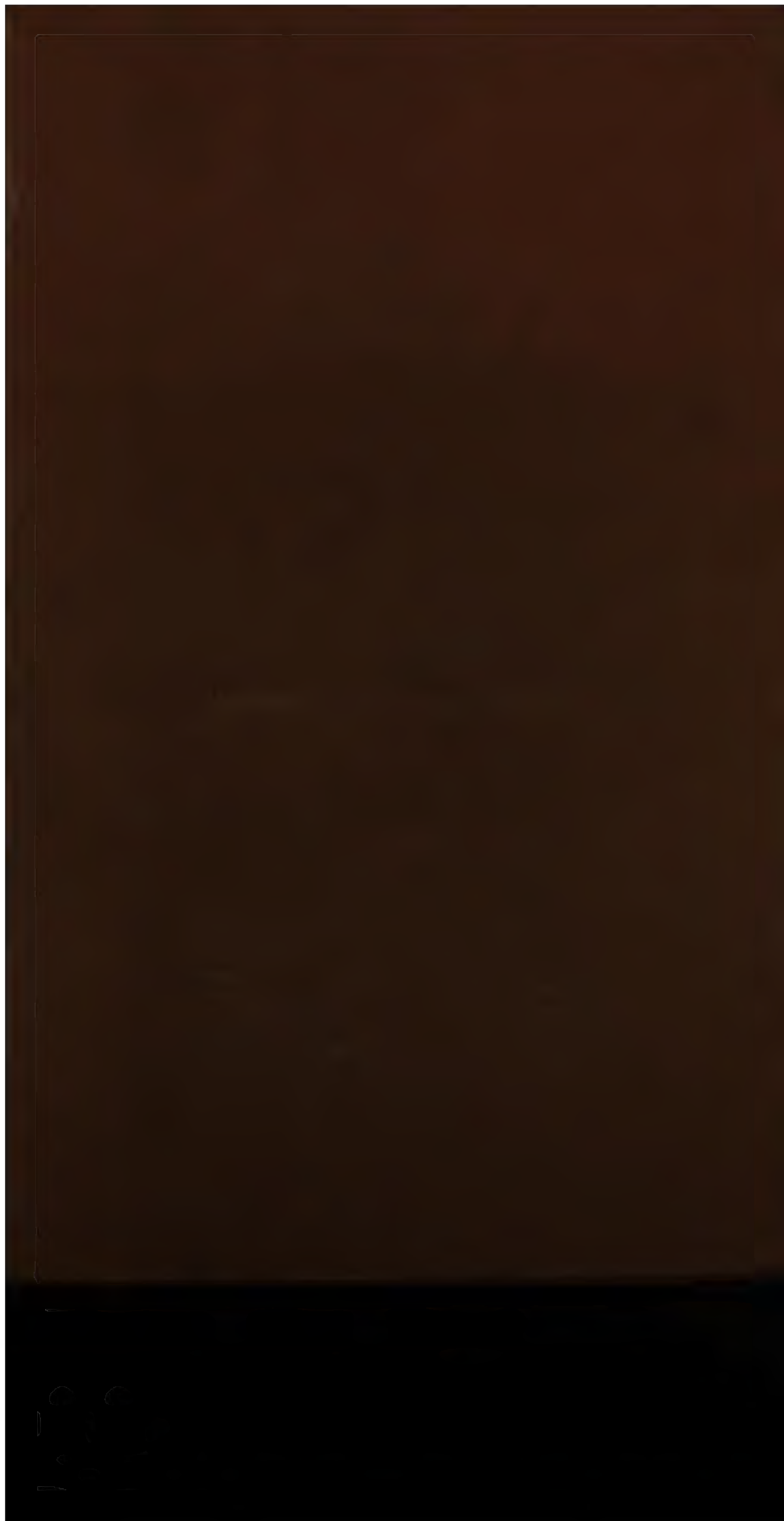
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# **LIFE**

**OF**

## **THEOBALD WOLFE TONE,**

**FOUNDER OF THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETY,**

**AND**

**ADJUTANT GENERAL AND CHEF DE BRIGADE IN THE SERVICE OF THE FRENCH AND  
BATAVIAN REPUBLICS.**

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Written by himself, and continued by his Son; with his Political Writings, and Fragments of his Diary, whilst Agent to the General and Sub-committee of the Catholics of Ireland, and Secretary to the Delegation who presented their Petition to his Majesty George III.

### **HIS MISSION TO FRANCE:**

With a complete Diary of his Negotiations to procure the aid of the French and Batavian Republics, for the Liberation of Ireland; of the Expeditions of Bantry Bay, the Texel, and of that wherein he fell. Narrative of his Trial, Defence before the Court Martial, and Death.

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*Edited by his Son,*

**WILLIAM THEOBALD WOLFE TONE:**

With a brief account of his own Education and Campaigns under the Emperor Napoleon.

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

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*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.  
Pharsalia, Lib. 1, Verse 128.*

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**VOL. II.**

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**WASHINGTON :**

**PRINTED BY GALES & SEATON.**

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**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, to wit:**

**BE IT REMEMBERED,** That on the second day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, and of the Independence of the United States of America the fiftieth, **WILLIAM THEOBALD WOLFE TONE**, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:

“ Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone, founder of the United Irish Society, and Adjutant General and Chef de Brigade in the service of the French and Batavian Republics ; written by himself, and continued by his Son : with his Political Writings, and Fragments of his Diary, whilst Agent to the General and Sub-committee of the Catholics of Ireland, and Secretary to the Delegation who presented their Petition to his Majesty George III. His Mission to France ; with a complete Diary of his Negotiations to procure the aid of the French and Batavian Republics for the Liberation of Ireland ; of the Expeditions of Bantry Bay, the Texel, and of that wherein he fell. Narrative of his Trial, Defence before the Court Martial, and Death. Edited by his Son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone ; with a brief account of his own Education and Campaigns under the Emperor Napoleon. In two volumes. *Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni. Pharsalia, Lib. 1, verse 128.*”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “ An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;” and, also, to the act, entitled “ An act supplementary to an act, entitled ‘ An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

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\* L. S. \*  
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**IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF,** I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the public seal of my office, the day and year aforesaid.

**EDMUND I. LEE,**  
*Clerk of the District of Columbia.*



JOURNALS  
OF  
GENERAL TONE,  
DURING HIS MISSION IN FRANCE.

PART I.

*Comprising his Negotiations with the French Government,  
at Paris, 1796.*

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FEBRUARY, 1796.

*February 2.* I landed at Havre de Grace yesterday, after a rough winter passage from New York of thirty-one days. The town ugly and dirty, with several good houses in alleys, where it is impossible to see them. Lodged at the Hotel de Paix, formerly the Hotel of the Intendant, but reduced to its present state by the Revolution. "My landlord is civil, but dear as the devil." Slept in a superb crimson damask bed; great luxury, after being a month without having my clothes off.

*February 3.* Rose early; difficult to get breakfast; get it at last; excellent coffee, and very coarse brown bread, but, as it happens, I like brown bread. Walked out to see the lions; none to see. Mass celebrating in the church; many people present, especially women; went into divers coffee houses; plenty of coffee, but no papers. No bread in two of the coffee-houses; but pastry; singular enough! Dinner; and here, as matter of curiosity, follows our bill of fare, which proves clearly that France is in a starving situation: An excellent soup; a dish of fish, fresh from the harbor; a fore-quarter of delicate small mutton, like the Welsh; a superb turkey, and a pair of ducks roasted; pastry, cheese, and fruit after dinner, with wine ad

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*libitum*, but still the *pain bis*; provoked with the Frenchmen grumbling at the bread: made a saying: *Vive le pain bis et la liberte!* I forgot the vegetables, which were excellent; very glad to see such unequivocal proofs of famine. Went to the Comedie in the evening; a neat theatre, and a very tolerable company: twenty performers in the orchestra: house full: several officers, very fine looking fellows: the audience just as gay as if there was no such thing as war and brown bread in the world. Supper just like our dinner, with wine, &c. N. B. *Finances*. The Louis worth 5,000 livres, or about 200 times its value in assignats: the six-franc-piece in proportion. My bill *per diem*, for such entertainment as abovementioned, is six francs, five shillings: and my crimson damask bed 20 sols, or 10 pence: coffee in the morning 12 sols, or sixpence: so that I am starving in the manner I have described, for the enormous sum 6s. 4d. a day: sad! sad! Paid for my seat at the theatre, in the box next to that of the *Municipalite*, 50 livres in assignats, or about fourpence sterling. Be it remembered, I lodge at the principal hotel in Havre, and I doubt not but I might retrench, perhaps one-half, by changing my situation: but hang saving.

February 4. A swindler in the hotel: wishes to take me in: wants to travel with me to Paris: says he is an American, and calls me Captain: is sure he has seen me somewhere. Tell him perhaps it was in Spain. "And how rich, but warm?" it wont do. He trusts his wily arts on an old Frenchman, and, to my great surprise, tricks him of about six guineas. The Frenchman finds it out, and is in a rage: going to beat the arrantvarlet, who is forced to refund. This is our first adventure. My friend was an American, who I very soon found out: for "there is no language better expressed," as poor Richard says.

February 5. A new arrangement with my landlord: I now pay 1s. a day for every thing, including my crimson damask bed: walk out every third morn a soldier, or with something of the military countenance about him. In the evening the Comedie; *Belle and Babet*, and the *Reveries de Chere*, a revolutionary<sup>o</sup> piece: applauses and honorable mention. I can account for the favorable reception of the latter piece, but the former is as great a favorite, though the fable is as simple as possible. Two lovers fall out about a moneybag and a ribbon, and, after squabbling through two acts, are reconciled at last, and marry. The

sentiments and the music are pretty and pastoral, but what puzzles me is, to reconcile the impression which the piece, such as I have described it, seemed to make on the audience, with the sanguinary and ferocious character attributed to the French.

*February 6.* It is very singular, but I have had several occasions already to observe, that there is more difficulty in passing silver than paper. I have seen money refused where assignats have been taken currently. This is a phenomenon I cannot understand, especially, when the depreciation is considered. The republican silver is received with great suspicion. People have got it into their heads that it is adulterated, but, even so, surely it is worth, intrinsically, more than a bit of paper. So it is, however, that assignats are more current. The Comedie again. The Marseillaise Hymn sung every night, and the piece, "*Tremblez Tyrans*," always received with applause. The behavior of the young men extremely decorous and proper, very unlike the riotous and drunken exhibitions I have been witness to in other countries. The women ugly, and some most grotesque head-dresses. Supper, as usual, excellent; the servants at the hotel remarkably civil, attentive, and humble, which I mention, because I have been so often tormented with block-heads arguing against liberty and equality as subversive of all subordination. I have no where met with more respectful attendance than here, nor better entertainment, and all for five shillings a day.

*February 7, Sunday.* I was curious to observe how this day would be kept in France. I believe no body worked; the shops were half open, half shut, as I have seen them on holidays in other countries; every body walking the streets. A vessel from Boston was wrecked last night within twenty yards of the Basin, and an unfortunate French woman lost, with two little children. She had fled to America early in the Revolution, and was now returning to her husband on the restoration of tranquillity. God Almighty help him! She might have been saved alone, but preferred to perish with her infants: it is too horrible to think of. Oh, my babies, my babies, if your little bodies were sunk in the Ocean, what should I do? But you are safe, thank God! Well! no more of that. Comedie again; house quite full, being Sunday; Mad. Rousselois principal singer; just such another in person, age, manner, and voice, as the late Mrs. Kennedy, but a much better actress.

**February 8.** An arrangement for Paris at last. An American has a hired coach, a very good one, and we, viz. D'Aucourt, my fellow-traveller, and I, are to pay one louis a piece for our seats, and bear two-thirds of the travelling expenses, post horses, &c. This is very comfortable, cheaper, and much better, than any public carriage. We are to set off early on Wednesday: I have now waited eight days on my companion, who, by-the-by, does not improve on acquaintance; he is as proud as Lucifer, and as mean as avarice can make him. I foresee that we shall not live long together at Paris, but at first he will be absolutely necessary to me. "*Damn it, and sink it, and rot it for me,*" that I cannot speak French. "*Bues they call them here.*" "*Oh that I had given that time to the tongues that I have spent in jencing and bear-baiting.*" Well, "*'tis but in vain,*" &c. With God's blessing, my little boys shall speak French. Comedie in the evening as usual.

**February 9.** My lover, the swindler, has been too cunning for us; he has engaged the fourth place in the coach, so we shall have the pleasure of his company on to Paris. He certainly has some designs on our pockets, but I hope he will find himself defeated. Wrote to my family and to Dr. Reynolds of Philadelphia, and gave the letters to Capt. Baron. Tired of Havre, which is dreadfully monotonous, and D'Aucourt's peevishness, proceeding partly from ill health, makes him not the pleasantest company in the world. Got our passports: engaged post horses, &c. I do not bear the separation from my family well, yet I certainly do not wish them at present in France. If I can make out my brother Mathew, I shall be better off. Poor P. P. I shall never meet with such another agreeable companion in a post-chaise. Well, hang sorrow! But I am dreadfully low-spirited: "*Croaker is a rhyme for joker.*" "*Poor Dick!*" Comedie as usual: sad trash this evening; a boy of fifteen in love and married; introduced to his spouse by his nurse; confined to his room by his papa, and let out in order to be married: much fitter to peg a top or play marbles; yet the audience did not seem to feel any incongruity, though, to heighten the absurdity, his lover was Madame Rousselot, a fat woman of forty. It was excessively ridiculous to see her and the "*Amoureux de quinze ans*" together, and to hear her singing "*Lindor a su me plaire.*" She was easily pleased.—The dresses

at the theatre of Havre are handsomer and better appointed than I have seen any where, except at London, which is wonderful, considering it is but a small seaport town, and more so, when one reflects on the price of admission. I suspect the Government must assist them, or I am sure they could not live on the receipts : if so, it is an additional trait in the resemblance of character between the French and Athenians, which is most striking.

February 10. Up at 5 o'clock : a choice carriage lined with blue velvet : five horses : a French postillion, a most grotesque figure—cocked hat and jacket, two great wisps of straw tied on his thighs, and a pair of jack-boots, as big as two American churns. “ Their horses, (*chevauxes they call them,*) *ben’t quite so nimble as our’n.*” Set off for Paris ; Huzza ! The country flat and amazingly populous ; the houses of the peasantry scattered as thick as they can lie, about a mean between an English cottage and an Irish cabin, or hovel : but if the house be inferior, there is an appearance in the spot of ground about, far beyond what I have seen in England. Every cottage stands in the middle of a parallelogram of perhaps an acre or two, which is planted with trees, and I suppose includes their potagerie, &c. : the quantity of wood thus scattered over the face of the country is immense, and has a beautiful effect ; every foot of ground seems to me under cultivation, so there will be no starving, please God, this year. France, D’Aucourt says, in a good year, grows one third more than she consumes. No enclosures, but all the country open : excepting that circumstance, not unlike Yorkshire, which I look upon as the finest part of England ; an orchard to every cottage, besides rows of apple trees, without intermission, by the road side. Why might it not be so in other countries, whose climate differs but very little from that of Normandy ? *Think of this.* The country still flat as a bowling green, but as interesting as much wood and the most perfect cultivation can make it. Again and again delighted with the prospect of the abundant harvest which a few months will produce. No streams nor meadows, but all tilled : roads excellent. Arrive at Rouen at two hours after nightfall ; a beautiful approach to the town through a noble avenue of trees, I believe, “ *for it was so dark, Hal, thou couldst not see thy hand.*” Lodge at the Hotel d’Egalité.



*February 11.* Set off at 10 o'clock. A hill immediately over Rouen of immense height, and so steep that the road is cut in traverses. When at the top, a most magnificent prospect to look back over Normandy, with Rouen at your feet, and the Seine winding beautifully through the landscape. The face of the country pretty much as yesterday, except that the cottages are not so much detached, but rather collected in small hamlets; a mean appearance, and far inferior in all respects. The little plantations around the cottages set them off and hide all defects; but here they are grouped together and completely exposed; yet still they are far beyond the cottages I have been used to see. Very few towns, and those of a sombre appearance: the manufacturing towns of England beyond all comparison superior. The beauty of France is in the country. Pass two or three *chateaux*, which are very thinly scattered: all shut up and deserted, their masters having been either guillotined, or being now on the right (*viz.* the wrong) bank of the Rhine. In general they are in a bad taste; no improvements around them, as in England, but built close on the road, and generally a dirty little hamlet annexed, the wretched habitation of the slaves of the feudal system. Well! all those things are past and gone, just as if they had never been. I can see the genius of the French noblesse was not adapted to the country. In England, I suppose the seats of the gentry, in the same kind of country, would be as one hundred to one. Pass a beautiful valley, with a stream, the first I have seen, winding through it, and mount a second hill almost as high as that above Rouen. Table land cultivated as before, that is to say, without one foot of ground wasted. To my utter astonishment, a large flock of sheep! What, sheep in France! I suppose they must have swam over from England. Another flock—another: "*They sear mine eyeballs.*" I could wish John Bull were here for one half hour, just to look at the fields of wheat that I am passing. It is impossible to conceive higher cultivation: I have seen nothing of a corn country like it in England. The road this day but middling. Sleep at Magny.

*February 12.* A most blistering bill for supper, &c. In great indignation, and the more so, because I could not scold in French. Passion is eloquent, but all my figures of speech were lost on the landlord. If this extortion resulted from any

scarcity, I would submit in silence; but it is downright villany. Well! “’Tis but in vain,” literally. Set off in a very ill humor, but soon reconciled to my losses by the smiling appearance of the country. Still flat, and richly cultivated. Breakfast at Pontoise. The serenity of my temper, which I had just recovered, ruffled completely by a second bill. “*Landlords have flinty hearts; no tears can move them.*” This comes of riding in fine carriages, with velvet linings! We are downright *Milords Anglais*, and they certainly make us pay for our titles. Several vineyards, the first I have met with. An uninterrupted succession of corn, vines, and orchards, as far as the eye can reach, rich and *riant* beyond description. I see now clearly that John Bull will be able to starve France. *St. Denys*—The building for washing the royal linen turned into an arsenal, and a palace into a barrack for the Gendarmerie: a church, with the inscription—“*Le peuple Francais reconnait l’etre Suprême, et l’immortalité de l’ame.*”—*Groscailou*—Several windmills turning, as if they were grinding corn, but, to be sure, they have none to grind: an artful fetch to deceive the worthy Mr. Bull, and make him believe there is still some bread in France. In sight of Paris at last. Huzza! Huzza!

I have now travelled one hundred and fifty miles in France, and I do not think I have seen one hundred and fifty acres uncultivated: the very orchards are under grain. All the mills I have seen were at work, and all the chateaux shut up, without exception. *Paris*—Stop at the *Hotel des Etrangers, Rue Vivienne*, a magnificent house, but, I foresee, as dear as the devil; my apartment in the third story very handsomely furnished, &c. for fifty francs per month, and so in proportion for a shorter time; much cheaper than the Adelphi and other hotels in London; but I will not stay here for all that—I must get into private lodgings. At 6 o’clock, dinner with D’Aucourt at the *Restaurateur’s* in the *Maison Egalité*, formerly the Palais Royal, which is within fifty yards of our hotel. The bill of fare printed, as large as a play bill, with the price of every thing marked. I am ashamed to say so much on the subject of eating, but I have been so often bored with the famine in France, that it is, in some degree, necessary to dwell upon it. Our dinner was a soup, roast fowl, fried carp, sallads of two kinds, a bottle of Burgundy, coffee after dinner, and a glass of liqueur, with ex-

cellent bread—(I forgot, we had cauliflowers and sauce,)—and our bill for the whole, wine and all, was 1,500 livres, in assignats, which, at the present rate, (the Louis being 6.500 livres,) is exactly 4s. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. sterling. What would I have given to have had P. P. with me! Indeed we would have discussed another bottle of the Burgundy, or, by'r Lady, some two or three.—*"The rogue has given me medicines to make me love him: Yes! I have drank medicines."* I wish to God our bill of fare was posted on the Royal Exchange, for John Bull's edification. I do not think he would dine much better for the money, even at the London Tavern, especially if he drank such Burgundy as we did. The saloon in which we dined was magnificent, illuminated with patent lamps, and looking glasses of immense size: the company of a fashionable appearance, full as much as ever I have seen at the Bedford Coffee House: in short, every thing wore a complete appearance of opulence and luxury. Walked round the Palais Royal, but too dark to see any thing. Ascend a shop kept by J. B. Louvet. Coffee houses all full as they can hold, but did not go into one of them. D'Aucourt grumbling at the appearance of things not being half so brilliant as formerly: believe he is fibbing a little. Bed!

Feb. 13. Capt. Bisson, with whom we travelled up, called to breakfast. Settled our account of expenses. From Havre to Paris is 160 miles, or thereabouts. We lay two nights on the road. We were charged once or twice extravagantly. We were driven with four, five, and, during two stages, with six horses, and yet our expense for the whole was but sixty crowns, or £13 sterling, which was £5 a piece. In England, to travel the same distance, with four horses, would have cost us, at the very lowest, double the money. So much for the relative expense of the two countries, which I am fond of comparing, and I think I know England pretty well. Council of war with D'Aucourt. Agree to keep close for a day or two, until we get French clothes made, and then pay my first visit to Monroe, (the American Ambassador) and deliver my letters. In the mean time to make inquiries. The *Directoire Executif* have presented General Jourdan with six horses, magnificently caparisoned, a sword, and a case of pistols. What a present for a Republican General! I observe they have given nothing to Pichegru. It looks odd that he should be passed over. Do they intend to

fix the public attention on Jourdan? *Mind this.* I should be sorry if Pichegru were thrown into the shade. In the evening, at the *Grand Opera, Theatre des Arts, Iphigenie*. The theatre magnificent, and, I should judge, about one hundred performers in the orchestra. The dresses most beautiful, and a scrupulous attention to the costume in all the decorations, which I have never seen in London. The performers were completely Grecian statues animated, and I never saw so manifestly the superiority of the taste of the ancients in dress, especially the women. Iphigenie (*La citoyenne Cheron*) was dressed entirely in white, without the least ornament, and nothing can be imagined more truly elegant and picturesque. The acting admirable, but the singing very inferior to that of the Haymarket. The French cannot sing like the Italians. Agamemnon excellent. Clytemnestra still better. Achilles abominable, and more applauded than either of them. Sung in the old French style, which is most detestable, shaking and warbling on every note: vile! vile! vile! The others sung in a style sufficiently correct. The ballet, *L'Offrande à la Liberte*, most superb. In the centre of the stage was the statue of Liberty, with an altar blazing before her. She was surrounded by the characters in the opera, in their beautiful Grecian habits. The civic air "*Veillons au salut de l'Empire*," was sung by a powerful bass, and received with transport by the audience. Whenever the word "*esclavage*" was uttered, it operated like an electric shock. The Marseillaise hymn was next sung, and produced still greater enthusiasm. At the word, "*Aux armes citoyens!*" all the performers drew their swords, and the females turned to them as encouraging them. Before the last verse, there was a short pause, the time of the music was changed to a very slow movement, and supported only by the flutes and oboes; a beautiful procession entered; first little children like cherubs, with baskets of flowers: these were followed by boys, a little more advanced, with white javelins (the *Hasta pura* of the ancients) in their hands. Then came two beautiful female figures, moving like the graces themselves, with torches blazing; these were followed by four negroes, characteristically dressed, and carrying two tripods between them, which they placed respectfully on each side of the altar: next came as many Americans, in the picturesque dress of Mexico, and these were followed by an immense crowd of other performers, variously

habited, who ranged themselves on both sides of the stage. The little children then approached the altar with their baskets of flowers, which they laid before the goddess; the rest in their turn succeeded, and hung the altar and the base of the statue with garlands and wreaths of roses; the two females with the torches approached the tripods, and, just touching them with the fire, they kindled into a blaze. The whole then knelt down, and all of this was executed in cadence to the music, and with a grace beyond description. The first part of the last verse, "*Amour sacré de la patrie.*" was then sung slowly and solemnly, and the words "*Liberté, Liberté, chérie.*" with an emphasis which affected me most powerfully. All this was at once pathetic and sublime, beyond what I had ever seen, or could almost imagine; but it was followed by an incident which crowned the whole, and rendered it indeed a spectacle worthy of a free republic: At the words "*Aux armes, citoyens!*" the music changed again to a martial style, the performers sprung on their feet, and in an instant the stage was filled with National Guards, who rushed in with bayonets fixed, their sabres drawn, and their tri-color flag flying. It would be impossible to describe the effect of this. I never knew what enthusiasm was before, and what heightened it beyond all conception was, that the men I saw before me were not hirelings, acting a part: they were what they seemed, French citizens flying to arms, to rescue their country from slavery. They were the men who had precipitated Cobourg into the Sambre, and driven Clairfait over the Rhine, and were, at this very moment, on the eve of again hurrying to the frontiers, to encounter fresh dangers and gain fresh glory. This was what made the spectacle interesting beyond all description. I would willingly sail again from New York to enjoy again what I felt at that moment. *Set the ballets of the Hay-market beside this!* This sublime spectacle concluded the ballet; but why must I give it so poor a name? It was followed by a ballet, which one might call so, but even this was totally different from what they used to be. The National Guards were introduced again, and, instead of dancing, at least three-fourths of the exhibition were military evolutions, which, it should seem, are more now to the French taste than allemandes and minuets and pas de deux. *So best!* It is curious now to consider at what rate one may see all this. I paid for my seat in the boxes 150



livres, in assignats, which, at the present rate, is very nearly sixpence sterling. The highest price seats were but 200 livres, which is eightpence. I mention this principally to introduce a conjecture which struck me at Havre, but which seems much more probable here, that the Government supports the theatres privately. And, in France, it is excellent policy, where the people are so much addicted to spectacles, of which there are now about twenty in Paris. and all full every night. What would my dearest love have felt at the “*Offrande à la liberté?*”

*Feb. 14.* Dined at a tavern in a room covered with gilding and looking glasses down to the floor. Superb beyond any thing I had seen. It was the Hotel of the Chancellor to the Duke of Orleans. There went much misery of the people to the painting and ornamenting of that room, and now it is open to any one to dine for three shillings. “*Make aristocracy laugh at that.*” But Paris now yields so many thousand instances of a similar complexion that nobody minds them. Comedie, ballet, (improperly so called) *Le chant du depart*. A battalion under arms, with their knapsacks at their backs, ready to march, with their officers and a representative of the people (whom P. P. would call a tyrant) at their head. On one side of the stage a group of venerable figures, representing the parents of the warriors. On the other, a band of females, who, I can venture to say, were not selected for their ugliness, appeared as their wives and lovers, and a number of beautiful children were scattered over the stage. The representative began the song, which was answered by the soldiers; the next verse was sung by the women, and I leave it to any man with a soul capable of feeling, what the effect of such a song from such beautiful beings must have been. The next was sung by the old men, and, at the end of it, the little boys and girls ran in amongst the soldiery, who caught them up in their arms and caressed them. Some of the little fellows pulled off the grenadiers’ caps, and put them on their own heads, whilst others were strutting about with great sabres longer than themselves. At length the battalion was formed again and filed off, the representative and officers saluting the audience as they passed, whilst the women and children were placed on an eminence, and waved their hands to them as they passed along. Nothing could exceed the peals of applause when the ensign passed with the tri-color flag dis-

played. *Here was no fiction*, and that it was which gave it an interest, that drew the tears irresistibly into my eyes.—  
**N.B.** From all this it is evident that the French are a nation of cannibals, incapable of human feeling. and that John Bull will just begin at the banks of the Wahal, and never stop 'till he has driven them into the Mediterranean.

*Feb. 15.* Went to Monroe's, the Ambassador, and delivered in my passport and letters. Received very politely by Monroe, who inquired a great deal into the state of the public mind in America. which I answered as well as I could, and in a manner to satisfy him pretty well as to my own sentiments. I inquired of him where I was to deliver my despatches. He informed me, at the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and gave me his address. I then rose and told him that when he had read B——'s letter, (which was in cypher) he would, I hope, find me excused in taking the liberty to call again. He answered, he would be happy at all times to see me. and, after he had inquired about Hamilton Rowan, how he liked America, &c., I took my leave, and returned to his office for my passport. The Secretary smoked me for an Irishman directly. *A la bonne heure.* Went at three o'clock to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Rue du Bacq. 471 Delivered my passport, and inquired for some one who spoke English. Introduced immediately to the Chef de Bureau, Lamare, a man of an exceedingly plain appearance. I showed my letter, and told him I wished for an opportunity to deliver it into the Minister's hands. He asked me, "would it not do if he took charge of it." I answered, he undoubtedly knew the official form best, but if it was not irregular, I should consider myself much obliged, by being allowed to deliver it in person. He then brought me into a magnificent anti-chamber, where a general officer and another person were writing, and, after a few minutes delay, I was introduced to the Minister, Charles de la Croix, and delivered my letter, which he opened, and seeing it in cypher, he told me, in French, he was much obliged to me for the trouble I had taken, and that the Secretary would give me a receipt, acknowledging the delivery. I then made my bow and retired with the Secretary, the Minister seeing us to the door. He is a respectable looking man; I should judge him near sixty, and has very much the air of a bishop. The Secretary has given me a receipt, of which

the following is a translation: "I have received from Mr. James Smith, a letter addressed to the Committee of Public Safety, and which he tells me comes from the citizen Adet, Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic at Philadelphia, Paris, 26th Pluviose, third year of the French Republic. The Secretary General of Foreign Affairs, Lamare." I have thus broken the ice. In a day or two I shall return for my passport.

I am perfectly pleased with my reception at Monroe's and at the Minister's, but can form no possible conjecture as to the event. The letter being in cypher, he could form no guess, as to whom I might be, or what might be my business. All I can say, is, that I found no difficulty in obtaining access to him; that his behavior was extremely affable and polite, and, in a word, that if I have no ground to augur any thing good, neither have I reason to expect any thing bad. All is *in equilibrio*. I have now a day or two to attend to my private affairs, and the first must be that of Mr. W. Browne (my brother Matthew.) Opera in the evening. The "*Chant du depart*" again. I lose three-fourths of the pleasure I should otherwise feel, for the want of my dear love, or my friend P. P. to share it with. How they would glory in Paris just now. And then the Burgundy every day at the restaurateurs. Poor P. P., he is the only possible bearable companion, except the boys. Well "*Tis but in vain,*" &c.

February 16. Walked out alone to see sights. The *Thuileries*, the *Louvre*, *Pontneuf*, &c. superb. Paris a thousand times more magnificent than London, but less convenient for those who go afoot. Saw two companies of grenadiers, in the garden of the *Thuilleries*, the first I have met. All very fine fellows, but without the *air militaire* of private sentinels; many in the ranks have the appearance of gentlemen in soldiers' coats, and, on the whole, they exactly resembled two companies of Irish volunteers, as I have seen them in that country, in the days of my youth and innocence. These are the youth of the first requisition. Their uniform blue, faced white, red cape and cuffs, red shoulder knots, and plumes in their hats, white belts, vest and breeches, black stocks and gaiters. I think them equal in figure to any men I have ever seen of their number. The women! only to think what a thing fashion is! The

French women have been always remarkable for fine hair. and, therefore, at present they all prefer to wear wigs. They actually roll and pin up their own beautiful tresses. so that they become invisible, and over them they put a little shock perriwig. Damn their wigs ! I wish they were all burnt. but it is the fashion. and that is a solution for every absurdity. In the evening walked to the Palais Royal ; filled with the military, most of them superb figures. I do not mean as to dress, but air, manners, and gait. I now perceive the full import of the expression, an armed nation, and I think I know a country, that, for its extent and population, could produce as many and as fine fellows as France. Well, all in good time. It will be absolutely necessary to adopt measures similar to those which have raised and cherished this spirit here, if ever God Almighty is pleased, in his goodness, to enable us to shake off our chains. I think Ireland would be formidable as an armed nation.

*February 17.* Went at one o'clock to the Minister's bureau, for my passport. A clerk tells me that a person called yesterday, in my name, and got it. I assured him I knew nobody in Paris, and had not sent any one to demand it, and reminded him that it was on this day he had desired me to call. He looked very blank at this, and just then the principal Secretary coming up, I informed him of what had happened. He recollected me, immediately, and told me the Minister wished to see me, and had sent to the Ambassador to learn my *address*. I answered I should attend him whenever he pleased ; he replied, "instantly," and, accordingly, I followed him into the Minister's cabinet, who received me very politely. He told me, in French, that he had had the letter I brought decyphered, and laid instantly before the Directoire Executif, who considered the contents as of the greatest importance ; that their intentions were, that I should go immediately to a gentleman, whom he would give me a letter to, and, as he spoke both languages perfectly and was confidential, that I should explain myself to him without reserve ; that his name was Madgett. I answered, that I knew him by reputation, and had a letter of introduction to him, but did not consider myself at liberty to make myself known to any person, without his approbation. He answered that I might communicate with Madgett, without the least reserve ; sat down and wrote a note to him, which he gave me :

I then took my leave, the Minister seeing me to the door. I mention these minute circumstances of my reception, not that I am a man to be too much elevated by the attentions of any man in any station, at least, I hope so, but that I consider the respect shown to me, by De la Croix, as really shown to my mission, and, of course, the readiness of access, and the extreme civility of reception, that I experience, I feel as so many favorable presages. I have been at the bureau twice, and both times have been admitted to the Minister's cabinet without a minute's delay. Surely all this looks well. The costume of the Minister was singular : I have said, already, that he had the presence of a bishop. He was dressed, to-day, in a grey silk robe de chambre, under which he wore a kind of scarlet cassock of satin, with rose colored silk stockings, and scarlet ribbands in his shoes. I believe he has as much the manners of a gentleman as Lord Grenville. I mention these little circumstances, because I know they will be interesting to her whom I prize above my life, ten thousand times. There are about six persons in the world who will read these detached memorandums with pleasure : to every one else they would appear sad stuff. But they are only for the women of my family, for the boys, if ever we meet again, and for my friend P. P. Would to God he were here just now. Well, "*if wishes were horses, beggars would ride.*" And there is another curious quotation, equally applicable, on the subject of wishing, which I scorn to make. Set off for Madgett's and delivered my letter. Madgett delighted to see me, tells me he has the greatest expectation our business will be taken up in the most serious manner ; that the attention of the French Government is now turned to Ireland, and that the stability and form it had assumed, gave him the strongest hopes of success ; that he had written to Hamilton Rowan, about a month since, to request I might come over instantly, in order to confer with the French Government, and determine on the necessary arrangements, and that he had done this by order of the French Executive. He then asked me had I brought any papers or credentials ; I answered that I only brought the letter of Adet to the Executive, and one to the American Ambassador, that I had destroyed a few others on the passage, including one from Mr. Rowan to himself, as we were chased by a Bermudian ; that, as to credentials, the only ones I had, or that the



nature of the case would permit, I had shown to Adet on my first arrival in Philadelphia, in August last. That these were the vote of thanks of the General Committee of the Catholics of Ireland, for my services as their agent, signed by Mr. Edward Byrne and the two secretaries, Richard M'Cormick and John Sweetinan, and dated in April, 1793. A second vote of thanks from the Catholics of Dublin, signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and the resolution of the Belfast regiment of volunteers, electing me an honorary member, in testimony of their confidence, and signed by the officers of the regiment. These I had offered to Adet to bring with me to France, but he said it was sufficient that I satisfied him, and, as they were large papers, it would be running an unnecessary risque of discovery, in case we were stopped by British cruizers. That he would satisfy the French Executive, and that the fewer papers of any kind I carried the better, and, consequently, that I had brought only those I mentioned. Madgett then said, that was enough, especially as he had the newspapers containing the resolutions I mentioned, and that the French Executive were already fully apprised who I was. He then added, that we should have ten sail of the line, any quantity of arms that were wanted, and such money as was indispensable, but that this last was to be used discreetly, as the demands for it on all quarters were so numerous and urgent: and, that he thought a beginning might be made through America, so as to serve both Ireland and France. That is to say, that military stores might be sent through this channel from France to Ireland, purchased there by proper persons, and provisions, leather, &c. returned in neutral bottoms. I answered, this last measure was impracticable, on account of the vigilance of the Irish Government, and the operation of the gunpowder act, which I explained to him; I then gave him a very short sketch of what I considered the state of Ireland, laying it down as a *positum* that nothing effectual could be done there unless by a landing; that a French army was indispensably necessary as a *point de ralliement*, and I explained to him the grounds of my opinion. He then told me it was necessary we should arrange all the information we possessed, and, for that purpose, fixed me to breakfast with him tomorrow, when we could go at length into the business, and so we parted. N. B. I shall, in all my negotiations here, press

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upon them the necessity of a landing being effectuated. If it is not, the people will never move, but to the destruction of a few wretches, and we have had already but too much of that in Ireland. A French army, with a General of established reputation at their head, is a *sine qua non*; Pichegru to chuse, but, if not, Jourdan. Their names are known in Ireland, and that is of great consequence.

*February 18.* Breakfast at Madgett's. Long account, on my part, of the state of Ireland when I left it, which will be found substantially in such memoirs as I may prepare. Madgett assures me again that the Government here have their attention turned most seriously to Irish affairs; that they feel that unless they can separate Ireland from England, the latter is invulnerable; that they are willing to conclude a treaty offensive and defensive with Ireland, and a treaty of commerce on a footing of reciprocal advantage; that they will supply ten sail of the line, arms, and money, as he told me yesterday; and that they were already making arrangements in Spain and Holland for that purpose. He asked me, did I think any thing would be done in Ireland by her spontaneous efforts. I told him, most certainly not; that if a landing were once effected, every thing would follow instantly, but that that was indispensable; and I begged him to state this as my opinion, to such persons in power as he might communicate with; that if 20,000 French were in Ireland, we should in a month have an army of 1, 2, or, if necessary, 300,000 men, but that the *point d'appui* was indispensable. He said it appeared so to him also. He then returned to the scheme of importing stores, &c. through the medium of America. I again mentioned the difficulty from the gunpowder act, and the risk of alarming the Irish Government. He said he still thought it would be possible, and mentioned as a reason, that eighteen brass cannon had, to his knowledge, lately been smuggled to Ireland, through Belfast. If this be true it surprises me not a little, but I rather judge Madgett is misinformed. I answered, that if the landing were once effected, the measure would be unnecessary; as, in that event, we should soon have all the stores of the kingdom in our hands; and, if it was not effected, the people would not move, unless in local riots and insurrections, which would end in the destruction of the ring-leaders. He seemed struck with this, and said he saw that part

of the scheme was useless. I then mentioned the necessity of having a man of reputation at the head of the French forces, and mentioned Pichegru or Jourdan, both of whom are well known by character in Ireland. He told me there was a kind of coolness between the Executive and Pichegru. (this I suspected before,) but that, if the measures were adopted he might still be the General; adding that he was a man of more talents than Jourdan. I answered, "either would do." He then desired me to prepare a memorial in form for the French Executive as soon as possible, which he would translate and have delivered in without delay. We fixed to dine together at his lodgings, and so parted. There is one thing here I wish to observe, Madgett showed me the Minister's note, which appeared to me completely confidential, and in which he mentions his own desire to forward the business as much as possible, as a friend to liberty and to humanity. The Minister also desired me to explain myself to Madgett without reserve. Am I too sanguine in believing what I so passionately wish, that the French Executive will seriously assist us?

*February* 18, 19, 20. At work in the morning at my memorial. Call on Madgett once a day to confer with him. He says there will be sent a person to Ireland immediately, with whom I shall have a conference; and that it would be desirable he should bring back an appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary for me, in order to conclude an alliance offensive and defensive with the Republic; in which case I should be acknowledged as such by the French Government. Certainly nothing could be more flattering to me; however, I answered that such an appointment could not be had, without communicating with so many persons as might endanger the betraying of the secret to the Irish Government; that I only desired credit with the Directoire Executif, so far as they should find my assertions supported by indisputable facts; that the information I brought was the essential part, and the credential, though highly gratifying to my private feelings, would be, in fact, but matter of form. That when a government was formed in Ireland it would be time enough to talk of embassies; and then, if my country thought me worthy, I should be the happiest and proudest man living to accept the office of Ambassador from Ireland. So there was an end to my appointment. I must wait till the war at

least is commenced, if ever it commences, or perhaps until it is over, if I am not knocked on the head mean time. I should like very well to be the first Irish Ambassador ; and if I succeed in my present business, I think I will have some claim to the office. “ *O, Paris is a fine town and a very charming city.*” If Ireland were independent I could spend three years here with my family, especially my dearest love, very happily. I dare say P P. would have no objection to a few months in the year *à l’hotel d’Irlande*. He is a dog. Indeed, we would discuss several bottles of diplomatic Burgundy. But all this is building castles in the air, let me finish my memorials, which Madgett tells me this day, the 20th, the Minister has written to him about. I am glad of that impatience. He, Madgett, says if we succeed, it is part of the plan, but I believe he means *his own* plan, to demand Jamaica for Ireland, by way of indemnity. I wish we had Ireland without Jamaica. My memorial filled with choice facts. Dine alone every day; D’Aucourt leaving me very much to myself, of which I am glad. Military in the Palais Royal, superb figures, (but this I said already.) Many fine lads of 20, who have sacrificed an arm or a leg to the liberty of their country. I could worship them. “ *The Baronet can ca’ for aught he needs, but he is not yet quite maister o’ the accent.*” Very wise memorandums for a Minister Plenipotentiary planning a revolution. Oh Lord ! Oh Lord ! Well, “ *Tis but in vain,*” &c.

February 21. Bought the Constitution Française at the shop of J. B. Louvet, in the Palais Royal, and received it from the hands of his wife, so celebrated under the name of Lodoïska. I like her countenance very much. She is not handsome, but very interesting. Louvet is one of those who escaped the 31st May, and after a long concealment and a thousand perils, in which Lodoïska conducted herself like a heroine, returned on the fall of Robespierre, whom he had been the first to denounce, and resumed his place in the Convention. He is now a distinguished member of the *Conseil des Cinq Cent*; supports a newspaper, “*La Sentinelle*,” and keeps a bookseller’s shop in the Palais Royal. I am glad I have seen Lodoïska ; I wish my dearest love could see her. I think she would behave as well in similar circumstances. Her courage and her affection have been tried in some, very nearly as critical. Well ! I must go finish my memorial. N. B. Stone has been acquitted in England, I believe very justly. He will never set the Thames in a blaze.

*February 22.* Finished my memorial, and delivered a fair copy, signed, to Madgett for the Minister of Foreign Relations. Madgett in the horrors. He tells me he has had a discourse yesterday for two hours with the Minister, and that the succours he expected will fall very short of what he thought. That the marine of France is in such a state that Government will not hazard a large fleet; and, consequently, that we must be content to steal a march. That they will give 2,000 of their best troops, and arms for 20,000: that they cannot spare Pichegru nor Jourdan; that they will give any quantity of artillery; and, I think he added, what money might be necessary. He also said they would first send proper persons among the Irish prisoners of war, to sound them, and exchange them on the first opportunity. To all this, at which I am not disappointed, I answered, that as to 2,000 men, they might as well send 20. That with regard to myself, I would go if they would send but a corporal's guard, but that my opinion was, that 5,000 was as little as could be landed with any prospect of success, and that that number would leave the matter doubtful; that if there could be an imposing force sent in the first instance, it would overbear all opposition, the nation would be unanimous, and an immense effusion of blood and treasure would be spared; the law of opinion would at once operate in favor of the Government, which, in that case, would be instantly formed; and I pressed particularly the advantages resulting from that circumstance. He seemed perfectly satisfied of all this, but equally satisfied that it would not, or rather could not be done. I bid him then remember that my plan was built on the supposition of a powerful support in the first instance; that I had particularly specified so in my memorial; and begged him to apprise the minister that my opinion was so; that, nevertheless, with 5,000 men, the business might be attempted, and I did believe would succeed; but that, in that case, we must fight hard for it; that, though I was satisfied how the militia and army would act in case of a powerful invasion, I could not venture to say what might be their conduct under the circumstances he mentioned; that, if they stood by the Government, which it was possible they might, we should have hot work of it; that, if 5,000 men were sent, they should be the very flower of the French troops, and a considerable proportion of them artillery men, with the best General they could

spare. He interrupted me to ask who was known in Ireland after Pichegru and Jourdan. I answered, Hoche, especially since his affair at Quiberon. He said he was sure we might have Hoche. I also mentioned, that if they sent but 5,000 men, they should send a greater quantity of arms, as in that case we could not command, at once, all the arms of the nation, as we should if they were able to send 20,000, or even 15,000. I added, that as to the prisoners of war, my advice was to send proper persons among them, but not to part with a man of them, until the landing was effected, and then exchange them as fast as possible. He promised to represent all this, and that he hoped we would get 5,000 men at least, and a greater quantity of arms. We then parted. Now what is to be my plan? Suppose we get 5,000 men, and 30, or even 20,000 stand of arms and a train of artillery: I conceive, in the first place, the embarkation must be from Holland, but in all events the landing must be in the North, as near Belfast as possible. Had we 20,000, or even 15,000, in the first instance, we should begin by the capital, the seizing of which would secure every thing; but, as it is, if we cannot go large we must go close-hauled, as the saying is. With 5,000 we must proceed entirely on a revolutionary plan, I fear, (that is to say, reckon only on the Sans-culottes;) and, if necessary, put every man, horse, guinea, and potatoe, in Ireland in requisition. I should also conceive that it would be our policy at first to avoid an action, supposing the Irish army stuck to the Government. Every day would strengthen and discipline us, and give us opportunities to work upon them. I doubt whether we could, until we had obtained some advantage in the field, frame any body that would venture to call itself the Irish Government, but if we could, it would be of the last importance. *Hang those who talk of fear!* With 5,000 men, and very strong measures, we should ultimately succeed. The only difference between that number and 20,000, is that, with the latter, there would be no fighting, and with this, we may have some hard knocks. “*Ten thousand hearts are great within my bosom.*” I think I will find a dozen men who will figure as soldiers. O good God, good God! what would I give to night that we were safely landed, and encamped on the Cave Hill. If we can find our way so far, I think we shall puzzle John Bull to work us out. Surely we can do as much as the Chouans or people of La Vendee.

*February 23.* Looked over Paine's "Age of Reason, second part." Damned trash! His wit is, without exception, the very worst I ever saw. He is discontented with the human figure, which he seems to think is not well constructed for enjoyment. He lies like a dog. Ask P. P. whether it is not possible to be most exquisitely happy, even under the incumbrance of that shape so awkward in Mr. Paine's eyes? I beg the gentleman may speak for himself. I suppose he includes the female shape also. He seems to have some hopes that he shall enjoy immortality in the shape of a butterfly. "*Say, little foolish fluttering thing.*" Damn his nonsense! I wish he was a butterfly with all my soul. He has also discovered that a spider can hang from the ceiling by her web, and that a man cannot; and this is *Philosophy*. I think Paine begins to dote; but damn his trash, as I said with great eloquence already, and let me mind my business. I must now write my own credentials to the French Government. Awkward enough for a man to trumpet himself, however, it must be, and so "*'Tis but in rain,*" &c. This is an invaluable quotation, and wears like steel; for it, amongst other obligations, I am indebted to the witty and ingenious lucubrations of my friend P. P. Apropos! I never wanted the society, assistance, advice, comfort, and direction of the said P. P. half so much as at this moment. I have a pretty serious business on my hands, with a grand responsibility, and here I am, alone, in the midst of Paris, without a single soul to advise or consult with, and nothing in fact to support me but a good intention. Sad! sad! well, hang fear, "*'Tis but in rain, for soldiers to complain.*" *Dacapo.* A busy day! Called on Mudgett in order to explain to him that all I had said relative to the support to be expected from the people in Ireland, and the conduct of the army, was on the supposition of a considerable force being landed in the first instance. This I had pressed upon him yesterday, but I cannot make it too clear for my own credit. My theory, in three words, is this: With twenty thousand men there would be no possibility of resistance for an hour, and we should begin by the capital; with five thousand I would have no doubt of success, but then we should expect some fighting, and we should begin near Belfast; with two thousand I think the business utterly desperate, for, let them land where they would, they would be utterly defeated before any one could join them,

or. in fact. before the bulk of the people could know that they were come. This would be a mere Quiberon business in Ireland, and would operate but as a snare for the lives of my brave and unfortunate countrymen, to whose destruction I do not wish, God knows, to be accessory. Nevertheless, I concluded, that if they sent but a sergeant and twelve men, I would go, but wished them to be fully apprised of my opinion, that, in case of a failure, they might not accuse me of having deceived them. He agreed with me in every word of the statement, and desired me to insert part of it in my letter to the Minister. He also promised, positively, to have a letter written from the proper office to Guise, to inquire after Mr. William Browne, (my brother Matthew,) though he assures me the order for his liberation was expedited about the first of May last. If we can find the said Mr. Browne, he may be very serviceable amongst the prisoners of war, both soldiers and seamen being Irish. I have not pressed my inquiries about him, as my wishes prompt, lest I should appear to prefer the dearest affections of my heart, which God and my dearest love know I do not, to the public business with which I am charged. Quit Madgett, whom I believe *honest*, and whom I feel *weak*; go to Monroe; received very favorably. He has had my letter decyphered, and dropped all reserve. I told him I felt his situation was one of considerable delicacy, and, therefore, I did not wish to press upon him any information, relative either to myself or to my business, farther than he might desire. He answered that the letters had satisfied him, particularly that from H. R. of whom he spoke in terms of great respect, and that, as he was not responsible for what he might hear, but for what he might do, I might speak freely. I then opened myself to him, without the least reserve, and gave him such details as I was able, of the actual state of things, and of the grounds of my knowledge from my situation. I also informed him of what I had done thus far. He then addressed me in substance thus: “ You must change your plan; I have no  
“ doubt, whatsoever, of the integrity and sincerity of the Minister  
“ De la Croix, nor even of Madgett, whom I believe to be honest.  
“ But, in the first place, it is a subaltern way of doing business,  
“ and, in the next, the vanity of Madgett will be very likely to  
“ lead him, in order to raise his importance in the eyes of some  
“ of his countrymen, who are here as patriots, and of whom I



“ have, by no means, the same good opinion as to integrity that  
“ I have of him, to drop some hint of what is going forward.  
“ Go at once to the Directoire Executif, and demand an au-  
“ dience ; explain yourself to them, and, as to me, you may go  
“ so far as to refer to me for the authenticity of what you may  
“ advance, and you may add that you have reason to think that  
“ I am, in a degree, apprised of the outline of your business.”  
I mentioned *Carnot*, of whose reputation we had been long ap-  
prised, and who, I understood, spoke English. He said, “ no-  
“ body fitter, and that *La Reveilliere Lepaux* also spoke English;  
“ that either would do.” I then expressed a doubt whether, as  
I was already in the hands of *Charles de la Croix*, there might  
not be some indelicacy in my going directly to the Directoire  
Executif, and, if so, whether it might not be of disservice. He  
answered “ By no means ; that in his own functions the proper  
“ person for him to communicate with was *De la Croix*, but  
“ that, nevertheless, when he had any business of consequence,  
“ he went at once to the fountain head.” He then proceeded to  
mention that, in all the changes which had taken place in France,  
there never was an abler or purer set of men at the head of af-  
fairs than at present ; that they were sincere friends to liberty  
and justice, and in no wise actuated by a spirit of conquest ;  
that, consequently, if they took up the business of Ireland on  
my motion, I would find them perfectly fair and candid ; that,  
not only the Government, but the whole people were most vio-  
lently exasperated against England, and that there was no one  
thing that would at once command the warmest support of all  
parties, so much as any measure which promised a reduction of  
her power. He then examined me pretty closely on the state of  
Ireland ; on which I gave him complete information, as far as I  
was able, and we concluded by agreeing that to-morrow I  
should go boldly to the Luxembourg and demand an audience  
of *Carnot* or *La Reveilliere Lepaux*. *Monroe* tells me that  
*Barrere* (for I inquired,) is yet in France, and he thought would  
not quit it. I told him *Barrere* would be very acceptable in  
Ireland, as a deputy with the army. He answered that he did  
not at all doubt but it might so happen ; that he would not ad-  
vise me to begin by bolting out the name of *Barrere*, but that I  
might take an opportunity to mention him. I remarked that it  
had fallen to *Barrere*’s lot to make some of the most splendid

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reports in the Convention, which made him well known to us, and that the people were used, in a degree, to associate the ideas of Barrere and victory, which, trifling as it was, was of some consequence. On the whole, I am glad to find my lover Barrere, as I hope, in no danger. It would be a most extraordinary thing if I should happen to be an instrument in restoring his talents to the cause of liberty. I have always had a good opinion of him. M. tells me the ground of the coolness between Pichegru and the Government, is, that he is supposed to be attached too much to the party of the Moderés. I am glad of this, (not that there is a coolness,) but that the Government is not of that party. We talked of the resources of France and England. I mentioned that, in my judgment, France had one measure, which sooner or later she must adopt, and the sooner the better, and that was a bankruptcy; that she would then start forth with her immense resources against England, staggering under 400,000,000 of debt. Monroe took me by the hand and said, “You have hit it; and I will tell you that it is a thing decided upon.” If it be so, look to yourself Mr. John Bull, “Look to *your house, your daughter, and your ducats.*” Take my leave of Monroe with whom I am extremely pleased. There is a true republican frankness about him, which is extremely interesting. And now am not I a pretty fellow to go to the Directoire Executif? It is very singular that so obscure an individual should be thrown into such a situation. I presume I do not write those memorandums to flatter myself, and I here solemnly call God to witness the purity of my motives, and the uprightness with which I shall endeavor to carry myself through this most arduous and critical situation. I hope I may not ruin a noble cause by any weakness or indiscretion of mine. As to my integrity, I can answer for myself. What shall I do for the want of P. P.? I am in unspeakable difficulty for the want of his advice and consolation. Well, if ever we meet again, it will amuse him to read these hints, but he is a dog, and so “*'Tis but in vain,*” &c.

**February 24.** Went at 12 o'clock, in a fright, to the Luxembourg; conning speeches in execrable French, all the way: What shall I say to Carnot? Well, “*whatsoever the Lord putteth in my mouth, that surely shall I utter.*” Plucked up a spirit as I drew near the Palace, and mounted the stairs like a lion—Went into the first Bureau that I found open, and demand-

ed at once to see Carnot. The clerks stared a little, but I repeated my demand with a courage truly heroic ; on which they instantly submitted, and sent a person to conduct me. This happened to be his day for giving audience, which each member of the Executive Directory does in his turn. Introduced by my guide into the anti-chamber, which was filled with people : the officers of state, all in their new costume. Write a line in English and delivered it to one of the Huissiers, stating that a stranger just arrived from America, wished to speak to citizen Carnot, on an affair of consequence. He brought me an answer in two minutes, that I should have an audience. The folding doors were now thrown open, a bell being previously rung to give notice to the people, that all who had business might present themselves, and citizen Carnot appeared, in the *petit costume* of white satin with crimson robe, richly embroidered. It is very elegant, and resembles almost exactly the draperies of Van Dyke. He went round the room receiving papers and answering those who addressed him. I told my friend the Huissier, in marvellous French, that my business was too important to be transacted there, and that I would return on another day, when it would not be Carnot's turn to give audience, and when I should hope to find him at leisure. He mentioned this to Carnot, who ordered me instantly to be shown into an inner apartment, and that he would see me as soon as the audience was over. That I thought looked well, and began accordingly to con my speech again. In the apartment were five or six personages, who being, like myself, of great distinction, were admitted to a private audience. I allowed them all precedence, as I wished to have my will of Carnot, and while they were in their turns speaking with him, I could not help reflecting how often I had wished for the opportunity I then enjoyed ; what schemes I had laid, what hazards I had run ; when I looked round and saw myself actually in the cabinet of the Executive Directory, vis-a-vis citizen Carnot, the *organizer of victory*, I could hardly believe my own senses, and felt as if it were all a dream. However, I was not in the least degree disconcerted, and when I presented myself, after the rest were dismissed, I had all my faculties, such as they were, as well at my command, as on any occasion in my life. Why do I mention those trifling circumstances ? It is because they will not be trifling in her eyes,

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for whom they were written. I began the discourse by saying, in horrible French, that I had been informed he spoke English. A little, Sir, but I perceive you speak French, and if you please, we will converse in that language. I answered, still in my jargon, that if he could have the patience to endure me, I would endeavor, and only prayed him to stop me, whenever I did not make myself understood. I then told him I was an Irishman; that I had been Secretary and Agent to the Catholics of that country, who were about 3,000,000 of people; that I was also in perfect possession of the sentiments of the Dissenters, who were at least 900,000, and that I wished to communicate with him on the actual state of Ireland. He stopped me here to express a doubt as to the numbers being so great as I represented. I answered a calculation had been made within these few years, grounded on the number of houses; which was ascertained for purposes of revenue; that, by that calculation, the people of Ireland amounted to 4,100,000, and it was acknowledged to be considerably under the truth. He seemed a little surprized at this, and I proceeded to state, that the sentiments of all those people were unanimous, in favor of France, and eager to throw off the yoke of England. He asked me then "What they wanted." I said, "An armed force in the commencement, for a *point d'appui*, until they could organize themselves, and undoubtedly a supply of arms and some money. I added that I had already delivered in a memorial on the subject, to the Minister of Foreign Relations, and that I was preparing another, which would explain to him, in detail, all that I knew on the subject, better than I could in conversation. He then said, "We shall see those memorials." The Organizer of Victory proceeded to ask me, "Were there not some strong places in Ireland?" I answered I knew of none, but some works to defend the harbor of Cork. He stopped me here, saying, "Ay Cork! But may it not be necessary to land there?" By which I had perceived he had been ~~organizing~~ a little already, in his own mind. I answered, I ~~thought not~~. That if a landing in *force* were attempted, it would be better, near the capital, for obvious reasons; if with a small army, it should be in the North, rather than the South of Ireland, for reasons which he would find in my memorials. He then asked me, "Might there not be some danger or delay in a longer navigation?" I answered, it would not make a difference

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of two days, which was nothing in comparison of the advantages. I then told him that I came to France by direction and concurrence of the men, who (and here I was at a loss for a French word, with which, seeing my embarrassment, he supplied me.) *guided* the two great parties I had mentioned. This satisfied me clearly, that he attended to and understood me. I added, that I had presented myself in August last, in Philadelphia, to citizen Adet, and delivered to him such credentials as I had with me; that he did not at that juncture, think it advisable for me to come in person, but offered to transmit a memorial, which I accordingly delivered to him. That about the end of November last, I received letters from my friends in Ireland, repeating their instructions in the strongest manner, that I should, if possible, force my way to France, and lay the situation of Ireland before its Government. That, in consequence, I had again waited on citizen Adet, who seemed eager to assist me, and offered me a letter to the Directoire Executif, which I accepted with gratitude. That I sailed from America in the very first vessel, and was arrived about a fortnight; that I had delivered my letter to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who had ordered me to explain myself without reserve, to citizen Madgett, which I had accordingly done. That by his advice I had prepared and delivered one memorial, on the actual state of Ireland, and was then at work on another, which would comprize the whole of the subject. That I had the highest respect for the Minister, and that as to Madgett, I had no reason whatsoever to doubt him, but, nevertheless, must be permitted to say, that in my mind, it was a business of too great importance to be transacted with a mere *Commis*. That I should not think I had discharged my duty, either to France or Ireland, if I left any measure unattempted, which might draw the attention of the Directory to the situation of the latter country; and that, in consequence, I had presumed to present myself to him, and to implore his attention to the facts contained in my two memorials. That I would also presume to request, that, if any doubt or difficulty arose in his mind, on any of those facts, he would have the goodness to permit me to explain. I concluded, by saying, that I looked upon it as a favorable omen that I had been allowed to communicate with him, as he was already perfectly well known by reputation in Ireland, and was the very man of whom my friends had spo-

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ken. He shook his head and smiled, as if he doubted me a little. I assured him the fact was so; and, as a proof, told him that, in Ireland, we all knew, three years ago, that he could speak English; at which he did not seem displeased. I then rose, and after the usual apologies, took my leave, but I had not cleared the antichamber, when I recollected a very material circumstance, which was, that I had not told him, in fact, *who*, but merely *what* I was; I was, therefore, returning on my steps, when I was stopt by the sentry, demanding my card; but from this dilemma, I was extricated by my lover the Huissier, and again admitted. I then told Carnot, that, as to my situation, credit, and the station I had filled in Ireland, I begged leave to refer him to James Monroe, the American Ambassador. He seemed struck with this, and then for the first time asked my name. I told him in fact I had two names, my real one and that under which I travelled and was described in my passport. I then took a slip of paper, and wrote the name "James Smith, citoyen Americain," and under it, Theobald Wolfe Tone, which I handed him, adding that my real name was the undermost. He took the paper and looking over it, said, Ha! Theobald Wolfe Tone, with the expression of one who has just recollected a circumstance, from which little movement I augur good things. I then told him I would finish my memorial as soon as possible, and hoped he would permit me in the course of a few days after, to present myself again to him; to which he answered "By all means;" and so I again took my leave.—Here is a full and true account of my first audience of the Executive Directory of France, in the person of citizen Carnot, the organizer of victory. I think I came off very clear. What am I to think of all this? As yet I have met no difficulty nor check, nothing to discourage me, but I wish with such extravagant passion for the emancipation of my country, and I do so abhor and detest the very name of England, that I doubt my own judgment, lest I see things in too favorable a light. I hope I am doing my duty. It is a bold measure; after all if it should succeed, and my visions be realized—Huzza! *Vive la Republique!* I am a pretty fellow to negotiate with the Directory of France, pull down a monarchy and establish a republic; to break a connection of 600 years standing and contract a fresh alliance with another country. "*By'r Lakin, a perilous fear.*" What would my old friend Fitz-

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gibbon say, if he was to read those wise memorandums? "*He called me dog, before he had a cause ;*" I remember he used to say that I was a viper in the bosom of Ireland. Now that I am in Paris, I will venture to say that he lies, and that I am a better Irishman than he and his whole gang of rascals, as well as the gang who are opposing him *as it were*. But this is all castle-building. Let me finish my memorial, and deliver it to the minister.—Nothing but *Minister and Directoires Executif and revolutionary memorials*. Well, my friend Plunket, (but I sincerely forgive him) and my friend Magee, whom I have not yet forgiven, would not speak to me in Ireland, because I was a Republican. Sink or swim, I stand to day on as high ground as either of them. My venerable friend, old Captain Russell, always had hopes of me in the worst of times ; Huzza ! I would give five louis d'ors, for one day's conversation with P. P. What shall I do for want of his advice and assistance ? Not but what I think I am doing pretty well, considering I am quite alone, with no papers, no one to consult or advise with, and shocking all Christian ears with the horrible jargon which I speak, and which is properly no language. I see I have grand diplomatic talents, and by-and-by I hope to have an opportunity of displaying my military ones, and shewing that I am equally great in the cabinet and the field. 'This is sad stuff ! except for my love, who will laugh at it, or P. P. who will enjoy it. I have to add to this day's journal, that I saw yesterday at the Luxembourg, besides my friend Carnot, the citizens Letourneur, the President, Barras, and La Reveilliere Lepaux. Barras looks like a soldier, and put me something in mind of James Brannison. La Reveilliere is extremely like Dr. Kearney. Mem. I saw two *poissardes* admitted to speak to Carnot, who gave them money, whilst a General officer in his uniform was obliged to wait for his turn. Oh Lord ! Oh Lord ! shall I ever get to finish my memorial. But when I begin to write those ingenious memorandums, I feel just as if I were chatting with my dearest love, and know not when to leave off. By-the-by, there is a good deal of vanity in this day's journal. No matter, there is no one to know it, and I believe that wiser men, if they would speak the truth, would feel a little elevated in my situation ; hunted from my own country as a traitor, living obscurely in America, as an exile, and received in France, by the Executive Directory, almost as an Ambassador!

Well, murder will out. I am as vain as the devil ; and one thing which makes me wish so often for P. P. (not to mention the benefit of his advice) is to communicate with him, the pleasure I feel at my present situation. I know how sincerely he would enjoy it, and also how he would plume himself on his own discernment, for he always foretold great things. So he did, sure enough, but will they be verified ? Well, if all this be not vanity, I should be glad to know what is. But nobody is the wiser, and so I will go finish my memorial. Sings, "*Allons, enfants de la patrie,*" &c.

*February 25.* Finish the draft of my second memorial, and read it over with Madgett.

*February 26.* This morning finished an awkward business, that is to say, wrote a long letter to the Minister, all about myself ; very proper in an ambassador to frame his own credentials. My *commission was large, for I made it myself*. Read it over carefully ; every word true and not exaggerated. Resolved to go at once to the Minister and deliver my letter, like a true Irishman, with my own hands. Went to his bureau, and saw Lamare, the Secretary, whom I sent in to demand an audience. Lamare returned with word that the Minister was just engaged with Neri Corsini, Ambassador from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and would see me the moment he was at leisure. Waited accordingly in the antichamber. A person came in, and after reconnoitring for some time, pulled out an English newspaper and began to read it. Looked at him with the most interesting indifference, as if he was reading a chapter in the Koran. Did the fellow think I would rise at such a bait as that ? Neri Corsini being departed, I was introduced, leaving my friend in the antichamber to study his newspaper. I began with telling the Minister, that though I spoke execrable French, I would, with his permission, put his patience to a short trial. (Once for all, I am thus minute for the sake of my wife, whom I love ten thousand times more than all the universe, and who will consider every circumstance, even the most trifling, which relates to me, of consequence.) I then told him, that, in obedience to his orders, I had finished a memorial on the actual state of Ireland, which I had delivered to Madgett ; that I had finished the draft of another, which I would deliver to-morrow, on the means necessary to accomplish the great object of my mission, the separation of Ireland from England, and her establishment as an in-



dependent Republic in alliance with France. De la Croix interrupted me here by saying, that I might count upon it, there was no object nearer the heart of the Executive Directory; that they had that business, at that very moment, before them, and would leave no means, consistent with their utmost capacity, untried, to accomplish it. And he repeated again, with earnestness, 'that I might count upon it.' These are strong expressions from a man in his station. I then said, that this information gave me the most sincere pleasure, not only on account of my own country, but of France, to whom the independence of Ireland was scarcely less an object, than to Ireland itself. He answered, "We know that perfectly; and, for myself, I can assure you, that for the sake of both countries, as well as for the sake of liberty and humanity, you may depend on my most sincere and hearty co-operation, in every measure likely to accomplish that end." I then returned to the business which brought me to him, that is to say, my credentials. I told him, in as few words as possible, the station I had filled in Ireland, and added that I had thrown a few facts relative to myself on paper, which I delivered to him, and that as to my credit or veracity I could refer him to James Monroe, who had allowed me to mention his name, as a voucher for my integrity. He said it was unnecessary, and as to applying to Monroe, he would not wish to take any step relating to the business, which could in the least by possibility take wind; that Madgett was the only person whatsoever, to whom he confided the affair; that his principal Secretary, and those who were most confidential with him, knew nothing of it; and he recommended to me to be equally cautious. I assured him, as the fact was, that I kept the most rigid guard on myself; that I did not know a soul in Paris, nor desire to know any one; that I formed no connections, nor intended to form any; and that, in short, I kept myself purposely in solitude, that I might escape notice as much as possible. He said I was very right, and asked me, did I know the person I saw in the antichamber. I answered, I did not. He said he was an Irish patriot, named Duchet, as he pronounced it, who was persecuted into exile for some writing under the signature of *Junius Redivivus*. I said, it might be so, but that I knew nothing of him, or of the writings, and that if such an event had taken place, it must have been since June last, when

I left Ireland. I then mentioned the circumstance of his pulling out an English newspaper, and setting a trap for me therewith, and how I avoided falling into his snare. The Minister said again, I was quite right, but that that person had delivered in several memorials on the state of Ireland. This is very odd ! I never saw the man in my life, and yet I rather imagine he knew my person. Who the devil is Junius Redivivus ? or who is Duchet, if his name be Duchet ? I must talk a little to Madgett of this resurrection of Junius, of whom, to speak the truth, I have no good opinion.—The Minister then asked me what we wanted in Ireland ? I answered, that we wanted a force to begin with, arms, ammunition, and money. He asked me, what quantities of each would I think sufficient ? I did not wish to go just then into the detail, as I judged, from Madgett's discourse, that the Minister's plan was on a smaller scale than mine, and I did not desire to shock him too much in the outset. I, therefore, took advantage of my bad French, and mentioned that I doubted my being able sufficiently to explain myself in conversation, but that he would find my opinions at length in the two memorials I had prepared ; and when he had considered them, I hoped he would allow me to wait on him, and explain any point which might not be sufficiently clear. He then proceeded to give me his own ideas, which were, as I suspected, upon a small scale. He said, he understood Ireland was very populous and the people warlike, so as soon to be made soldiers, and that they were already in some degree armed. I answered, not so much as to be calculated upon in estimating the quantity of arms wanted, as most of the guns which they had were but fowling pieces. He then said, he knew they had no artillery nor cannoniers, and that, consequently, it would be necessary to supply them with both ; that field pieces would be sufficient, as we had no strong places ; that we should have thirty pieces of cannon, (*une trentaine*,) half eight pounders, and half sixteen pounders, properly manned and officered, and twenty thousand stand of arms. I interrupted him, to say, twenty thousand at least, as the only limitation to the numbers we could raise would be the quantity of arms we might have to put into their hands. He then went on to say, that these should be landed near Belfast, where he supposed they would be most likely to meet with early support. I answered, “ Certainly, as that province was the most populous

“and warlike in the kingdom.” He then produced a map of Ireland, and we looked over it together. I took this advantage to slide in some of my own ideas, by saying that if we were able to begin in considerable force, we should commence as near the capital as possible, the possession of which, if once obtained, would, I thought, decide the whole business; but, if we began with a smaller force, we should commence as near Belfast as we could, and then push forward, so as to secure the mountains of Mourne and the Fews, by means of which and of Lough Erne, we could cover the entire province of Ulster, and maintain ourselves until we had collected our friends in sufficient force to penetrate to Dublin. He liked my plan extremely, which certainly appears to be the only feasible one, in case of a small force being landed. He then mentioned the Irishmen serving in the British navy, and asked me what I thought of sending proper persons amongst them to insinuate the duty they owed to their country; and whether, in such case, they would act against us or not? This is Madgett’s scheme; and, if it is not followed by very different measures, is nonsense. I answered, that undoubtedly the measure was a good one, if accompanied properly; but, to give it full effect, it was absolutely necessary there should be a Government established in Ireland, for reasons which he would find detailed in my memorials, and of which I gave him an imperfect abstract. I think he seemed satisfied on that head. I added, that great caution ought to be used in sending these persons, lest it might take wind in some shape, and alarm the British Government. On the whole, I fancy the scheme of sending apostles among the Irish seamen will be given up; for, certainly, if there be once a Government established in Ireland, it would, in my mind, be unnecessary, and if there be not, it would be useless. The Minister then repeated, in the plainest and most unequivocal terms, his former assurances, as well of his personal support, as of the positive and serious determination of the Executive Directory, to take up the business of Ireland in the strongest manner that circumstances would possibly admit. He added, that he hoped if France made the sacrifices she was inclined to do of men and money, to enable us to establish our freedom, and even delayed to make peace on our account, we would, in return, manifest more gratitude and principle than other nations had done in similar cases;

and desired me, as to any part of the business whose preparations might rest with me, not to lose a minute. He also desired me to press Madgett to expedite the translations as much as possible, and, on the whole, certainly appeared to be nearly as earnest and anxious in the business as myself. I then took my leave. The result of this conversation, the principal circumstances of which I have substantially related, is, that the Executive Directory at present are determined to take us up, but on a small scale : that they will give us thirty pieces of cannon, properly manned, and twenty thousand stand of arms, with some money, of course, to begin with ; but I did not collect from the Minister that they had an idea of any definite number of troops, at least he mentioned none, and I did not press him on that head, as I wish they should first read and consider my memorials ; perhaps what is said in them may induce them to reconsider the subject ; and, if so, I shall have done a most important service both to France and Ireland. If they act on the plan mentioned to me by De la Croix, as above related, I, for one, am ready and willing, most cheerfully, to stake my life on the hazard : but the measure is against my judgment ; not from any doubt of the people at large, but from the difficulty, perhaps the impossibility, of having a proper organized Government. Do I say, therefore, that the measure ought not to be attempted on the present scale ? By no means : I am clear it ought. As to France, it is but the risk of the outfit, which is nothing ; and, as to Ireland, she is in that situation that she ought to hazard every thing on the chance of bettering her condition. I speak of the people at large, and not of the aristocracy. For one, then, I am decided. We have, at all events, the strength of numbers, and if our lever be too short, we must only apply the greater power. If the landing be effected on the present plan we must instantly have recourse to the strongest revolutionary measures, and put, if necessary, man, woman, and child, money, horses, and arms, stores and provisions, in requisition : “ *The King shall eat, though all mankind be starved.*” No consideration must be permitted to stand a moment against the establishment of our independence. I do not wish for all this, if it can be avoided, but liberty must be purchased at any price ; so “ *Lay on Macduff, and damned be he who first cries—Hold, enough.*” We must strike the ball hard, and take the chance of the tables.

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I think P. P. will shine in the character of a youth of the first requisition. I should have observed, that in the course of the conversation, De la Croix mentioned that, on the receipt of Adet's letter, enclosing the memorial which I delivered to him on my arrival in Philadelphia in August last, he had written to him that the subject was too important to be discussed at 3,000 miles distance, and, therefore, desired I should come over. I was very glad to hear this, and answered, I was happy to have anticipated his desire. So, it seems, I was written for, as Madgett said. I should be glad to see that memorial now, for I remember it was written in the burning summer of Pennsylvania, when my head was extremely deranged by the heat. Bad as I dare say it was, it caught the attention of people here. Well—vanity again!

*February 27.* At work at my memorial, which begins to look very spruce on paper.

*February 28.* Went to Monroe's about my passport, and had an hour's conversation with him; I like him very much; he speaks like a sincere republican; he praises the Executive Directory to the skies, and Charles De la Croix; all for the better. Carnot, he tells me, is a military man, and one of the first engineers of Europe. (Vide my observation touching his organizing about Cork harbor.) Le Tourneur is also a military man, so that, with Barras, there are three soldiers in the Directoire. I am very glad of that.

*February 29.* Finished my second memorial, and delivered it to Madgett for translation. Madgett has the slowness of age, and at present of the gout about him. Judge! O ye Gods, how that suits with my impatience! Well, the Minister gave me directions to expedite him, so, please God, I will leave him at least once a day. We have not a minute to spare, for in a little time the channel fleet will probably be at sea, and the camps formed in Ireland, and of course the Government there will have the advantage of a force ready concentrated and prepared to act instantly, and perhaps they may happen to take the wrong side, which would be very bad. (Mem. To *insense* Carnot on this head.) I must allow two or three days for translation, and two or three more for reflection on the subject of my memorials, before I go again to the Luxembourg. It is very singular! In cool blood, I can hardly frame a single sentence in French, and both with Carnot and De la Croix, I run on without the least diffi-

culty. I screw my mind up, and I do not know how it is, but expressions flow upon me; I dare say I give them abundance of bad language, but no matter for that; they understand me, and that is the main point. I have now six days before me, and nothing to do; huzza! Dine every day at Beauvilliers for about half a crown, including a bottle of choice Burgundy, which I finish regularly. Beauvilliers has a dead bargain of me for water: I do not think I consume a spoonful in a week. A bottle of Burgundy is too much, and I resolve every morning regularly to drink but the half, and every evening regularly I break my resolution. I wish I had P. P. to drink the other half, and then perhaps I should live more soberly. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Soberly. Yes, we should be a sober pair; patriots, as Matty says. Well, “*It is the squire’s custom every afternoon, as soon as he is drunk,*” to begin thinking of his wife and family. I have to be sure sometimes most delightful reveries. If I succeed in my business here, and ever return to Ireland, and am not knocked on the head, there will not be on earth so happy a circle, as round my fireside. Well, huzza! “*I hope to see a battle yet before I die.*” The French have an abominable custom of adulterating their Burgundy with water. (*Mem. Mr. Nisby’s opinion thereon.*) I cannot but respect the generous indignation which P. P. would feel at such a vile deterioration of that noble liquor, and the glorious example he would hold up for their imitation. He would teach them how, and in what quantities generous Burgundy ought to be drank; I would gladly pay his reckoning to day *en numeraire*, which would be no small sum, for the pleasure of his company. Well, “*’tis but in vain.*” I think it right for my credit, to mention that all these wise reflections are written before dinner. So now I will go to Beauvilliers. (Sings, “*when generous wine, &c.*”)

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MARCH 1796.

**March 1.** This day I got an English newspaper from Madgett, dated the 2d of last month, in which there is a paragraph alluding to the death of the late unfortunate Major Sweetman, in a duel. I do not think I ever received such a shock in my life! Good God! if it should be my friend! The only chance I have, is, that there may be another person of that name, but I fear the worst. I had the sincerest and most affectionate regard

for him: a better and a braver heart blood never warmed: I have passed some of the pleasantest hours of my life in his society. If he be gone, my loss is unspeakable, but his country will have a much severer one: he was a sincere Irishman, and if ever an exertion was to be made for our emancipation, he would have been in the very foremost rank: I had counted upon his military talents, and had amused myself often in making him a General: poor fellow! If he be gone, there is a chasm in my short list of friends, that I will not find it easy to fill. After all, it may be another, but I fear, I fear. I cannot bear to think of it.

*March 6.* I have not had spirits since the news of poor Sweetman's death, to go on with my memorandums. As it happens, I have no serious business, and I am glad of it, for my mind has been a good deal engaged on that subject. It seems the quarrel arose about treading on a lady's gown, in coming out of the opera: a worthy cause for two brave men to fight about! They fought at four yards distance, which was Sweetman's choice; they were both desperately wounded, but Capt. Watson, (an Irishman also,) is likely to recover: my poor friend is gone. When he received the shot, which went through his body, he cried out to Watson, "Are you wounded?" Yes, replied the other, "I believe mortally;" "And so am I," replied Sweetman; he fell instantly. I certainly did not think I could have been so much affected on his account, as I have been. Independently of my personal regard for him, I reckoned much upon his assistance, in case of the French Government affording us any aid. His courage, his eloquence, his popular talents, his sincere affection for his country, would have made him eminently serviceable; all that is now lost; we must supply his place as we can. I will write no more about him, but shall ever remember him with the most sincere regret.

Madgett has not yet finished the translation: hell! hell! However, he tells me he has written to the Minister on the subject of Bournonville's being appointed to the command, in case the expedition takes place. I have been reading the report of Camus, and it has satisfied me that I could not have wished for a General fitter for the station; I hope we may get him. One thing I see; Madgett must appear to do every thing himself; he pleases himself with the idea that it was he who thought of Bour-

nonville. A la bonne heure. I am sure at present, I care little who has the credit of proposing any measure, provided the business be done; but the truth and fact is, that it was I who mentioned him. Madgett has lost two or three days in hunting for maps of Ireland; certainly maps are indispensable, but not in this stage of the business. He had been much better employed in translating; his slowness provokes me excessively, but I keep it all to myself; this day, however, he promises me he will have finished, and given in my last memorial to the Minister; if he does, I will see De la Croix the day after to-morrow, and Carnot, if possible, the day after that. In the mean time, I am idle. I have been at the Museum, where there is, I suppose, the first collection of paintings in the world; all France and Flanders have been ransacked to furnish it. It is a school where the artists are permitted to go and copy the best works of the best masters. The day I called, it was not open to the public, but when the porter perceived I was a foreigner, he admitted me directly; it would not be so in England. I like the works of Guido best; there are some portraits incomparably executed by Van Dyke, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Raphael; but the Magdalen of Le Brun is, in my mind, worth the whole collection. I never saw any thing in the way of painting that came near to it; I am no artist, but it requires no previous instruction to be struck with the numberless beauties of this most enchanting picture. It is a production of consummate genius. I have been likewise at the Hotel des Invalides, where I had the pleasure of seeing the veterans at their dinner; they are very well accommodated, and it was a spectacle which interested me very much. It put me in mind of the Royal Hospital and my old friend Captain Russell, and that brought a thousand other ideas to my mind. Well, I hope I shall get back to Ireland yet.

*Utinam.*

• *March 7.* Spent this day with *Dupetit Thouars*, an ex-lieutenant of the marine, who came over with me in the Jersey, and *Roussillon*, an ex-lieutenant also; they are both of the *ci-devant* noblesse. *Dupetit Thouars* is a great original; he has a good deal of talent and still more humor, and is the most complete practical philosopher I ever saw: nothing can ruffle him; but it is his temperament. *Roussillon* is a young man of very elegant manners, and adversity, I am sure, has improved him. It is a



pity they should be aristocrats ; yet I can hardly be angry with them. Aristocracy has been most terribly humbled in France, and this reverse of fortune is too much for them. It is not only their own downfall, but the exaltation of others, whom they were accustomed to despise, which mortifies them. But when I come to analyse their complaints, there is so much fanciful grievance mixed with severe actual suffering, that it abates a good deal of the compassion I should otherwise feel for them : and I must add, that much of what they regret, they are deprived of most meritoriously, and many of the pleasures they have lost, were the pleasures of the most depraved luxury: splendid, indeed, but most abominably vicious. It is not fair, however, to judge too hardly of them, now they are down ; but I confess I should be most sincerely sorry to be a witness of their resurrection : there is, however, no great danger of that, and they seem to be sufficiently sensible of it. They had quit the service some time back, I dare say in great disdain, and are now suing unsuccessfully to be readmitted. I cannot blame the Republic for being doubtful of the ancient marine, since the affair at Toulon. Apropos! Roussillon tells me that Trogoff, the Admiral who betrayed the French fleet, and delivered it into the hands of Lord Hood, died in an hospital at Leghorn, where the English generously paid *one shilling* a day for his maintenance. The scoundrel! it was just one shilling too much. And Dumourier, an exile on the face of the earth, ordered to quit England in six hours after his arrival, expelled from Brabant by the Emperor, whom he had served, or endeavored to serve, by his treachery. If men had common sense, not to say common honesty, they would not be traitors to their country, with such examples before their eyes. But, I am preaching about aristocracy, and God knows what! To return : I pity, sincerely, my two *ci-devant* lieutenants, for "*Cot knows I have had afflictions and troupes enough upon my own pack, and as for a gentleman in distress, I lose him as I lose my own powels.*" We spent the day in seeing sights, viz. the Pantheon, which will be most superb when it is finished, but far inferior to St. Paul's, either in size or magnificence. We descended into the catacombs where were the cenotaphs of Voltaire, Rousseau, and, what interested me much more, of Dampierre, who was killed at Famars. Certainly nothing can be imagined more likely to create a great spirit in a nation than a

depository of the kind, sacred to every thing that is sublime, illustrious, and patriotic. The French have, however, a little overshot the mark: for they have had occasion already to displace two at least of their mighty dead: I mean Marat, whom I believe to have been a sincere enthusiast, incapable of feeling or remorse, and Mirabeau, whom I look upon to have been a most consummate scoundrel. If we have a Republic in Ireland, we must build a Pantheon, but we must not, like the French, be in too great a hurry to people it. We have already a few to begin with: Roger O'Moore, Molyneux, Swift, and Dr. Lucas, all good Irishmen. Mounted to the top of the Pantheon, from whence we could see all Paris, as in a ground plan, together with the country for several leagues round. It was the most singular spectacle I had ever seen. Went from thence to the Botanic Garden, where there was not much vegetation to be seen, there being a foot deep of snow upon the ground: walked, however, through the green houses, where there is a vast collection of curious exotics. I felt my ancient propensities begin to revive, for I love botany, though I do not understand it. It reminded me of my walks round Chateauboue,\* with my dearest love and our little babies, when I used to be gathering my *vetches*. Well, I hope I shall be there yet before I die. Crossed the Seine, and saw the Place Royale, formerly the principal square of Paris, and built by Richelieu: his hotel is on one side of the quadrangle: it is now a park of artillery for the Republic, and filled with cannon. Saw the spot where the Bastille once stood and where there is now a statue of liberty. Traversed that great lyceum of French politics, the Faubourg St. Antoine; arrived at the Temple, where Louis the XVIth was imprisoned, from whence Marie Antoinette was led to execution, and where Louis the XVIIth, if I may so call him, died. Nothing can be imagined more gloomy than the appearance of this prison. It made me melancholy to look at it.

**March 8.** Went to Madgett, in consequence of a report which I saw in the papers relative to a general peace. He assures me there is nothing in it: a peace would ruin all. He tells me also that he has finished and delivered yesterday my second memorial to the Minister, who had read the first with great attention, and was extremely edified thereby, as may well be

\* My father's cottage in county Kildare.

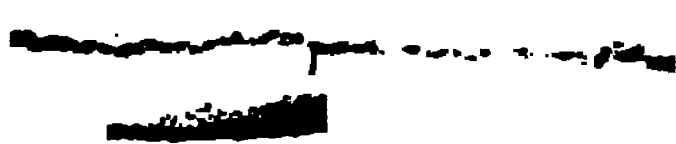
imagined. Madgett assures me that De la Croix assures him that the Executive Directory are determined on the measure; that is to say, on the principle of it. All that is very good, but, please God, I will have it from the Minister's own mouth; after which I will indulge myself with a short interview with Carnot. I have not seen him since February 24th, a fortnight ago, but that has not been my fault, and the time has been employed in writing, copying, and translating my memorials. The day after to-morrow I will go to the Minister, and the day after that to the Luxembourg. Madgett tells me Bournonville is appointed to the command of the army in Holland. That is bad; nevertheless, from the idea I have formed of his character, I should hope that, if he was properly *insensed* on the subject of Irish affairs, he would prefer that command, supposing the expedition to be once undertaken. There would be glory, and, if we succeeded, which I cannot for a moment doubt, the Irish are a generous people, even to a fault, and would reward his services most liberally. Desired Madgett, if he had an opportunity, and could do it with security as to secrecy, to explain all this to Bournonville. Dined at the Restaurateur, with Roussillon, whom I like very much. In the evening, the Theatre Italien—saw Lodoiska, &c.

*March 9, 10.* Strolling about: the Museum again, and the inimitable Magdalen of Lebrun; spent near an hour looking at it.

*March 11.* Went to the Minister, De la Croix, and had a long conversation. He began by saying, that he had read my two memorials carefully, and that I seemed to insist on a considerable force, as necessary to the success of the measure; that, as to that, there were considerable difficulties to be surmounted, arising from the superiority of the English fleet. That, as to 20,000 men, they could not possibly be transported, unless the French were masters of the channel, in which case they could as easily send 40,000, or 60,000, and march at once to London. (N. B. In this De la Croix is much mistaken. It would be, in my mind, just as impossible for France to conquer England, as for England to conquer France. He does not know what it is to carry on war in a country where every man's hand is against you, and yet his own country might have given him a lesson; however, it was not my business to contest the point with him, so I let him go on.) As to 20,000 men, it was thus out of the question. As to 5,000, there would be great difficulties; they

would require, for example, 20 ships to convey them ; it would not be easy to equip 20 sail in a French port, without the English having some notice, and, in that case, they would instantly block up the port with a force double of any that could be sent against them. To this I answered, that I was but too sensible of the difficulty he mentioned ; that, however, all great enterprises were attended with great difficulties, and I besought him to consider the magnitude of the object. That, as to 5,000, when I mentioned that number, it was not that I thought it necessary for the people at large, but for those men of some property, whose assistance was so essential in framing a government in Ireland, without loss of time, and who might be deterred from coming forward at first, if they saw but an inconsiderable force to support them ; that I begged leave to refer to my second memorial, where he would find my reasons on this subject detailed at length ; that I had written those memorials under a strong sense of duty, not with a view to flatter or mislead him, or to say what might be agreeable to the French Government, but to give them such information as I thought essential for them to know ; that, as to the truth of the facts contained in them, I was willing to stake my head on their accuracy.—He answered, he had no doubt as to that ; that he saw as well as I, the convenience of an immediate government, but was it not feasible on a smaller scale than I had mentioned. For example, if they gave us a General of established reputation, an Etat Major, thirty pieces of artillery, with cannoniers, and 20,000 stand of arms, would not the people join them, and, if so, might we not call the clubs that I had mentioned in my memorials, (meaning the Catholic Committee and the United Irishmen of Belfast) and frame of them a provisory government, until the national convention could be organized.—I answered, that, as to the people joining them, I never had the least doubt ; that my only fear was lest the men who composed the clubs of which he spoke, might be at first backward, from a doubt of the sufficiency of the force ; that I hoped they would act with spirit, and as became them, but that I could not venture to commit my credit with him, on any fact of whose certainty I was not positively ascertained. “ Well, then, replied he, supposing your patriots should not act at first with spirit ; you say you are sure of the people. In that case, you must only choose delegates from the

“army, and let them act provisorily, until you have acquired  
“such a consistency as will give courage to the men of whom  
“you make mention.” I answered, that, by that means, we  
might undoubtedly act with success ; that a sort of military go-  
vernment was not, however, what I should prefer to commence  
with, if I saw any other, but that the necessity of the case must  
justify us, in adopting so strong a measure in the first instance.  
(N. B. In this I lied a little, for my wishes are in favor of a  
very strong, or, in other words, a military government in the  
outset, and, if I had any share or influence in such government,  
I think I would not abuse it, but I see the handle it might give  
to demagogues, if we had any such among us. It is unnecessary  
here to write an essay on the subject, but the result of my medi-  
tations is, that the advantages, all circumstances considered,  
outweigh the inconveniences and hazard, and I, for one, am  
ready to take my share of the danger and the responsibility ; I  
was, consequently, glad when De la Croix proposed the measure.)  
I added, that the means which he then mentioned, undoubtedly  
weakened my argument, as to the necessity of numbers, con-  
siderably. He then said, that from Madgett’s representations,  
he had been induced to think that men were not at all wanting.  
I answered, that was very compatible with my theory, for, that  
certainly if there were any idea of national resistance, 5,000  
might be said to be no force at all for a conquest. I then shift-  
ed the discourse by saying, that, as to the embarkation, on what-  
ever scale it was made, it might be worth consideration whether  
it could not be best effected from Holland ; that their harbors were,  
I believed, less closely watched than the French, and that, at any  
rate, England had no port for ships of war to the northward of  
Portsmouth ; so, that even if she had a fleet off the coasts of Hol-  
land, it must return occasionally to refit, and, during one of these  
intervals, the expedition might take place. He asked me, “Was  
“I sure England had no port to the northward of Portsmouth?”  
I said “certainly.” “Not in Scotland?” I referred him to the  
map. (I was a little surprised that he did not know this.) This  
brought on the old subject of debauching the Irish seamen in the  
British navy, which seems a favorite scheme of De la Croix,  
and is, in my mind, flat nonsense. He questioned me as before,  
whether, by preparing a few of them, and suffering them to  
escape, they might not rouse the patriotism of the Irish seamen,



and cause a powerful revulsion in the navy of England. I answered, as I had done already, that the measure was undoubtedly good, if properly followed up, at the same time, that there was great hazard of alarming the British Government; that he would find my plan on the subject in my second memorial, where he would see that an Irish government was, in my mind, an indispensable requisite: that I did not build on the patriotism of the Irish seamen, but on their passions and interests; that we could offer them the whole English commerce as a bribe, whilst England has nothing to oppose in return but the mere force of discipline: and I pressed this as strongly on the Minister as my execrable French would permit. He then mentioned that it would be necessary to send proper persons to Ireland to give notice to the people there of what was intended. I answered, one person was sufficient. He asked me, “Did I know one Ducket?” (the fellow who pulled out the English newspaper to decoy me.) I answered, I knew nothing at all about him. He then asked me, “Did I know one Simon, a priest?” I answered, I had some recollection of one Fitzsimon, a priest, in Ireland, but that I was not personally acquainted with him. I also added that I had a strong objection to letting priests into the business at all; that most of them were enemies to the French Revolution, and, if it were possible to find a military man, he would be the properest person: the more so, as it would encourage those to whom he might address himself, by showing that the French Government were serious in their intentions. He then said he would look out for such a person. I took this occasion to observe, that there was not an hour to lose, that the season was approaching fast when the British channel fleet would be at sea, and the various encampments formed in Ireland, which generally took place about the middle of May or beginning of June. He said, the necessary preparations, on the smallest scale, could not be ready sooner than one month. I replied, that one month would be time enough, but added again, that there was not a minute to lose. I then took my leave, having been closeted nearly one hour and an half.—On the whole, I do not much glory in this day’s conversation. If I have not lost confidence, I certainly have not gained any. I see the Minister is rooted in his narrow scheme, and I am sorry for it. Perhaps imperious circumstances will not permit him to be otherwise;

but, if the French Government have the power effectually to assist us, and do not, they are miserable politicians. It is now one hundred and three years since Lewis XIV, neglected a similar opportunity of separating Ireland from England, and France has had reason to lament it ever since. He, too, went upon the short-sighted policy of merely embarrassing England, and leaving Ireland to shift as she might. I hope the Republic will act on nobler motives, and with more extended views. At all events, I have done my duty in submitting the truth to them, and I shall continue so to do, and to press it upon them in all possible modes that I can compass. If they will give us 5,000 men, so. If not, "*Let the sheriff enter, if I become not the gallows as well as another, a plague o' my bringing up.*"

Seriously. I would attempt it with *one hundred* men. My life is of little consequence, and I should hope not to lose it neither. "*Please God, the dogs shall not have my poor blood to lick.*" In that case, as I have pleasantly said already, if our lever be short we must apply the greater power. Requisition! Requisition! Our independence must be had at all hazards. If the men of property will not support us, they must fall; we can support ourselves by the aid of that numerous and respectable class of the community, *the men of no property.*

*March 12.* Called on Madgett. He tells me that the business is going forward, but that the French Government is in the greatest difficulty for the want of money; that the Executive Directory was, within these few days, on the point of resigning, and that they had signified to the Legislature that they would do so, if they were not properly supported. I should be sincerely sorry if this were the case, as well for the sake of France, as of Ireland, for I believe they are both able and honest. Madgett told me further, that he expected we were on the eve of some considerable change, not of measures, but of men; that the party who wanted to come in, were throwing difficulties in the way of the present administration, in order to force them to resign; that if the change took place, it would not extend to the Directors, but to the Ministers; that with regard to the affairs of Ireland, they would be bettered, rather than injured by the alteration; that it was the jacobin party who expected to come in, not the terrorists, but the true original jacobins who had begun the Revolution; that if they were in power, he was

sure they would give us 10,000 men; that, however, as to Bournonville, he was obnoxious to them, and of course would not be appointed to the command. If there is to be any change, I confess I should be glad the jacobins were to come again in to play, for I think a little more energy just now, would do the French Government no harm. On the whole, I am not much delighted with our present prospects.

*March 13.* Went as usual to the opera. *Serment de la liberté.* The scene represented the Champ de Mars, on the day of the confederation. As usual, the spectacle all military. In the procession, was a band of young men in regimentals, but without arms. At a particular verse of the hymn, which was chaunted before the altar of liberty, they approached the grenadiers, who were under arms, and received from them their firelocks, which they shouldered, and took their places in the line; several evolutions, and the manual exercise, was then performed by the whole body, for, as I have already remarked, these are the ballets of the French nation at present. At the conclusion, a band of beautiful young women, equal in number to the young men, entered, carrying drawn sabres in their hands, and ranged themselves on one side of the stage; the young men being drawn up in a line on the other. Each of the youths advanced in his turn to the centre of the stage, when he was met by his mistress, who presented him with his sabre with one hand, and with the other pointed to the altar of liberty; the youth kissed the hilt of the sabre, and returned it to the scabbard; they then fell back into their places, and were succeeded by the next pair, until they had all received their arms, and saluted their mistresses. The whole then joined in a grand chorus, and the soldiery filed off as for the frontiers, the women being placed on an eminence to view them as they passed. I do not know what Mr. Burke may think, but I humbly conceive from the effect all this had on the audience, that the age of chivalry is not gone in France. I can imagine nothing more suited to strike the imagination of a young Frenchman, than such a spectacle as this, and indeed, though I am no Frenchman, nor at present over and above young, it affected me extremely. I am sure nothing on earth has such an influence on me, as my wife's opinion: every action of my life has a reference more or less to that, and in the very business I am now engaged in,



if I succeed, I look for, and shall find the reward dearest to my heart, in her commendation. It is inconceivable, (I lie, I lie, it is not at all inconceivable) the effect which the admiration or contempt of a woman has on the spirit of a man. Hector, when he is balancing in his mind, whether he shall stand or fly before Achilles, is determined by the consideration of what the Trojan ladies will say of him. "*Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground.*" From which I infer that human nature is pretty much now what it was 3,000 years ago, and that Homer knew it well. so did Shakespeare, and so did Fielding, who has hit off the same point admirably, when Lady Bellaston is working upon Lord Fellamar. To return, I owe so much to my wife for her incomparable behavior on ten thousand different occasions, that I feel myself bound irresistibly to make every effort to place her and her dear little babies in a situation in some degree worthy of her merit, and suitable to my sense of it. I am not without ambition or vanity God knows; I love fame, and I suppose I should like power, but I declare here most solemnly, that I prefer my wife's commendations to those of the whole world. Well, if I succeed here, I shall stand on high ground, and I must be allowed to say, I shall deserve it, and then she will be proud of me, as I am of her, and with that sentiment, I conclude this day's journal.

March 14. Went this day to the Luxembourg: I have the luck of going on the days that Carnot gives audience, and of course is most occupied; waited, however, to the last, when only one person remained besides myself. Carnot then called me over, and said, "you are an Irishman." I answered I was; "then," said he, "here is almost a countryman of yours, who speaks English perfectly. He has the confidence of Government; go with him and explain yourself without reserve." I did not much like this referring me over; however, there was no remedy; so I made my bow, and followed my new lover to his hotel. He told me on the way that he was General Clarke; that his father was an Irishman; that he had himself been in Ireland, and had many relations in that country; he added, (God forgive him if he exaggerated,) that all the military arrangements of the Republic passed through his hands, and in short, gave me to understand that he was at the head of the War Department, By this time, we arrived at the hotel where

he kept his bureau, and I observed in passing through the office to his cabinet, an immense number of boxes labelled, Armée du Nord, Armée des Pyrenées, Armée du Rhin, &c. &c. so that I was pretty well satisfied that I was in the right track. When we entered the cabinet, I told him in three words, who and what I was, and then proceeded to detail. at considerable length, all I knew on the state of Ireland, which, as it is substantially contained in my two memorials, to which I referred him, I need not here recapitulate. This took up a considerable time, I suppose an hour and a half. He then began to interrogate me on some of the heads, in a manner which shewed me that he was utterly unacquainted with the present state of affairs in Ireland, and particularly with the great internal changes which have taken place there within the last three or four years, which, however, is no impeachment of his judgment or talents; there were, however, other points on which he was radically wrong. For example, he asked me, would not the aristocracy of Ireland, some of which he mentioned, as the Earl of Ormond, concur in the attempt to establish the independence of their country?—I answered: Most certainly not, and begged him to remember that if the attempt were made, it would be by the people, and the people only; that he should calculate on all the opposition that the Irish aristocracy could give; that the French Revolution, which had given courage to the people, had, in the same proportion, alarmed the aristocracy, who trembled for their titles and estates; that this alarm was diligently fomented by the British Minister, who had been able to persuade every man of property, that their only security was in supporting him implicitly in every measure calculated to oppose the progress of what were called French principles; that, consequently, in any system he might frame in his mind, he should lay down the utmost opposition of the aristocracy as an essential point. At the same time, I added, that, in case of a landing being effected in Ireland, their opposition would be of very little significance, as their conduct had been such as to give them no claim on the affections of the people; that their own tenants and dependants would, I was satisfied, desert them, and they would become just so many helpless individuals, devoid of power and influence.—He then mentioned that the Volunteer Convention in 1783. seemed to be an example against what I now advanced; the people

then had acted through their leaders. I answered they certainly had, and as their leaders had betrayed them, that very convention was one reason why the people had forever lost all confidence in what was called leaders. He then mentioned the confusion and bloodshed likely to result from a people such as I described, and he knew the Irish to be breaking loose without proper heads to control and moderate their fury.—I answered it was but too true; that I saw as well as he, that, in the first explosion, it was likely that many events would take place in their nature very shocking: that revolutions were not made without much individual suffering: that, however, in the present instance, supposing the worst, there would be a kind of retributive justice, as no body of men on earth were more tyrannical and oppressive in their nature, than those who would be most likely to suffer in the event he alluded to; that I had often in my own mind, (and God knows the fact to be so,) lamented the necessity of our situation, but that Ireland was so circumstanced, that she had no alternative but unconditional submission to England, or a revolution, with a chance of all the concomitant sufferings, and that I was one of those who preferred difficulty and danger and distress, to slavery, especially where I saw clearly there was no other means. “It is very true,” replied he, “there is no “making an *ommelette*, without breaking of eggs.” He still seemed, however, to have a leaning towards the co-operation of our aristocracy, which is flat nonsense. He asked me was there no one man of that body, that we could not make use of, and again mentioned, “for example, the Earl of Ormond.” I answered “not one;” that as to Lord Ormond, he was a drunken beast, without a character of any kind, but that of a block-head; that I did believe, speaking my own private opinion as an individual, that perhaps the Duke of Leinster might join the people, if the revolution was once begun, because I thought him a good Irishman; but that for this opinion, I had merely my own conjectures, and that, at any rate, if the beginning was once made, it would be of very little consequence what part any individual might take. I do not know how Fitzgibbon’s name happened to come in here, but he asked me would it not be possible to make something of him. Any one who knows Ireland, will readily believe that I did not find it easy to make a serious answer to this question. Yes, Fitzgibbon would be very likely, from his

situation, his principles, his hopes and his fears, his property, and the general tenor of his conduct, to begin a revolution in Ireland. At last, I believe I satisfied Clarke on the subject of the support to be expected from our aristocracy. He then asked me what I thought the revolution, if begun, would terminate in. I answered, undoubtedly, as I thought, in a Republic allied to France. He then said what security could I give, that in twenty years after our independence, we might not be found engaged as an ally of England against France? I thought the observation a very foolish one, and only answered that I could not venture to foretell what the combination of events for twenty years might produce; but that, in the present posture of affairs, there were few things which presented themselves to my view under a more improbable shape. He then came to the influence of the Catholic clergy over the minds of the people, and the apprehension that they might warp them against France. I assured him, as the fact is, that it was much more likely that France would turn the people against the clergy; that within these last few years, that is to say, since the French Revolution, an astonishing change, with regard to the influence of the priests, had taken place in Ireland. I mentioned to him the conduct of that body, pending the Catholic business, and how much and how justly they had lost character on that account. I told him the anecdote of the Pope's legate, who is also Archbishop of Dublin, being superseded in the actual management of his own chapel, of his endeavoring to prevent a political meeting therein, and of his being forced to submit and attend the meeting himself; but, particularly, I mentioned the circumstance of the clergy excommunicating all Defenders, and even refusing the sacraments to some of the poor fellows *in articulo mortis*, which to a Catholic is a very serious affair, and all to no purpose. This last circumstance seemed to strike him a good deal. He then said that I was not to augur any thing either way, from any thing that had passed on that day; that he would read and consider my memorials very attentively, but that I must see that a business of such magnitude could not be discussed in one conversation, and that the first; that I was not, however, to be discouraged because he did not at present communicate with me more openly. I answered I understood all that; that undoubtedly, on this occasion, it was my turn to speak,

and his to hear, as I was not to get information, but to give it. I then fixed with him to return in six days, (on the 1st of Germinal,) and having requested him to get the original memorials, as he was perfect master of the English, and I could not answer for a translation which I had never seen, I took my leave.

I see clearly that all Clarke's ideas on Irish politics are at least thirty years behind those of the people, and I took pains to impress him with that conviction as delicately as I could. We should, according to his theory, have two blessed auxiliaries to begin with, the noblesse and the clergy. I hope, however, I have beat him a little out of that nonsense, and, that, when he reads the memorials in cool blood, he will be satisfied of its absurdity. By-the-by, my memorials I find have never been laid before the Executive; that is bad; I trust they are now in train. When I mentioned that De la Croix had referred me to Madgett, I found, with some little surprise, that Clarke did not know Madgett. To hear the latter speak, one would suppose it impossible that could be the case. This comes of being a stranger. I must grope my way here as well as I can. Carnot has positively referred me to Clarke, and if he be as confidential as he gives me to understand, I have no reason to complain; but suppose he is not, where is my remedy? and how am I to ascertain that fact? I know nobody here, of whom I can inquire. If I rest in the hands of subalterns, I risque the success of my plans, and I act against my wishes and my judgment. If I go back to the principals, I risque the making an enemy of the subalterns, and there is no animal so mean, but has the power to do mischief. I would rather stick to Carnot, but what can I do when he has handed me over to Clarke? "*Suffolk, what remedy?*" At any rate, I must let things go on in the present track, until I see some open, or until I conceive myself neglected. As yet, I certainly have no reason to complain. "*A pize upon thee for a wicked La' yer, Tom Clarke,*" I would rather deal with your master, but that can't be for the present, and so "'Tis but in vain," &c. We will see what the first of Germinal will produce, and, in the mean time, I will, as Matty says, "*let the world wag.*" It is unnecessary to observe that I only give the outlines of the various conversations related in these memorandums. There are a thousand collateral points, which it is impossible to detail. The general tenor of my discourse was grounded on the

facts contained in my two memorials, which I endeavored to state and support in the strongest manner I could, dwelling particularly on the Defenders, the Dissenters, the recent union between the sects, which I mentioned as a circumstance of the last importance, the probable consequences to the naval power of England, and the effects to be hoped for from the proclamations mentioned in my second memorial, which seemed to strike Clarke very forcibly; though he combatted them at first, until I asked him how he would like to be an English Admiral leaving Portsmouth under the circumstances I had described; on which he submitted as became him. I do not detail all this, for in fact it would be but amplifying my memorials. One thing I must observe here; though I told Carnot that I had been with the Minister, I never told the Minister I had been with Carnot. In like manner, Clarke knows I have seen Madgett, but Madgett does not know I have ever been at the Luxembourg. There is something like duplicity in this; if there be, my situation must excuse it. I am acting to the best of my judgment, and I have not a soul to advise with. P. P., P. P. what would I give that you were here to day! Mem. Beauvilliers' Burgundy, &c.

*March 15.* Went to breakfast with Madgett, in consequence of a note which I received from him. Madgett in high spirits; tells me every thing is going on as well as possible; that our affair is before the Directory; that it is determined to give us 50,000 stand of arms, artillery for an army of that force, 672 cannoniers, and a demi-brigade, which he tells me is from 3,000 to 4,000 men; that the Minister desires my opinion in writing as to the place of landing. All this is very good and precise. I told him with that force we must land near Belfast, and push on immediately to get possession of the Fews Mountains, which cover the province of Ulster, until we could raise and arm our forces; that, if possible, a second landing should be made in the Bay of Galway, which army should cover itself, as soon as possible, by the Shannon, breaking down most of the bridges, and fortifying the remainder; that we should thus begin with the command of one half of the nation, and that the most discontented part; that, as to the port of embarkation, which the Minister had also mentioned, I suggested some of the Dutch ports, first, because I believed they were less watched than the French, and next, that England having no harbor, where she could refit a

fleet, to the north of Portsmouth, even if she kept a fleet in the North Seas, it must return occasionally to refit, and the expedition might take place in the interval. If, however, the Dutch ports were too strongly watched, we might go from any of the French harbors on the ocean, and coast round by the West of Ireland into the Loch of Belfast. Madgett reduced this to writing in French, and we went together to the Minister, where he delivered it to him before my eyes. Madgett tells me that Prieur de la Marne is in the secret, and has recommended and guaranteed a Capuchin friar of the name of Fitz Simons, to go to Ireland. I told Madgett I had the most violent dislike to letting any priest into the business at all. He said he did not like it either; but that Prieur de la Marne had known this man for twenty years, and would stake his life on his honesty. I do not care for all that; I will give my opinion plump against his being sent. Madgett mentioned that the fellow had some notion of a resumption of the forfeited lands. That would be a pretty measure to begin with! Besides, he has been out of the country twenty or thirty years, and knows nothing about it, and I dare say hates a Presbyterian like the devil. No! No! If I can help it, he shan't go; if I can't, why I can't. I want a military man. I must see whoever is sent, I presume, and how can I commit the safety of my friends in Ireland to a man in whom I have no confidence myself. And, indeed, I have some doubts, whether I have any right to commit the safety of any person but myself. However, the way that I answer that objection, is, that it is absolutely necessary; that I am acting by their own advice and direction, and with their concurrence; that I have not shrunk myself from any trouble, labor, or danger; that it is but just they should take their share, especially when it is essential for the success of the measure; and, finally, that I rely very much upon their discretion to avoid all unnecessary hazard, and conduct themselves properly through this arduous business. These reasons are, with me, of sufficient weight to decide me in giving the names of five or six men in Ireland, in order that, whoever is sent, if any one is sent by the French Government, may see them. At the same time, I give my advice that the messenger see but one of them, and leave it to him to communicate with the others. And that one shall be P. P. I will put him in the post of danger and honor, though I love him.

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like a brother. I wish Ireland to come under obligations to the said P. P. And now I must observe that it is very odd, if the business be as Madgett says, before the Directory, and so far advanced, that Clarke should know nothing about it. Carnot did not appear to me yesterday to have even seen my memorials, and I rather believe that to be the case. Madgett is much more sanguine than I am, for I preserve in all this business a phlegm which is truly admirable. I have resolved never to believe that the expedition will be undertaken, 'till I see the troops on board, nor that it will succeed until I have slept one night under canvass in Ireland. Then, I shall have hopes. At present, I keep my mind under a strict regimen, and, without affectation, I think it must be an extraordinary circumstance which would much elevate or depress me. All which is truly edifying and extremely philosophical. Madgett tells me that Rewbell is the member of the Directory who is the most sanguine and earnest in support of the measure. Well! The first of Germinal, I suppose, I shall know more of the matter. Clarke, after all, must be better authority than Madgett. One thing I see, that Madgett wishes to keep me out of sight as much as possible, which is very natural, and I am sure I am not angry with him for it. Nevertheless, I will smuggle an odd visit now and then to the Luxembourg, "just to see things a little." "*Wheels within wheels?*" "*Business, business, says I, Mr. Secretary, must be done.*" Wise memorandums. I had like to have forgotten. I have not neglected Mr. Wm. Browne's (my brother Matthew's) affair. Lamare has written to Guise by this day's post, on that subject, having received no answer to a letter which he wrote on the same head about a fortnight since. I wish the said Mr. Browne were here, for a vast multiplicity of reasons.

March 16. Blank. Dined alone in the Champs Elysées. A most delicious walk. The French know how to be happy, or at least to be gay, better than all the world besides. The Irish come near them, but the Irish all drink more or less, (except P. P. who never drinks,) and the French are very sober. I live very soberly at present, having retrenched my quantity of wine one half: I fear, however, that if I had the pleasure of P. P.'s company to-morrow, being St. Patrick's day, we should, in-



deed, "*take a sprig of watercresses with our bread.*" Yes! we should make a pretty sober meal of it. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

*March 17.* St. Patrick's day. Dined *alone* in the Champs Elysées. Sad! Sad!

*March 18.* Blank! Theatre in the evening.

*March 19.* Madgett called on me this morning to tell me the Directory have resolved to give us an entire brigade, (viz. 8,000 men instead of 4,000.) He told me, also, that the Minister had asked him whether I had ever been to the Directory, and that he had said he was sure I had not. (*Mem.* I rather believe that honesty is always the best policy in every affair, public and private; for though I am sure it was from the purest motives that I had not told Madgett of my visits to the Luxembourg, yet I felt very awkward at the question.) I answered, that, in consequence of the extreme anxiety which I felt for the success of the business, as well as in pursuance of the directions I had received to omit nothing likely to bring the state of Ireland before the French Government, I had thought it my duty to go, in person, to the Executive, and obtain, if possible, an audience: the more so, as Carnot, who is now one of the Directory, was well known by reputation in Ireland; and I was particularly charged, if possible, to find him out. Madgett seemed quite satisfied at this, and, having fixed to breakfast with him to-morrow, we parted.

*March 20.* Breakfast with Madgett. The Minister wants to know our plan of conduct, supposing the landing effected. This has been already detailed in my memorial, but it is necessary to go over the same ground again and again. "*Put it to him in other words,*" viz. The Catholic Committee is already a complete representation of that body, and the Dissenters are so prepared that they can immediately choose delegates. That those two bodies, when joined, will represent, numerically, nine-tenths of the people, and, of course, under existing circumstances, are the best Government that we can form at the moment. This Madgett reduced to writing, but I have no copy, which is of the less consequence, as the paper is only a paraphrase of part of my last memorial. Desired Madgett to explain to the Minister that my visit to the Luxembourg was in consequence of positive directions I had to communicate with Carnot, whether in or out of power; that I had the highest respect for the Minis-

ter's talents and patriotism, and, if there was any irregularity in my applying to Carnot, it was merely an error in judgment, as he must be convinced that, circumstanced as I was, I could never dream of doing any thing which might be disagreeable to a person in his station, &c. I believe this will satisfy De la Croix; but I fancy, between friends, that Madgett, rather than the Minister, is a little piqued; for, with great sincerity, and, I am sure, an honest anxiety for the success of the measure, I can see a little desire in his mind of doing every thing himself; for which, as I have already said, with a laudable magnanimity, I am not at all angry with him; nevertheless, I shall take the liberty, under the rose, to follow my own plan a little: I do not think I have made a blunder yet, unless (which I do not think) my going to Carnot, without informing the Minister, was one. Took a delightful walk in the Champs Elysées, and dined alone, as usual, at a very retired Restaurateur. I live here in Paris, absolutely like a hermit.

*March 21.* Went, by appointment, (this being the 1st Germinal) to the Luxembourg, to General Clarke; "*damn it and rot it for me*"—he has not yet got my memorials: only think how provoking. I told him I would make him a fair copy, as I had the rough draft by me. He answered it was unnecessary, as he had given in a memorandum, in writing, to Carnot, to send for the originals, and would certainly have them before I could make the copy. We then went into the subject as before, but nothing new occurred. He dwelt a little on the nobles and clergy, and I replied as I had done in the former conversation; he said he was satisfied that nothing was to be expected from either, and I answered that he might expect all the opposition they could give, if they had the power to give any, but that, happily, if the landing were once effected, their opinion would be of little consequence. He then asked me, as before, what form of Government I thought would be likely to take place in Ireland, in case of the separation being effected, adding that, as to France, though she would certainly prefer a Republic, yet her great object was the independence of Ireland under any form? I answered, I had no doubt whatever that, if we succeeded, we would establish a Republic, adding that it was my own wish, as well as that of *all* the men with whom I co-operated. He then talked of the necessity of sending some person to Ireland to ex-

amine into the state of things there, adding, “you would not go yourself.” I answered, certainly not: that, in the first place, I had already given in all the information I was possessed of, and, for me to add any thing to that, would be, in fact, only supporting my credit by my own declaration; that he would find, even in the English papers, and I was sure much more in the Irish, if he had them, sufficient evidence of the state of the country to support every word I had advanced, and evidence of the most unexceptionable nature, as it came out of the mouths of those who were interested to conceal it, and would conceal it, if they could; that, for me to be found in Ireland now, would be a certain sacrifice of my life to no purpose; that, if the expedition was undertaken, I would go in any station; that I was not only ready and willing, but should most earnestly supplicate and entreat the French Government to permit me to take a part, even as a private volunteer, with a firelock on my shoulder, and that I thought I could be of use to both countries. He answered, “as to that, there could be no difficulty or doubt on the part of the French Government.” He then expressed his regret at the delay of the memorials, and assured me he would use all diligence in procuring them, and would not lose a moment after they came to his hands. I entreated him to consider that the season was now advancing fast when the channel fleet would be at sea, and the camps in Ireland formed, and, of course, that every hour was precious, which he admitted. I then took my leave, having fixed to return in five days, on the 6th Germinal. I apologized for pressing him thus, which I assured him I should not do in a business of my own private concern, and so we parted. And now is it not extremely provoking that, in a business of such magnitude, seven days have been lost? The papers are lying in the Minister’s hands, ready and finished, and nothing to do but to send for them, yet they are not got. Well! if ever I get to be a Citizen Director, or a Citizen Minister, I hope I shall do better than that: I am in a rage; hell! hell! “*Fury, revenge, disdain, and indignation tear my swoln breast, whilst passions, like the winds, rise up to heaven, and put out all the stars.*” As I have nothing to add more outrageous, I will here change the subject.

Went to see Othello; not translated, but only taken from the English. Poor Shakspeare! I felt for him. The French tra-

gedly is a pitiful performance, filled with false sentiment ; the Moor whines most abominably, and Iago is a person of a very pretty morality ; the author apologizes for softening the villany of the latter character, as well as for saving the life of Desdemona, and substituting a happy termination in place of the sublime and terrible conclusion of the English tragedy, by saying that the humanity of the French nation, and their morality, would be shocked by such exhibitions: “ *Marry come up, indeed ! People’s ears are sometimes the nicest part about them.*” I admire a nation that will guillotine sixty people a day for months, men, women, and children, and cannot bear the catastrophe of a dramatic exhibition ! Yet, certainly the author knows best, and I have had occasion repeatedly to observe, that the French are more struck with any little incident of tenderness on the stage, a thousand times, than the English, which is strange. In short, the French *are* a humane people when they are not mad, and I like them with all their faults, and the guillotine at the head of them, better, a thousand times, than the English. And I like the Irish better than either, and as no one can doubt my impartiality, I expect my opinion will be received with proper respect and deference by all whom it may concern. I have nothing to add. Upon further recollection, I have something to add. In the course of the conversation, when I desired Clarke to count upon all the opposition which the Irish aristocracy, whether Protestant or Catholic, could give, he said he believed I was in the right ; for that, since he saw me last, he had read over a variety of memorials on the subject of Irish affairs, which had been given in to the French Government for forty years back, and they all supported my opinion as to that point. I answered, I was glad of it, but begged him not to build much on *my papers*, above a very recent date ; that the changes, even in France, were not much greater than in Ireland since 1789 ; that what was true of her ten or seven years ago, was not true now ; of which there could not be a stronger instance than this, that if the French had landed during the last war, the Dissenters, to a man, and even the Catholics, would have opposed them ; but then France was under the yoke, which she had since broken ; that all the changes in the sentiment of the Irish people flowed from the Revolution in France, which they had watched very diligently, and that being the case, he would, I hope, find rea-

son to believe that my opinion on the influence of the nobles and clergy was founded in fact. I then went on to observe, that, about one hundred years ago, Louis the XIVth, had an opportunity of separating Ireland from England, during the war between James II and William III: that, partly by his own miserable policy, and partly by the interested views of his Minister, Louvois, he contented himself with feeding the war by little and little, until the opportunity was lost, and that France had reason to regret it ever since; for, if Ireland had been made independent then, the navy of England would never have grown to what it is at this day. He said "that was very true;" and added, "that, even in the last war, when the volunteers were in force, and a rupture between England and Ireland seemed likely, it was proposed in the French Council to offer assistance to Ireland, and overruled by the interest of Count De Vergennes, then Prime Minister, who received for that service, a considerable bribe from England, and that he was informed of this by a principal agent in paying the money." So, it seems, we had a narrow escape of obtaining our independence fifteen years ago. It is better as it is, for then we were not united amongst ourselves, and I am not clear that the first use we should have made of our liberty, would not have been to have begun cutting each other's throats: so out of evil comes good. I do not like this story of Vergennes, of the truth of which I do not doubt. How, if the devil should put it into any one's head here to serve us so this time! Pitt is as cunning as hell, and he has money enough, and we have nothing here but assignats: I do not like it at all. However, it is idle speculating on what I cannot prevent. I can answer for myself, at least, I will do my duty. But, to return: Clarke asked me had I thought of subsisting the French troops after the landing, in case the Executive decided in favor of the measure. I answered, I had not thought in detail on the subject, but there was one infallible mode which presented itself, which was, requisition in kind of all things necessary; adding, that he might be sure, whoever wanted, the army should not want, and especially our allies, if we were so fortunate as to obtain their assistance. He asked me, "might not that disgust the people of property in Ireland?" I answered, the revolution was not to be made for the people of property; but as to those of them, who were our friends, the spirit of en-

thusiasm would induce them to much greater sacrifices; and as to those who were our enemies, it was fit that they should suffer. and I referred him for a proof of what sacrifices the enthusiasm of a revolution would lead to, to his own experience of what had happened in France, and what I knew to have been the case in America, where, during the contest for their liberties, it was a scandal to enjoy the luxuries and almost the conveniences of life, insomuch that people of the first properties and situations, went in old and tattered clothes. He admitted this, but observed that this enthusiasm would subside in time, and that this was already the case in France. I admitted that; but observed. that I hoped our revolution, if attempted, would be completed long before the spirit of enthusiasm had cooled. I do not recollect any other circumstances material in our conversation.

*March 22.* I have worked this day like a horse. In the morning I called on Madgett to tell him that Carnot wanted the memorials, and begged him to expedite them. He boggled a good deal, and I got almost angry; however, I am growing so much of a statesman. that I did not let him see it. It would be a most extraordinary thing, indeed, if one of the Executive Directory could not command a paper of this kind out of the pocket of citizen Madgett. I resolved, however, not to contest the point, but quietly make a copy of the two memorials, and give them myself to Clarke. It is only the trouble, and I have nothing else to do, and it is very good business for me, and I do not understand people being idle and giving themselves airs, and wanting to make revolutions, whilst they are grumbling at the trouble of writing a few sheets of paper. I therefore dropped the business of the memorials, and Madgett then told me that he sets off to-morrow, on a pilgrimage, to root out the Irish prisoners of war, and especially Mr. Wm. Browne, who is to be sent to Ireland if he can be found out, or if he has not long since been discharged; that he is to go to Versailles, Compiègne, Guise, and propagate the faith amongst the Irish soldiers and seamen. This is his favorite scheme, and is, in my mind, not to mince the matter, *damned nonsense*. What are five hundred or one thousand Irishmen, more or less, to the success of the business? Nothing. And then there is the risk of the business taking wind. I do not like it at all; but I surmise the real truth to be, that it is a small matter of job, (*à l'Irlandaise.*) and that there is some

cash to be touched, &c. Madgett's scheme is just like my countryman's, that got on horseback in the packet, in order to make more haste. He is always hunting for maps, and then he thinks he is making revolutions. I believe he is very sincere in the business, but he does, to be sure, at times, pester me confoundedly. With regard to Mr. William Browne, (my brother Matthew.) I wish to God, if he be still in France, that Madgett may be able to find him. And yet I dread his going to Ireland. If he be caught there, his life is gone; and, though I am willing to hazard my own, I have some doubts as to his. If Madgett proposes it to him, he will go. *bon gré, mal gré*. Well, let him. If he escapes, and Ireland is freed, she will reward him, and he will deserve it. He would, certainly, be the fittest person to go from this, as he is known to all my confidential friends; and I could communicate with him, and he with them, much better than any stranger whatsoever. On the whole, if he is found, he must go, and I hope God Almighty will protect him, poor fellow; for I love him most affectionately. Perhaps, whilst I am writing this, he may be at Princeton, with Matty and the children. I have sent one brother already to Ireland on this business. It is pretty early to entrust a matter of high treason to a boy of fourteen. However, I have no doubt of him; and, if we succeed, I hope to see him yet a flag officer in the Irish navy. Well, I have made great sacrifices in this business. But, to return. Madgett tells me that the Minister is quite satisfied as to my having seen Carnot, and that he would be very glad if I would take an opportunity to insinuate artfully to him that Prieur de la Marne would be a very acceptable person in Ireland, (which I dare say he would, as his name is well known there) and which I may fairly do, as I am here the representative of the Irish people; so I am accredited. I will certainly mention Prieur to Carnot, as the Minister desires it; and I recollect Rowan told me in Philadelphia that when he was leaving Brest on his way to Paris, after his escape from Ireland, Prieur, who was then Deputy on Mission, shook hands with him, observing that he hoped that they would land in Ireland together. It is not impossible that they may meet there. So, I am to become an *intrigant*, I find, and to procure appointments for ex-deputies and I know not what. "*Hey day, what doings, what doings are here!*" It is very laughable to think of the Minister of Fe-



reign Affairs desiring *me* to recommend a member of the National Convention to the Executive Directory of France. Having done with Madgett, I returned home, and set doggedly to copying my two memorials; finished the first, and made a practicable breach in the second; then wrote the eight foregoing pages in my journal, and now it is ten o'clock at night, and I am as tired as a dog, and my fingers are cramped, and I cannot see out of my eyes. To-morrow I will finish my second memorial, I expect time enough to go to the Luxembourg and give it either to Carnot or Clarke. "*Business, business, said I, Mr. Secretary, must be done.*" I quoted that once already, but a good thing cannot be done too often, and it is a choice quotation. and I caught it from P. P., who quotes better than any body, except my dearest love. I am but a fool to them, only I make sometimes a lucky hit. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! what wise memorandums I am making, and I am as tired as a devil, for I have written nine hours to-day, which is more than I ever did in my life. "*What do I not suffer, O Athenians, that you may speak well of me?*" Pretty and modest, comparing myself by craft to Alexander the Great! Well, the vanity of some people is most unaccountable! When I get into this track of witty and facetious soliloquy, I know not how to leave off, for I always think I am chatting to my dearest life and love and the light of my eyes. Well, I will not begin another page, and that is flat.—After all, I must begin another page, for, with my nonsense, I had like to forget the most important part of the business. The Minister is in daily expectation of three millions of livres in specie, one million of which he destines for our expedition. If this be so, it looks like business at last. The moment he receives the money he will begin his preparations. But then, Clarke, who is certainly at the head of the military correspondence, knows nothing of all this. "*I am lost in sensations of troubled emotions.*" What am I to think? "*Hey ho, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say!*" I have made a very wise rule for myself, and I will keep it, that is, never to be elevated by appearances, and, indeed, to say the truth, I see as yet no great appearances to elevate me. Well, I am blind with sleep, and yet I am bound in honor to finish this page as I have begun it. Now for a quotation.

"There's thirteen lines gone through, driblet by driblet,

"'Tis done. Count how you will, I warrant there's fourteen."



*March 23.* Madgett sent for me this morning to tell me, as usual, that every thing is going on well, but, for my part, I think every thing is going on very slowly. However, I did not say so, and he went on, that he was going express to look among the prisoners for Mr. Wm. Browne, by the Minister's directions, and, if he found him, he would be sent off instantly for Ireland, after I had given him his instructions. So, that affair is settled, if Matthew is to be found. It is a perilous business, but he must take his chance, and, as he will have no papers, I hope he may come off clear. He then consulted me as to the old scheme, (which I am more and more satisfied is some kind of a job,) concerning debauching the Irish prisoners. His idea is, they should be put aboard privateers, and landed in different parts of Ireland, to prepare the people, though neither they nor the people were to be in the secret. How they are to communicate what they do not know, is not very clear; however, let that pass. I answered, I should be very glad to see them all in Ireland on a proper occasion, but conceived it would be hazarding the whole measure to part with one of them until the landing was effected, as the enemy might surmise something of the business, and take effectual measures to prevent it. That, as to preparing the people, he might take my word that they were sufficiently prepared already. 'This is the six and fiftieth time I have given my opinion on this head, yet he still returns to the charge. I know the Irish a little. The way to manage them is this: If they intend to use the Irish prisoners, let them be marched down under other pretences to the port from whence the embarkation is to be made. Whenever every thing else is ready, let them send in a large quantity of wine and brandy, a fiddle and some French *filles*, and then, when Pat's heart is a little soft with love and wine, send in two or three proper persons in regimentals, and with green cockades in their hats, to speak to them, of whom I will very gladly be one. I think, in that case, it would not be very hard to persuade him to take a trip once more to Ireland, just to see his *people* a little. At least, I am sure if this scheme does not answer, that nothing will. It may also be right to make the first man who offers, a captain on the spot, and one or two more, subalterns. To return. Madgett spoke to me again about Prieur, with great commendation, and I dare say justly, of his talents and patriotism, adding, that he had come

out of power as poor as Job, and literally drank water to save the expense of wine, which he could not afford. This, in a member of the late *Comité de salut public*, is strong presumptive proof of his honesty. He added, that Prieur was almost a stranger to him, but that it was the Minister's desire, and that I should use some little address in mentioning it to Carnot. I answered, I certainly would do my best, and if I succeeded, and that we went to Ireland together, I believed if Prieur continued to drink water it would be out of a preference for that liquor, for we would put him in a state to drink what he liked. I always keep up the idea, and, in fact, it is my opinion, that liberal provision should be made, in case we succeed, for those Frenchmen who might be in high station in Ireland, as the Generals, Commissaires Civils. &c. I am sure it would be money well laid out, and agreeable to the native generosity of the Irish people. In fine, I should like Prieur very well from what I have heard of him, and will certainly push that affair as far as it will go. Madgett then told me the Minister desired I should draw up such a memorial as I thought the French commander ought to publish on landing. That is not quite so easy. I wished to evade it, by saying the style of French eloquence was so different from ours that I doubted my abilities to do it. He answered, it was precisely for that reason it was necessary I should write it; that, when I had done, the Executive Directory would make such alterations and additions as they might see necessary; but the ground work must be mine. I then said I would try, and we parted. He is to be seven or eight days on his tour, apostolizing among the Irish prisoners, which, once for all, as he is conducting it, I do not like. For the manifesto. I never in my life had less appetite for composition than just now. It is a serious business, and I have no assistance. I wish to God P. P. was here, or Gog. What shall I do? I am in a damned fright. Well, to-morrow we will see. At present my idea is to make it as plain as a pikestaff, but how will the French like that? They love metaphors, but I think, in the present case, I will stick to plain English. “*Well, if we must, we must, and since 'tis so, the less that's said the better.*” Apropos! I should have observed that I finished the copies of my two memorials, and left them at Clarke's bureau. with a note that I would call the day after but one.

*March 24.* Began my French manifesto. It drags a little heavy or so, but there is no remedy. I wish they would write it themselves.

*March 25.* At work in the morning at my manifesto. I think it begins to clear up a little. I find a strong disposition to be scurrilous against the English Government, which I will not check. I will write on, pell-mell, and correct it in cool blood, if my blood will ever cool on that subject. Went, at one o'clock, to Clarke—Damn it, he has had my memorials, and never looked at them. Well! this is my first mortification: God knows I do not care if the memorials were sent to the devil, provided the business be once undertaken. It is not for the glory of General Clarke's admiration of my compositions that I am anxious. He apologized for the delay, by alleging the multiplicity of other business, and perhaps he had reason, yet I think there are few affairs of more consequence than those of Ireland, if well understood. But how can they be understood, if they will not read the information that is offered them?—Well, “*Tis but in vain,*” &c. Clarke fixed with me to call on him the day but one after, at two o'clock. The delay, to be sure, is not great; nevertheless, I do not like it. There was something, too, in his manner, which was not quite to my taste, not but that he was extremely civil. Perhaps it is all fancy, or that I was out of humor. Well, the 27th I hope we shall see, and till then, let me work at my manifesto. Heigho! I have no great stomach for that business to-day; but it must be, and so *allons*. But first I will go gingerly, and dine alone in the Elysian fields. It is inconceivable the solitude I live in here. Sometimes I am most dreadfully out of spirits, and it is no wonder. Losing the society of a family that I doat upon, and that loves me so dearly, and living in Paris, amongst utter strangers, like an absolute *Chartreux*. Well! “*Had honest Sam Crowe been within hail—but what signifies palavering?*” I will go to my dinner. Evening; did no good—“*I cannot write this self-same manifesto, said I despairingly.*” No opera. Went to bed at eight o'clock.

*March 26.* At work at the manifesto like a vicious mule, kicking all the way. However, I am getting on, but I declare I know no more than my Lord Mayor, whether what I am writing is good, bad, or indifferent: “*Fair and softly goes far in a day.*” I am going fair and softly, but I cannot say I go far in a

day. I have been writing now five hours, without intermission, and I am surprised to find how little I have done ; but I write two lines, and blot out three, so it is easy to see how I get on. Well ! now I think it is time to go to my dinner. I am to dine with my friend Dupetit Thouars, who has, I am heartily glad to find, re-entered the service. He has at present the rank of Commodore, and if the war continues some time longer, may probably become an Admiral. I hope and believe he will do his duty, though he is a damned *Aristocrat* ; but then he hates the English cordially, and that covers a multitude of sins. Evening : Dupetit Thouars prevented by business ; but, to make amends, left a very troublesome French boy, to keep me from being low-spirited, I suppose. Got rid of him as well as I could. At night sent for a bottle of Burgundy, intending to drink just one glass. Began to read (having opened my bottle) Memoirs of the reign of Lewis XIV. After reading some time, found my passion at a particular circumstance kindled rather more than seemed necessary, as I flung the book from me with great indignation. Turned to my bottle, to take a glass to cool me—found, to my great astonishment, that it was empty—Oh ho !—Got up and put every thing in its place, exactly—examined all my locks—saw that my door was fast, as there may be rogues in the hotel—peeped under my bed, lest the enemy should surprise me there. It is the part of a wise man to be cautious, and I found myself, just then, inclined to be extremely prudent. Having satisfied myself that all was safe, “ *I mounted the wall of my castle, as I called it, and having pulled the ladder up after me, I lay down in my hammock and slept contentedly.* ” This is vilely misquoted, but no matter for that ; it is just like one of P. P.’s quotations. Slept like a top all night.

March 27. On looking over my manifesto this morning, I begin to think it is damned trash. God forgive me if I judge uncharitably, but it seems to me to be pitiful stuff ; at any rate, it certainly is not a French manifesto at all, and I foresaw in the outset the difficulty of writing in the character of a French General. If I were to compose a manifesto for the Irish Convention, and had good advisers, I might get on ; but, as to this affair, I see that I shall have to give it up for hard work, as they say in Galway. Went at two o’clock to General Clarke, and had a long conversation. He told me he had read my two

memorials, and without flattery could assure me they were extremely well done, (that of course) : that he had made, in consequence, a favorable report to Carnot, who endeavored to read them also, but finding a difficulty in reading English manuscript, he (Clarke) was to translate them for him ; that all he could at present tell me was, that the Executive was determined to send a person directly to Ireland, and that he had in consequence written to an ex-officer of the Irish Brigade to know if he would go, but that he declined on the score of health. I told him I was sorry for that, as a military man, if one could be found proper in other respects, would be what I would prefer. He asked me, did I myself know any person fit to go ? I answered, I did not, having no acquaintance, and industriously avoided having any, in France ; that I did not know, however, but that at that moment I had a brother lying in the prison of Guise. I then gave him a short history of Mr. Wm. Browne's (my brother Matthew's) affair, concluding by saying that if he was yet in France, and no more proper person could be found, he might do. At the same time, I did not at all like to propose him ; first, because it was a service of danger, in which I did not wish to hazard his life, and next, that I would avoid recommending a person so nearly connected with me to the French Government, lest I might appear to act on interested views. Clarke then, after some civilities in reply, asked me what I thought of some of the Irish priests yet remaining in France. I answered, that he knew my opinion as to priests of all kinds ; that in Ireland they had acted, all along, execrably ; that they hated the very name of the French Revolution, and that I feared, and indeed was sure, that if one was sent from France, he would immediately, from the *esprit de corps*, get in with his brethren in Ireland, who would misrepresent every thing to him ; and, of course, that any information which he might collect would not be worth a farthing. I added, that the state of Ireland might be much better collected from the debates of their Parliament, even mutilated as he would find them in the English newspapers which I saw upon his table, than from the report of any individual just peeping into the country and returning, supposing that he was lucky enough to escape ; and I observed that these debates furnished the very strongest evidence, because they were extorted from the mouth of the enemy,

who was so interested to conceal the facts, and who would conceal them if he was able. (This I had mentioned in a former conversation, but I thought it right to press it, and it seemed to strike Clarke very forcibly.) I then went on to observe, that I hoped, if the measure were adopted by the French Executive, that they did not mean to delay it till the return of this emissary, if one were sent, especially as his business would be to give information in Ireland, not to bring any thence. Clarke answered, supposing the measure to be adopted, certainly not; that all preparations would be going on in the mean time; but I must see it would be necessary to send a person to apprize the people in Ireland. I replied, by all means, but that whoever we sent, he must carry no papers, nor speak to above four or five persons whom I would point out, for fear of hazarding a discovery, which might blast all; in which Clarke agreed. We then fell into discourse on the detail of the business, being in fact a kind of commentary, *viva voce*, on the memorials. I began by saying, that as I presumed the number of troops would not be above five or six thousand men, I hoped and expected they would be the best that France could spare us. Clarke replied, they would undoubtedly be sufficiently disciplined. I answered, it was not merely disciplined troops, but men who were accustomed to stand fire, that we wanted, some of the old battalions from Holland or the Rhine; for as to raw troops, we should soon have enough of them. Clarke answered, that he could not promise we should have the pick and choice of the French army, but that, if any were sent, they would be brave troops, that would run on the enemy as soon as they saw them. I answered, as to the courage of the French army, it was sufficiently known, and I would venture to say, that wherever they would lead, the Irish would follow. (I see that we shall not get veterans, if we get any, which is bad, but we must do as we can.) I then said, at least as to the cannoniers, of which we had none, it would be indispensable they should be perfectly trained and disciplined; in which he agreed. I then came to the General, and said it would be of the greatest consequence, if the thing were possible, that he should be an officer of reputation, whose name might be known in Ireland, where names were things of weight. He replied, that it would not be easy to get an officer such as I described, to undertake the enterprise with

so small a force. (This I was all along afraid of.) I replied, none would. unless some dashing fighting fellow. with a good deal of enthusiasm in his character ; adding, that Bournonville, whom I only knew by reputation and Camus's report, seemed to me to be precisely such a man as we wanted. Clarke replied, as to Bournonville, he was already appointed to the army in Holland, and it was not to be supposed he would quit the command of sixty thousand men to go command six thousand. I answered. he knew best, but my opinion was, there was more glory to be acquired in Ireland, even with that force. and also more profit, if profit were any object. as he must suppose the Irish nation would amply reward those who were instrumental in establishing their liberties, adding, that we were generous even to prodigality. He said he was sure Bournonville would prefer his present situation. (So there is an end of that expectation, for which I am sorry.) Clarke then said there were some Irish officers yet remaining in France, who might go. and he mentioned Jennings, who used to call himself Baron de Kilmaine, God knows why. I answered, that in Ireland we had no great confidence in the officers of the old Irish Brigade, so many of them had either deserted, or betrayed the French cause ; that, as to Jennings, he had had the misfortune to command after Custine, and had been obliged to break up the famous "*Camp de Cæsar*;" that, though this might probably have been no fault of his, it had made an impression, and, as he was at any rate not a fortunate general, I thought it would be better to have a Frenchman. This naturally introduced the Irish Brigade, in which Clarke had served for two years in Berwicks, and I gave him an account of the various slights and mortifications they had undergone, both in England and Ireland ; how they had been obliged to accept the King's pardon for high treason, for having been in the French service ; how those who were able, were obliged to pay the fees, and those who were not, to accept it in *forma pauperis*, a circumstance so excessively degrading, that nothing could be worse ; how the Lord Lieutenant had applied on their behalf to the Catholic Committee, and had been refused ; how the very mob despised them, as an instance of which I mentioned the anecdote of the *etat major* intending to go to mass on Christmas day in grand costume, and how they were obliged to give it up for fear of being hustled by the popa-

lace, who had given Dr. Troy warning that they would treat them as crimps ; with all which Clarke was exceedingly delighted. He spoke of O'Connel with respect, as a good parade officer to prepare troops for service, but no extent of genius for command. (He would do for us as Baron Steuben did in America, and if matters go forward, I for one will be for his being employed, for I know he hates England, and my poor friend Sweetman, whom I shall ever deeply regret, had an excellent opinion of him.) He also said that Colonel Moore was the best officer amongst them ; and, as to all the others, they were to be sure brave men, but none of them of any reputation. We then returned to our own affairs. I said, we would want a few engineers. He asked me for what, since we had no fortifications. I replied, for field service, redoubts, &c. He replied, that was always done by the Adjutant Generals. I then observed I had one thing to mention entirely personal ; that I had exerted myself a good deal, risked my safety on more than one occasion, and had a very narrow escape for my life ; that if this business went forward, I hoped and expected the French Government would allow me to take a part in the execution, and that I was sure, if he would excuse the vanity of the assertion, that I could be of material service ; that I was willing to encounter danger as a soldier, but had a violent objection to being hanged as a traitor ; that, consequently, I desired a commission in the French army ; that, as to the rank, that was indifferent to me, my only object being a certainty of being treated as a soldier, in case the fortune of war should throw me into the hands of the enemy, who I knew would otherwise show me no mercy ; and that I hoped, under all the circumstances of the case, that my request would not be considered unreasonable. He answered, that as to that, he could see no possibility of difficulty : that, undoubtedly, I had a claim at the least for so much, and he was sure it would be done, and that in the manner most agreeable to my feelings. (So I am in hopes, if the business goes forward, that this affair will be settled.) We then began to chat, rather than talk seriously, and moot points of war. First, as to Dublin, I told him I did not expect, with the proposed force, that much could be done there at first ; that its garrison was always at least five thousand strong, and that the Government, taking advantage of the momentary success of the coalesced despots, had disarm-



ed the people, taken their cannon. and passed the gunpowder and convention bills. whose nature and operation I explained to him ; that. however. if the landing were once effected, one of two things would happen, either the Government would retain the garrison for their security, in which case there would be five thousand men idle on the part of the enemy, or they would march them off to oppose us, in which case the people would rise and seize the capital ; and I added, if they preferred the first measure, which I thought most likely, whenever we were strong enough to march southward. if we were. as I had no doubt we should be, superior in the field, we could starve Dublin in a week, without striking a blow. I then mentioned the great advantages which would result from a diversion in Connaught, if possible, from the discontents prevailing in that province, and the strong line of defence which the Shannon affords ; and this I pressed upon him as strongly as I could. He saw all the advantages of it as clearly as I did, for indeed they are self-evident, but I cannot say he gave me any violent hopes that it would be attempted in the first instance. (N. B. What is to hinder our doing it ourselves in a week, by way of Sligo ? Mind this, and examine the map.) We then spoke of Cork, of which I know nothing. He tells me the harbor is admirably situated for defence against any attack by sea, but if you are superior at land, you can, by taking possession of a hill that supplies the town with water, force it to surrender without striking a blow. I then mentioned my scheme, as to the Irish, now prisoners in France, and made him laugh immoderately at my mode of recruiting, which is, however, admirably adapted to the gentlemen whom I should have to address. Seeing that he was tickled with the business, I exerted myself, and made divers capital hits at the expense of poor Pat, concerning

“ Women and wine, which compare so well,  
 “ That they run in a perfect parallel.”

as the poet hath it. To be sure, it is in vain to deny it, but the poor fellow is a little exposed on those two sides, and the foul fiend, who knows it right well, always judiciously chooses one or the other, or sometimes both, to defeat him. God knows, I have been buffeted by Satan, as well as another, in my time :

“ With women and wine I defy every care.”—(Singa.)

I would be glad to know what P. P. would say to my doctrine, concerning the fallibility of poor Pat's judgment, when

“The wine looks red in the glass,  
“And the bright eyes of beauty are beaming.”

Yes! yes! he is proof to all that, and so is P. P., and another person that shall be nameless. Well, we are all men, and so let me say no more about the matter. Clarke asked me, might they not serve us as the French prisoners did the British at Quiberon? I answered, there was this most material difference, that the French were brought back to fight against their country, and the Irish would be brought back to fight, not against their country, but against the English; and that I had no doubt but they would do their duty. I then begged him to keep me in Carnot's recollection, and having fixed to call on him regularly once a week, to see how things were going on. I took my leave, his last words being, “I wish most sincerely, and I hope,” (which he marked) “the business will be seriously taken up by “the Executive.”

I like this day's business very well. I see I was wrong the day before yesterday, in thinking Clarke's manner cold. I fancy that it was myself that was out of temper, because, forsooth, he had not read my memorials. That was not unnatural on my side neither, but, indeed, it was much more my anxiety about the business, than my *amour propre*, or any attachment to my own compositions. I hope I am above that, for I have a very pretty opinion of the purity of my motives. I have protested again and again, in these memorandums, that I am acting to the best of my judgment, seeing that I have no advisers, which is a great loss, and on the very fairest principles. Have I no selfish motives? Yes, I have. If I succeed here, I feel I shall have strong claims on the gratitude of my country: and as I love her, and as I think I shall be able to serve her, I shall certainly hope for some honorable station, as a reward for the sacrifices I have already made, and the dangers I have incurred, and those which I am ready and shall have to make and incur in the course of the business. Why not? If it were the case of any other person I am sure I should have the same opinion. I hope (but I am not sure) my country is my first object, at least she is my second. If there be one before her, as I rather believe there is, it is my

dearest life and love, the light of my eyes, and spirit of my existence. I wish more than for any thing on earth to place her in a splendid situation. There is none so elevated that she would not adorn, and that she does not deserve, and I believe that not I only, but every one who knows her, will agree as to that. Truth is truth! she is my first object. But would I sacrifice the interests of Ireland to her elevation? No! that I would not, and if I would, she would despise me, and, if she were to despise me, I would go hang myself like Judas. Well, there is no regulator for the human heart like the certainty of possessing the affections of an amiable woman, and, if so, what unspeakable good fortune do I not enjoy? Well! I do love my wife dearly, and that is the God's truth of it, and she is a thousand times too good for me, and I am not very bad neither, but then she is so infinitely better that it throws my great merit into the shade. For all that I have said of her and myself here, I will be judged by Whitley Stokes, and Peter Burrowes, and P. P. who are three fair men; and I now have done this day's journal, and shall only observe, on looking over it, that I think I am as pretty a negotiator as a man would wish to see of a summer's day. But then this damn'd manifesto sticks in my stomach. Well, *„'Tis but in vain,”* &c.

*March 28.* Went to the Opera, as usual, like a fine gentleman. I always go to that Theatre, because, as yet, I understand music better than French. *Panurge.* Superb spectacle. Lays, the best singer of the men, Madame Maillard of the women, Madame Pontriel extremely pretty, with something foolish in the expression of her countenance; Mademoiselle Gavaudan an excellent comic actress; Dufresne an admirable actor and sings tolerably; all the others middling enough. Dancers. Vestris certainly the first, then Nivelon, Deshayes, Goyon, &c. Females. Clotilde, a fine figure with an infinity of grace and execution, but wants, as the French tell me, the *A plomb*, as they call it, that is immobility of posture after executing a difficult passage. For my part I did not observe it till it was pointed out to me, but now I am beginning to grow something of a judge myself; Perignon and Chevigny, admirable dancers, and of merit so exactly equal that I know not which to prefer. They are both ordinary both in face and figure, but manage themselves with such dexterity that nothing can appear more graceful than

they do in all their movements. Duchemin pretty, and dances very well. Milliere as ugly as mortal sin, but a most charming dancer; I believe I like her the best. The Parisians prefer Chevigny. Nothing could be executed with more taste, or I may say more classically, than the Pas Russe was to night by Nivelon and Milliere. Once for all. the King's theatre in the Haymarket is no better than a barn of strollers beside the theatre Des Arts, as to scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations; but in revenge, their singers (being Italians,) are far before the French, who, on the other hand. excel the Italians, and all other nations, in their dances. It is impossible to conceive any thing in its kind more perfect than a grand ballet at the Opera of Paris, and, indeed, in all their theatres there is an attention paid to the preservation of costume, even in the minutest points, very far beyond the English theatres, where, I have seen myself, Macbeth, a Scottish chief of eight centuries ago, dressed in a very spruce vest of scarlet regimentals, and a bag wig, in which he need not be ashamed to show his face at St. James, and where, to this hour, Hamlet the Dane, the son of Horwendillus, is exhibited, even by Kemble, from whom I would expect better things, in a fine black velvet full trimmed suit, with the ribbon of the order of the Elephant over his shoulder; where King John is habited after the fashion of 1160, and his antagonist, King Philip, confronts him in a cocked hat and feather, and a coat and waistcoat of the last court fashion. These absurdities the eye is never shocked with in France, and they are as attentive to the appearance of the meanest domestic, as of the hero of the piece. All the minutiae of the scene are equally correct; for example, in a Grecian tragedy they would not introduce a pair of handsome plated candlesticks. They have carefully studied the antique, and whatever is graceful among the moderns, and profited accordingly. I believe I have now said enough of the Opera, to which the French are devoted *a la folie*. All the theatres are as full every night as they can hold, and I have never seen an instance of what we call in England a bad or even a middling house.

March 29. "*My time, oh ye muses, was happily spent, When Phoebe went with me wherever I went.*" Am I not to be sincerely pitied here? I do not know a soul; I speak the language with great difficulty; I live in taverns, which I detest; I cannot

be always reading, and I find, by experience, that, when one reads per force, there is not much of either profit or pleasure in it, from which I infer, philosophically, that the nature of man is adapted to liberty, and that all restraint beyond what is necessary —. Oh Lord! oh Lord! metaphysics. I return to my apartment, which is, notwithstanding, a very neat one, as if I was returning to gaol, and finally I go to bed at night as if I was mounting the guillotine. I do lead a dog's life of it here, that is the truth of it; my sole resource is the opera.

March 30. Went to-day to the Church of St. Roch, to the *fete de la Jeunesse*; all the youth of the district, who have attained the age of sixteen, were to present themselves before the municipality and receive their arms, and those who were arrived at twenty-one were to be enrolled in the list of citizens, in order to ascertain their right of voting in the assemblies. The Church was decorated with the national colors, and a statue of Liberty, with an altar blazing before her. At the foot of the statue the municipality were seated, and the sides of the Church were filled with a crowd of spectators, the parents and friends of the young men, leaving a space vacant in the centre of the procession. It consisted of the Etat Major of the sections composing the district, of the National Guards under arms, of the officers of the sections, and, finally, of the young men who were to be presented. The guard was mounted by veterans of the troops of the line, and there was a great pile of muskets and of sabres before the municipality. When the procession arrived, the names of the two classes were enrolled, and, in the mean time, the veterans distributed the arms amongst the parents and friends and mistresses of the young men. When the enrolment was finished, an officer pronounced a short address to the youths of sixteen, on the duty which they owed to their country, and the honor of bearing arms in her defence, to which they were about to be admitted. They then ran amongst the crowd of spectators and received their firelocks and sabres, some from their fathers, some from their mothers, and many, I could observe, from their lovers. When they were armed, their parents and mistresses embraced them, and they returned to their station. It is impossible to conceive any thing more interesting than the spectacle was at that moment: the pride and pleasure in the countenance of the parents: the *ferie* of the young soldiers, and, above all,

the expression in the features of so many young females, many of them beautiful, and all interesting from the occasion. I was in an enthusiasm. I do not at all wonder at the miracles which the French army has wrought in the contest for their liberties. When I looked at the spectacle before me, and recalled to mind the gangs of wretched recruits I had seen in Ireland, marching in their fetters, and handcuffed, I was no longer surprised at any thing: yet the poor Irish are a brave people; and I think it would not be impossible to bring them up to the enthusiasm of the French; at least if we have an opportunity we will try. I am more and more satisfied of the powerful effect of public spectacles, properly directed, in the course of a revolution. I should have observed that, during the ceremony, all the civic hymns were chaunted, accompanied by a full band, and joined in the chorusses by the young men. I wish my dearest love had heard the burst of "*Aux armes. Citoyens.*" It is impossible to conceive the effect of that immortal hymn, unless by those who have heard it at a festival in France; it is absolute enchantment. This was a good day.

*March 31.* Blank! Not knowing what to do, I stroll about the book stalls, and pick up military books dog cheap. If I had money to spare, I could make up a famous French library for a trifle. There are very expensive editions just now, if one chooses to lay out money in fine types, paper, and binding, but there are also most excellent editions of excellent works for half nothing. The ordinary price I pay for a duodecimo, bound, is fifty francs, in assignats, which, at the present rates of the louis, is about two pence. Mary, I know, will laugh at my collection of *Etats Militaires*, as she calls them; no matter for that: "*By Col's providinch they may be yused some time or other.*" I laugh at them myself sometimes, but I am tempted because they are bargains, in spite of poor Richard. *Necer*, says he, *buy what you dont want, because it is a barguin. I have known many a man ruined by buying bargains.*

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APRIL, 1796.

*April 1.* Lounged about "*cheapening old authors at a stall.*" Saw a superb battalion of infantry, and a squadron of cavalry inspected at the Thuilleries by a general officer. The French are very fine troops, such of them as I have seen; they are all

of the right military age, with scarcely any old men past service, or boys not grown up to it. They are not very correct in their evolutions, not near equal to the English, and much less, as I suppose, to the Germans. This has a little shaken my faith in the force of discipline, for they have certainly beaten both British and Germans like dogs; but, after the spectacles which I see daily, why need I wonder at that? The *fete de la jeunesse*, for example, of yesterday, explains it at once. Discipline will not stand against such enthusiasm as I was a witness to, and, I may say, as I felt myself. I remember P. P. was always of that opinion too, though I doubted it, which shows the superiority of his judgment, and his more accurate knowledge of the human character. If we go on in Ireland, we must move heaven and earth to create the same spirit of enthusiasm which I see here; and, from my observation of the Irish character, which so nearly resembles the French, I think it very possible. The devil of it is, that poor Pat is a little given to drink, and the French are very sober. We must rectify that as well as we can; he is a good man that has no fault, and I have sort of sympathetic feeling which makes me the more indulgent on this score. (Quere.) Would it have a good effect to explode corporal punishment altogether in the Irish army, and substitute a discharge with infamy for great faults, and confinement and hard diet for lesser ones? I believe there is no corporal punishment in the French army, and I would wish to create a spirit in our soldiers, a high point of honor, like that of the French. When one of their Generals, (Marshal Richelieu) was besieging a town,\* he was tormented with the drunkenness of his army. He gave out, in orders, that any soldier who was seen drunk should not be suffered to mount to the assault, and there was not a man to be seen in liquor afterwards. Drunkenness then induced a suspicion of cowardice, which kept them effectually sober. It is a choice anecdote, and pregnant with circumstances. To return. There is a great latitude in dress allowed both to the French officers and soldiers, which has demolished, or, at least, much circumscribed another of my prejudices; for I was, on that score, a great Martinet. I fancy truth may lie between P. P's. opinion and mine, so let us compound as follows: If there be a high point of honor, and a spirit of ardent enthusiasm, then dis-

\* Port Mahon, in Minorca.

cipline (I mean that discipline which makes men machines,) may be, in a great degree, suffered to relax, and *a fortiori*, the minutiae of dress, to be neglected; but if that point of honor and spirit of enthusiasm do not exist, their absence must be supplied by the force of discipline, and then, as part of the system, even the article of dress becomes of some importance. The French cavalry are armed only with sabres and pistols, without carbines. I am glad of that, for I always thought carbines useless. The fire of infantry seems to me to have very little effect in comparison of the noise it makes, and the fire of cavalry I am sure is nonsense. The *arme blanche* is the system of the French, and I believe for the Irish, at least if our affair goes forward it will be what I shall recommend, for poor Pat is very furious and savage, and the tactics of every nation ought to be adapted to the national character. Platooning at forty yards distance may answer very well to the English and German phlegm, but as we have rather more animal spirits, I vote for the bayonet. I do not love playing at long bullets. To conclude, I wish to study the character of the French soldiers, and, if possible, to create the same spirit in Ireland, and, in a word, to make the French army our model instead of the Prussian. I think P. P. will allow that this is candid in me, after all the disputes he and I have had on the subject of discipline. In the afternoon went, for the first time, to the Conseil des 500, (the French House of Commons.) It is certainly the first assembly in Europe, and the worst accommodated; the room is mean, dirty, and ill contrived; the system of speaking from a tribune in itself bad, and they have made it worse by placing it at the feet of the President, (to whom the orator's back is turned) at one end of a very oblong room, so that those at the lower end cannot possibly hear half of what is said. They are likewise very disorderly, which I wonder at the more as they have had now six years' experience of public assemblies, but it is the same impetuosity that makes them redoubtable in the field, and disorderly in the Senate. As to their appearance, it was extremely plain. Nobody was what I would call dressed, many, without powder, in pantaloons and boots. From the figure of the room, and the appearance of the assembly, they put me strongly in mind of my old masters, the General Committee, at their famous meetings in Back-lane. The resemblance was very striking, with this difference, that I must say the General Committee looked more



like gentlemen. and were ten times more regular and orderly, or, in a word, like a legislative body. They were only on business of course, and, as I found nobody to point out to me the most celebrated members, I did not remain above half an hour. On the whole, they looked more like their countrymen who broke into the Roman Senate, than like the Senators assembled in their ivory chairs to receive them ; nor can I say, as the Ambassador of Pyrrhus did of the Senators of Rome, that they looked like an assembly of Demigods. But it is very little matter what they look like. They have humbled all Europe thus far, with their blue pantaloons and unpowdered locks, and that is the main point ; the rest is of little consequence.

*April 2.* Went to day to Clarke, at the Luxembourg. He tells me he has been hunting in vain for a proper person to go to Ireland ; that he had a Frenchman tampered with, who was educated from a child in England, and spoke the language perfectly. That, at first, he agreed to go, but, afterwards, on learning the penalties of the English law, against high treason, his heart failed him and he declined. This is bad. However, there is no remedy. Clarke went on to tell me that if the measure were pursued (without saying whether it would or not,) the Executive were determined to employ me in the French service in a military capacity ; and that I might depend on finding every thing of that kind settled to my satisfaction. I answered, that, as to my own personal feelings, I had nothing more to demand. He then wished I would give him a short plan for a system of *chouannerie* in Ireland, particularly in Munster, for he would tell me frankly, the Government had a design before any thing more serious was attempted, to turn in a parcel of renegadoes, (or, as he said, blackguards,) into Ireland, in order to distress and embarrass the Government there, and distract them in their motions. I answered, I was sorry to hear it. That, if a measure of that kind was adopted with a view to prepare the minds of the people, it was unnecessary, for they were already sufficiently prepared. That it would only produce local insurrections, which would soon be suppressed, because the army, (including the militia) would, in that case, to a certainty, support the Government, and every man, of any property, even those who wished for the independence of their country, would do the same, from the dread of indiscriminate

plunder, which would be but too likely to ensue from such a measure as he described; that there was another thing very much to be apprehended in that case, and which, if I was Minister of England, I should not hesitate one moment about, and in which the Parliaments of both countries would instantly concur, viz. to pass two acts, repealing those clauses which enact that the militia shall only serve in their own country, and directly to shift the militia of Ireland into England, and replace them by the English militia, which would serve to awe both countries, and most materially embarrass us. That, if all this was so, and those insurrections suppressed, their inevitable effect, grounded upon all historical experience, would be, to strengthen the existing Government. That England would take that opportunity to reduce Ireland again to that state of subjection, or even a worse one, that she had been in before 1782, and would bind her, hand and foot, in such a manner as to make all future exertion impossible; in which she would be supported by the whole Irish aristocracy, who compose the Legislature, and who would sacrifice every thing to their own security. That, if France had nothing in view but to distress England for the moment, undoubtedly what he mentioned, however ruinous to Ireland, might have that effect; but if the Republic went on more enlarged views, and sounder policy, she ought not, for a moment, to give consideration to the scheme. That, if the main force were once landed, undoubtedly it would be right to set Ireland in a blaze at the four corners, and burn out the English Government, but that I was satisfied it would be ruinous to make the measure he described, precede the landing. Finally, I added, that, as to myself, I was ready to be one of ten men, if the French Government were determined to send no more. I also begged him to remember that I gave this, with all due deference, as my fixed opinion on a point which I had considered, in consequence of an idea of the same kind having been started to me by Madgett, from the Minister. Clarke began, by saying, that, as to my being sent, it was not the idea of the French Government to risque my safety in that stage of the business. That the objections I had urged were of considerable weight, and that he would give them serious consideration. He then desired to see me in four or five days, and, after demanding my address, which I gave him, I took my leave.

(Vide Journal of February 2, and March 22 and 23, on this subject, which, I am sorry to see, has got ground amongst them.) This conversation explains what Madgett (who is returned from his mission,) told me this morning: that he has got fifty-one Irish prisoners, who would fight, blood to the knees, against England, and that he thought it would be very serviceable if they were dispersed through the country. I referred him, for my opinion, to our former conversations on that head; that I thought, undoubtedly, if the business were once begun, the wider the flame was spread, the better; but that the grand blow of the landing near Belfast, should precede all others, and that being once effected, as many more as he pleased. I see, clearly, that my opinion will not be followed; and I fear it will be found to be so much the worse. I have, however, discharged my conscience. I cannot blame France for wishing to retaliate on England, the abominations of La Vendee and the Chouans, but it is hard that it should be at the expense of poor Ireland. It will be she and not England that will suffer, and the English will be glad of it, for they hate us next to the French. If these ragamuffins are smuggled into the country, local insurrections will ensue, the militia will obey their officers, the bravest of our poor peasants will stand to be cut down, and of those who run away, numbers will be hanged, and many more sent aboard the fleet, to fight the battles of England, and the Government will be so much the stronger; not to mention the mischief which will be unprofitably done, even to the aristocracy. I dislike all this very much, if I could help myself, but I fear I shall not be able to prevent it. At all events, I have given my opinions honestly. Poor Pat! I fear he is just now in a bad neighborhood. Madgett tells me that Mr. W. Browne left Guise with his passport eight months ago. So there is an end of that business. I hope in God, he is, by this, safe with the girls at Princeton. How happy shall we be if ever we have the good fortune to meet again. I suffer a great deal in this business; however, "*'Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain.*"

*April 3.* Called on Madgett this morning, by appointment. He is always full of good news. He tells me the marine force will be seventeen ships of war, great and small, arms and artillery, &c. for 50,000 men; that many of the officers are already named, but he believes not the general-in-chief. All this is very

good. but “*Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh.*” We then came to my commission in the service of the Republic. He asked me, as I was here the representative of the Irish people, would I not feel it beneath the dignity of that character to accept of a commission, for, as to the French Government, they would give me any rank I pleased to demand. I answered, that I considered the station of a French officer was one that would reflect honor on any one who filled it; that, consequently, on that score, I could have no possible objection; that, besides, my object was to insure protection, in case any of the infinite varieties of accidents incident to the fortune of war, should throw me into the hands of the enemy: that I was very willing to risque my life in the field, but not to be hanged up as a traitor; that, as to rank, it was indifferent to me, as I did not doubt, but as soon as things were a little reduced into order, in Ireland, I should obtain such a station in that service, as they might think I merited; that, in the mean time, I should wish to be of the family of the general-in-chief, as I could be of use there, speaking a little French, to interpret between him and the natives; unless the Government here thought proper to raise a corps of the Irish prisoners, in which case, I hoped they would intrust me with the command. Madgett asked me how many might be necessary to form the *cadre* of a corps? I answered, if we could muster one hundred and fifty, it would be sufficient, and, as soon as we got to Ireland, we would mount them as hussars. Just then we were interrupted by the arrival of Fitz Simons, the priest, who has been recommended by Prieur de la Marne to go to Ireland. Madgett began to speak without reserve, but, for my part, I kept myself in generals, because, “*Dolus versatur in universalibus.*” I was soon very glad I did so, for I see that he is a damned fool, not fit to deliver a common message. He may be honest, for aught I know, and may have the courage necessary, but he has not one grain of talents. I never was more provoked in my life, and the fellow was pinning himself on me, though my manner was as cold and dry as possible, but he seems to have a reasonable assurance, resulting partly from his extreme ignorance. Curse on him! for a bladdering idiot; what shall I do with him? How can I explain myself to such a damned dunce, or intrust the safety of my friends, not to speak of the measure itself, to a blockhead that has not sense

enough to keep his mouth shut, or count five on his fingers? Where the devil in hell did Pricur pick him up, and what sort of a fellow must Pricur be himself, to recommend him? If he judges him capable, he is a fool; if not, he is worse. Damn him to hell! I wish he was dead. “*I would fain have him die, split me!*” Is not this most terribly provoking, for it seems to be a thing settled, that he shall go. What am I to do in this cursed dilemma, and how came Madgett not to interfere in time? I objected, all along, to priests, as the worst of all possible agents, and here is one who is the worst of all possible priests. How the devil can I communicate with such an ass? It is impossible to conceive any thing more vulgar, ignorant, and stupid. If he goes to Ireland, the people there will suppose that we are laughing at them, to send such a fellow. What will Gog think? Yes, Gog will open his heart very readily to Mr. Fitz Simons. God rot him? I am in such a rage I know not how to leave off abusing him. Well, I am to dine to day with Madgett, and please the Lord I will tell him a piece of my mind. Perhaps I may be able to put a spoke in Mr. Fitz Simons’ wheel, if it be not, as I fear it is, too late. To give a specimen of his talents, (because he amuses me:) There happened to be some Portuguese despatches taken aboard a vessel going to Brazil. Sullivan, Madgett’s nephew, was carrying them to the office to be translated, and Mr. Fitz Simons made the following remark: “You will have fine fun, making out what these Portuguese fellows say; are all those papers, pray, *wrote in English?*” The despatches of the Portuguese Ministry to the Governor of Rio Janeiro, *written in English!* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! I thought I should have choked, endeavoring to smother the irresistible propensity I felt to laugh in his face. Yes, he is a pretty devil of an agent. I suppose he will talk Portuguese to the Irish, by way of keeping the secret. Damn him sempiternally! What the devil brought him across me?—Dinner with Madgett; after dinner began my remarks on Fitz Simons, and, after relating the anecdote of the Portuguese despatches, written in English, told him plump, I would not hazard the safety of my friends in Ireland, nor of the measure, by communicating with such an eternal blockhead. Madgett, at first, seemed inclined to make some defence for him, but the cause was too bad, and I was too determined, so he gave him

up, and assured me he should not go; and there the matter rests, but I think I will go to-morrow to the Minister, and tell him a piece of my mind touching this said Mr. Fitz Simons. I must leave nothing to chance. I cannot conceive how Prieur could be mistaken in him. The fellow was fawning on me too, but I was as cold as ice, and stiff as a Spaniard, and would not understand the broadest hints. Hang him! I have taken up too much of my paper about him and his Portuguese written in English. Is it not strange, however, that Prieur and De la Croix and Madgett, should be satisfied to let him pass on a business of such magnitude? I think I must go to the Minister, and make it a point that he shall be stopped. At all events, I will not communicate with him, "that's flat." After dinner walked for two hours in the Thuilleries with Sullivan, talking red hot Irish politics. Sullivan is a good lad, and I like him very well. Bed early.

*April 4.* Called on Madgett at nine o'clock, in order to give him, in cool blood, my determination as to Mr. Fitz Simons, who, indeed, does not understand Portuguese. Madgett gone out of town *recruiting*. That is another scheme, which, as they are managing it, I do not like. I will go to Clarke again to-morrow, and protest against it, for I will not be accessory to spilling the blood of my brave and unfortunate countrymen. Poor fellows; and it would be the bravest and best of them; whose lives, if they must be sacrificed, should be reserved for a better occasion. I will, on my part, leave nothing undone to prevent the infinite mischief which I see, in every point of view, resulting from introducing the spirit of Chouannerie in Ireland. I think I will go now and put my reasons against it on paper, in order to give to Clarke to-morrow. \* \* \* Write my reasons, which are to be found in my memorandum of the 2d, in the shape of five or six short propositions, and set off to give them to Clarke. Called, in my way, at the Rue du Bacq, and saw the Minister. I told him that it was not a pleasant thing to speak hardly of any body, but that my duty compelled me to tell him that Fitz Simons, whom I had seen and conversed with, was absolutely unfit for the mission on which it was proposed to send him; that, as to his principles and honesty, I had no reason to doubt them, but, as to his talents, he was a downright blockhead (imbecille.) That, consequently, I could not commit

myself, or my friends, or the cause, to a person whom I found to be absolutely incapable. The Minister replied, that he did not know him at all ; he asked me then had I no person myself to recommend? I told him I knew not a soul in Paris. He then desired me to look for a proper person, (which I shall not do, for, in the first place, I know nobody, and, in the next, I will not make myself responsible by a recommendation) for, that it was absolutely necessary, he said, that the Government should be informed of the actual state of things in Ireland. He then asked me, had I not seen General Clarke? I told him I had, by the orders of Carnot. Well, said he, I suppose he told you that the affair is in train, that preparations are making, *et j'espere que ça ira.*" I told him I was very happy to hear it from him, and took my leave. This short conversation took place in the court of his hotel, where I met him coming out of his bureau. From the Minister, I went to Clarke, whom I saw for two minutes, he being engaged with a General officer and his Aid-de-Camp. I gave him my reasons, and he told me the plan was given up, which I am very glad to hear. He also said he had not been yet able to find a proper person to go to Ireland. I then mentioned that I had been with the Minister about Fitz Simons ; that he was utterly incapable, and that I mentioned it to him, lest he might be taken by surprise as to his appointment ; he then desired me to call upon him every three or four days, and so we parted. I am heartily glad the system of Chouannerie is knocked in the head, and I hope it is partly owing to my representations against it. I am now absolutely idle for three or four days, and I am truly weary of this life. "*Fie upon't, I want work!*" Well, if ever I get to Ireland I shall have work enough to make me amends for this. Strolled, as usual, to the Champs Elysées, and dined alone. Delicious weather, and all the world diverting themselves except me. "*Poor moralist, and what art thou? A solitary fly.*" I declare I am as much alone here as if I were in the deserts of Arabia, and that is hard in such a city as Paris. In the evening, *Comedie Italienne* ; no great things. The opera is the only spectacle for me. Bed at ten. "*Well, God's blessings be about the man,*" quoth Sancho Panza, "*who first invented sleep, it covers a man all over like his cloak.*"

5, 6, 7 April. Blank! Blank! Blank! This is sad!

*April 8.* Strolled to the Palais de Justice, the Westminster Hall of Paris, because I have a sneaking kindness for the profession of the law, of which I was so distinguished a member in my own country. Saw a man tried for stealing a plank ; he told his story very well, and he had a counsel who made a very good defence for him, and spoke extremely well. I understood every word of his speech, which I think is evidence that it was a good one. The jury made a respectable appearance. They retired to consider of their verdict, but I did not stay for the event. I suppose, from what I heard, the man was acquitted. The judge charged them with great moderation, and exactly in the language of the English law ; told them it was their verdict and not his ; that the point for them to consider was the intention of the culprit, as the fact was admitted, that if they believed he had no criminal intent, but acted merely through ignorance, they are bound to acquit him. All which I liked very well. I did not think they had so much notion of criminal law in France, but that was because I grounded my opinion on that consummation of all iniquities and horror, the Revolutionary tribunal. The judges, five in number, were dressed in black, à la Vandyck, with hats decorated with the national feathers, and a tri-color ribbon round their necks, like the collar of the orders of knighthood in England, to which were suspended the fasces and axes in silver, the emblem of their functions. The public accuser, or attorney general, was habited pretty much after the same fashion ; the lawyers had no discrimination of dress, which shows their good sense. It is the same in America ; the judges alone are distinguished by their habits, and they are not disguised by that most preposterous and absurd of all human inventions, the long full bottomed wig. Altogether, the appearance of the French tribunal criminel, and the manner in which the trial was conducted, pleased me extremely. Certainly every justice was done to the prisoner. I was astonished at the purity of his diction and politeness of his manner. in a short discussion he had with the public accuser, who, on his part, showed great lenity and candor. I am afraid an Irish thief would hardly conduct himself with the same talents, or, at least, the same manners ; but let that pass. Poor Pat is not to be despised because he is not as polished as a Frenchman, and besides, who knows what we may make of him yet. He has very pretty capabilities.



Went in the evening to see the *Deserteur*, at the *Theatre des Italiens*. Disappointed. A very poor performance : I speak as to the actors, for the piece itself is inimitable. Even Chenard, who, in general, is admirable, was very indifferent in Montauciel. His manner was dry and hard. The fact is, the French do not know how to represent a man drunk, which is owing to a defect in their education, for, as they never drink hard, they have no archetypes, so they form some vague notions of the manner in which a drunken man walks and speaks, but this is all from the imagination, and the perfection of acting is to copy nature. If Chenard had the great advantage to spend two or three afternoons with P. P. and another person, who shall be nameless, I think it might very much enlarge and improve his ideas as to the manner of acting Montauciel. By-the-by, the character of Montauciel, which is so inimitably characteristic of the French soldier in the original, is miserably disguised on the English theatre : they have carefully preserved, and, I must say, improved his drunkenness, which is but a subordinate and accidental trait in France, and they have suffered his gayety, his *fierté*, his carelessness of manner, and his high spirit, totally to evaporate. There is no character on earth more appropriate or better discriminated than that of a French Dragoon, as I have myself had one or two opportunittes to observe. In that view, Montauciel is inimitably drawn. Skirmish, the Montauciel of England, is nothing but a drunkard : take away his bottle, and you take his existence. Montauciel can maintain himself without it. But, I believe there is enough of criticism for the present, and, besides, I am sleepy.

*April 9.* Sullivan called on me this morning, with an English paper of the 31st March, (ten days ago.) in which is an article on Ireland, wherein mention is made of Sir Edward Bellew, of Bellewstown, being arrested, as connected with the Defenders. This surprises me, for he is a confirmed aristocrat, and he and all his family have been so devoted to the Government, as even to have the meanness of opposing the Catholics. Such is the gratitude of the Irish Government ! But this piece of news is accompanied by another, which gives me the most sincere anxiety on every possible account, public or private : it is the arrest of John Keogh. Poor fellow, this is no place to write his panegyric. I have not got such a shock this long time. If

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we lose him, I know not where to look for a man to supply his place. I have differed from him at one time, but his services to Ireland have been eminent indeed, more especially to the Catholics; and, in all probability, they will prove his ruin; for, from the state of his health, confinement in the unwholesome air of a prison will be to him death as certain as the guillotine. I am inexpressibly concerned on his account. That infernal Government of Ireland! It is of a long time they have been on the watch for his destruction, and I am sure they will stick at no means, however atrocious, to accomplish their ends. I can scarcely promise myself ever to see him again, and I can sincerely say that one of the greatest pleasures which I anticipated in case of our success, was the society of Mt. Jerom, where I have spent many happy days, and some of them serviceable to the country. It was there that he and I used to frame our papers and manifestoes. It was there we drew up the Petition and Vindication of the Catholics, which produced such powerful effects both in England and Ireland. I very much fear we shall never labor together again for the good of our native country. I am sure he has been too wise and too cautious to put himself in their power; but what wisdom or caution is proof against forged and suborned testimony, which I know they will never stick at procuring; and in the state affairs are now in Ireland, any evidence will be received. Well, a day will come for all this. If we cannot prevent his fall, at least I hope we shall be able to revenge it; and I, for one, if it be in twenty years from this, *promise not to forget it*. My heart is hardening hourly, and I satisfy myself now at once on points which would stagger me twelve months ago. The Irish aristocracy are putting themselves in a state of nature with the people, and let them take the consequences. They show no mercy, and they deserve none. If ever I have the power, I will most heartily concur in making them a *dreadful example*. I am to meet Madgett on this business to-day; but, see the consequences of delay. We have already lost, perhaps, the two most useful men in Ireland in their respective departments, Sweetman and Keogh. Unhappy is the man and the nation whose destiny depends on the will of another. This blow has deranged my system terribly. The Government here insist on sending somebody to Ireland. Keogh was the very principal person whom he ought to see: he is con-

fined in a prison. I observe, in the same paper, that several other persons have been obliged to abscond to avoid imprisonment. I have no doubt but the most active and useful of my friends are of the number. This is a gloomy day. What if this indiscriminate persecution were to provoke a general rising, as in 1641. The thing is not impossible. Oh! France! France! what do you not deserve to suffer, if you permit this crisis to escape you! Poor Ireland! Well, it does not signify whining or croaking, and I am sworn never to despair; but the slowness of the people here, if they really have the means to act, is beyond all human suffering: if they have not, we must submit; but it is dreadful to think of. Dined to day in the Champs Elysées, with Madgett and a person of the name of Aherne, a physician, who is to be sent to Ireland. Explained to him my sentiments as to the conduct he should adopt there, and particularly cautioned him against writing a syllable, or carrying a single scrape of a pen with him; pointed out to him the persons whom he is to see and speak to, at the same time that I fear many of the most useful are now either in prison or concealing themselves. This comes of delays, but that is no fault of mine. I like Aherne very well; he seems a cool man with good republican sentiments. He has been already employed in Scotland. Apropos; of Scotland: There is some scheme going on there, as I collected from hints which dropped from him and Madgett, but what it is I know not, nor did I inquire. My opinion is, that nothing will ever be done there, unless we first begin in Ireland. If we succeed, John Bull will have rather a troublesome neighbor of us. We shall be within eighteen miles of him. Aherne is to call on me to-morrow morning, in order to talk over the business of his mission at length, and I am to give him some memorandums, which I will advise him to commit to memory, and then burn them, by all means. I should have observed in its place, that I went at 12 o'clock to Clarke, and brought him the newspaper containing the account of Keogh's arrest, with a translation of the article in French for Carnot, which I got Sullivan to make. Clarke was just going off to the Directory, so I had hardly time to speak a word to him. I wished to speak to Carnot myself, and I could see Clarke was not at all desirous that I should have an opportunity. Damn such pitiful, jealous vanity! Every man here must do every thing himself. I have

found this unworthy sentiment in every one of them, except Carnot. First, the Minister is disobliged because I go to Carnot; then Madgett would be huffed, if he dared, because I go to Clarke; and now Clarke truly wants to thrust himself between me and his principal. Please God, he shall not, though! If I want to see Carnot, I will see him, or I will be refused. I am to call on Clarke again to-morrow at one. I think I will then, with all possible deference and politeness, give him to understand my opinion on this point, which, as they manage it, is most excessively provoking, especially at a period when every minute is precious, and my anxiety is so great. Madgett tells me the Minister has been superseded in this business these fifteen days, and that it has been given entirely into the hands of Carnot. I am most heartily glad of that, because he is given to organizing a little. He is the man I want; and I hope the measure being given to his management, is partly, at least, if not entirely, owing to my going directly to himself, and to the discourse we had together, *malgré* my execrable jargon, which is neither French nor English. If that be so, as I hope it is, I may say that, in this instance, I have deserved well of my country. I hope I shall deserve better yet. *Nous verrons.*

April 10. Aherne called on me this morning, and I gave him a list of the persons he is to see, viz. Gog, Magog, P. P., C. Terling, R. S—, and S. Neilson, Oliver Bond, J. J. McNevin, with a quere as to J. P. and T. A. Emmet. I also gave him some trifling anecdotes, known only to ourselves, which will satisfy them that he has seen and conversed with me. When we had done I went to Clarke, who was for the first time denied to me; however, I caught him coming out of his bureau. He seemed, and probably was, in a great hurry. He said he had shown the newspapers to Carnot, who was very sorry the gentleman was arrested; but what could he do? I looked at him very earnestly, and repeated, "What could he do?" I then shrugged up my shoulders, and repeated twice in French, "*Mauvaise augure.*" "No," replied Clarke, "you must not look on it in that light—you must not infer any thing from thence." We then walked on towards the Directory, where he was going; and I pressed him, if the business were at all attempted, on the necessity of not losing a moment. He interrupted me, by asking me, "How do you know that we are losing a moment?" I

replied, that was enough; and so we parted. I am to see him again in a few days. From all this I infer, for I ask him no questions, that preparations are actually going forward somewhere, and, indeed, I have it indirectly from other quarters, which I am heartily sorry for; not that the business is going on, but that they talk so much of it. I wish they would be as reserved to others as Clarke is to me. But what do I care for his reserve: let them once do the business, and treat me as they like.

*April 11.* Sullivan called on me this morning, for it is he that brings my secondary intelligence, to tell me that D'Albarrade, the late Minister of the Marine, is to command in the naval department of our expedition, and that a confidential person told him yesterday that he might look for good news soon for his country, for that there was something at that moment doing for her in Holland, by which I presume that it is there their preparations are making. I am glad of that. I mentioned Holland myself to Carnot, Clarke, and the Minister. By-the-by, the Minister is on the eve of being turned out, but as the business is now in the hands of Carnot himself, I am in hopes that will make no difference as to us. I do not glory at all in the present aspect of things.

*April 12.* Blank! How my life stagnates just now—Well “*'tis but in vain.*”

*April 13.* Aberne called on me this morning, to tell me that yesterday he was to see Clarke, to whom he was introduced by Ysabeau, one of the *chefs de bureau*, under the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He seems egregiously disgusted with both of them, and especially with Clarke, who I find has been talking sad stuff. They did not conclude any thing, but he collected from them, that the idea was, that he should go to Ireland, and one or two persons come from that country to *insense* the French Government, on the state of affairs. Aberne mentioned the loss of time this would produce, and also that I was on the spot, ready and competent to give them every information. Clarke replied, after speaking handsomely of my abilities, that I had now been several months out of the country, and things might have changed since my departure; he also observed, that I seemed so earnest in the business, that my zeal might probably make me heighten the picture a little, without any intention of deceiving the French Government. To which Aberne replied, that all I had advanced

was supported by the recent accounts in the papers, relative to Irish affairs. Clarke, however, did not seem satisfied, and so the affair rested. As to Ysabeau, who knows not one syllable with regard to the situation of Ireland, he has thrust himself into the business, and is to frame the instructions of Aherne. How he will contrive to adapt them to a subject, of which he is totally ignorant, is more than I can possibly conceive. This is most intolerably provoking. Here is the liberty of Ireland, shuffled back and forward between two French *Commis*, one of which, is under gross prejudices and the other absolutely ignorant. What is to be done? As to me, how shall I satisfy Clarke, that I am not the dupe of my own enthusiasm in the cause, supposing he is gracious enough to give me credit for being sincere? The more earnestness I show to convince him, the more enthusiasm I manifest; so here I am in an unfortunate circle.—By-the-by, Clarke is just as competent to regulate this affair, as I am to be made Lord Chancellor of England, and for my fitness for this station, I appeal to all who ever knew me, in the capacity of a lawyer. I have not forgot his nonsense, about gaining over some of the Irish aristocracy to our side, to begin with; such as Lord Ormond, for example: neither have I forgot his asking me, might we not make something of Fitzgibbon? Good God, is it not enough to set one mad, to be obliged to listen and keep my temper, not to say my countenance, at such execrable trash? And yet the fate of Ireland is in a certain degree in this man's hands.

Well, well, wretched, I again repeat it, is the nation whose independence hangs on the will of another. Clarke has also some doubts, as to my report on the influence of the Irish priests, which he dreads a good deal; and this is founded on his own observation, in a visit he paid to Ireland, in the year 1789. That is to say, a Frenchman, who just peeps into the country for an instant, seven years ago, and then in the heat of the revolution, sets up his opinion against mine, who have been on the spot, who had attentively studied and been confidentially employed, and to whom nothing relating to Catholic affairs could possibly be a secret. That is reasonable and modest in my friend Clarke. He likewise caterhised Aherne, as to the chance of our preferring monarchy as to our form of Government, in case of a successful revolution; adding that, in that case, we would, of course, consult the French Government in our choice. This is

selling the bear's skin, with a vengeance. I wonder does he seriously think, that if we succeeded, we would come post to Paris to consult him, General Clarke, a handsome smooth-faced young man, as to what we should do. I can assure him we would not. When he spoke to me on this head, he was more reasonable, for he said it was indifferent to the French Republic, what form of Government we adopted, provided we secured our independence. It seems now he is more sanguine; but I, for one, will never be accessory to subjecting my country to the control of France, merely to get rid of that of England. We are able enough to take care of ourselves, if we were once afloat, or if we are not, we deserve to sink. So much for Clarke. As to his *confrere*, the other *commis*, Ysabeau, who has got into this business, God knows how, for I do not, it is still more provoking. Aherne tells me he is a blockhead, but if he had ever such talents, how the devil can he give instructions on a subject, of which he is utterly ignorant. I suppose he will hardly be inspired on the occasion. Well. poor Ireland, poor Ireland, here you are, at the mercy of two clerks, utterly incapable, supposing them honest; if they be not, and who knows, it is still worse. Aherne is gone to Ysabeau, to whom, by-the-by, Madgett gave in a draft of instructions, which he never showed me, I knew not why, and which Ysabeau never condescended to read. I will stop to see what this conversation will produce. \* \* \* \* \*

*Ysabeau is turned out!* A pretty time they choose to intrust him with the secret. Is not this folly incredible? Aherne saw the Minister himself, and spoke his opinion without reserve of Clarke, whom he thinks not honest. I do not know; I remember he told me in our first conversation, he was related to Lord Cahir, and the Butler family in Ireland. Lord Cahir is married to Fitzgibbon's niece. Will this explain his anxiety about the aristocracy, and his wish to hook in Lord Ormond, the head of the Butlers, and the monstrous extravagance of his questions about Fitzgibbon? It has a very odd appearance. If he should turn out a scoundrel, I will see what is fit for me to do, and if it is necessary to punish him personally, I will do it; for I began to dislike him mortally. It seems he told Aherne, that he should apprise the people in Ireland to be on the look-out for assistance in September, or it might be November next, in six or seven months; and this he qualified, by saying, "unless something

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should happen in the course of the campaign to prevent it;" a pretty general exception. When Aherne told this to the Minister, he seemed astonished, for the fact is, he is utterly unacquainted with the business. He, therefore, got rid of it, by giving Aherne a few queries in writing on the subject of Ireland, the answers to which, are already in my memorial; but it was merely to gain time, and said he would see Clarke himself, and let Aherne know the result, to-morrow at one o'clock, and then give him his final instructions. Altogether things cannot look worse. If Clarke be not honest, we are blown up. I have determined as to what I will do myself; I will first learn the result of the Minister's conversation with Aherne to-morrow, and what Clarke has said to him; I will then go to Clarke myself, and have an explanation with him, and I will insist upon being, in a certain degree, informed of what is going forward, which hitherto I have not done; in short, I will endeavor to bring him to something definite. If I find that impossible, I will write to Carnot my opinion fully, as well of the mode of doing business here in general, as of Clarke's conduct, in particular, without the least reserve, and the grounds on which I found that opinion. I will likewise demand, that all my future communications be directly with himself, and that I shall look on the rejection of this request, as a symptom that the measure is abandoned. And if General Clarke is offended at all this, let him take his remedy. I suspect most violently that he is secretly counteracting the business, to save his noble connections in Ireland; and if so, I should be heartily glad to have an opportunity to punish him personally. After all, it is possible he may be innocent, and I will not proceed but upon good grounds, such as will satisfy my conscience. Aherne is *acharné* against him, and so is Sullivan; I am much cooler than either of them. Aherne will denounce him again to the Minister, especially for what he said, as to our consulting France, relative to the choice of a monarch, which is to be sure, most unaccountable in Clarke. Sullivan will set Prieur and Laignelot on his back. For my part, I know nobody, and of course I have not the power, if I had the wish to intrigue against him, which I disdain to do. If I find him, or have satisfactory reasons to suspect him to be a traitor in the business, I will denounce him at once to Carnot, and let him do as he pleases. Aherne and Sullivan, who know the *paré* I do, are satisfied he is betraying us. For my part,



the appearances strong against him. and if I am once decided, I will see to it. Let us see what the next three or four days will bring, and in the mean time do nothing rashly. I saw Madgett and Sullivan. Choice Chamberlain, partly with rage and vexation, at the prospect of my having I risked my life, ruined my prospects, and deserted my country, to be baffled by a scoundrel if he prove one, woe be to him!

Breakfast with Aherne and Sullivan. They still have the same opinion as to Clarke. I will wait for further evidence. I am to see the Minister to-day, and that will be one step towards demonstration. Agreed to dine together. Dinner—Aherne could not see the Minister: so nothing is done.

April 13. Went with Aherne to the Minister, and met a most generous reception. He had seen Clarke, to whom the military part of the business had been intrusted, and who assured him that preparations were actually making in the interior of Holland. With regard to Aherne, he said his instructions would be ready in three or four days. Then we shall see something of the matter. I mentioned to him the arrestation of Keogh, and the embarrassment it must produce in our affairs. He observed, it would only inflame the people's minds the more. I answered, as to them, they were sufficiently inflamed already; but the embarrassment which I saw was in the imprisonment of him and others, inasmuch as they could be of such service in forming a provisional government. I observed likewise, and begged him to remember, that the very men I had pointed out as my friends, and as the proper persons to speak to in Ireland, were the very persons now imprisoned and persecuted by the British Government. I also took the opportunity to apologize for not seeing him oftener; that I knew the value of his time too well to take it up in visits of ceremony, and we parted the best friends in the world: he assuring me that in every part of the business

and desired I would write a paper fit to be distributed, in case of a landing on that scheme being effected. I told him I could not do it: that I did not know the grievances of England, and could not write in the character of a Frenchman. He said he was sure I could if I would try. So to get rid of the business, I said I would make the attempt, but won't. He is plaguy fond of Chouannerie.

*April 19.* Blank!

*April 20.* This being the 1st Floreal, I left the hotel des Etrangers, where I have been fleeced like ten thousand devils, and removed to the house where Aherne lodges, where I hope I shall live cheaper and more comfortable. Went with Aherne, at one o'clock, to the Minister's, in order to see after his instructions. At last there is a prospect of something like business. The Minister read the draft of the instructions, in which there is a great deal of trash mixed with some good sense. Only think of one of the articles, wherein they say that if Ireland continues devoted to the house of Stuart, one of that family can be found who will be agreeable to all parties! Who the devil is this Pretender in petto? It is all one to us, however, for we will have nothing to do with him. I made one or two observations on the instructions, to the Minister; he acted very fairly, for he gave them to me, and desired me to make what observations struck me; and as to Aherne, he said that he must only be guided by such of them as might apply to the state of things he found there, and disregard those that did not; all which is candid. I see the instructions are written by Clarke, for I find in them his trash about monarchy, the noblesse, and clergy. There is one thing, however, which reconciles me to all this absurdity, which is, that the French Government promise us 10,000 men and 20,000 stand of arms; with that force I have not the shadow of doubt of our success. It is to be escorted by nine sail of the line, (Dutch I believe,) and three frigates, and will be ready about the middle or towards the end of May, which is not more than six weeks off. If this be so—but let me not be sanguine. Went to Madgett to communicate this good news, and fixed to ~~sup~~ <sup>dine</sup> together, Aherne, he, and I, in the Champs Elysées. Dined ~~abundantly~~ <sup>heartily</sup>; drank rather enough. Walked out and saw the ~~French~~ soldiery dancing in groupes, under the trees, with their ~~wives and mistresses~~. Judge in the humor I was in, with near

two bottles of Burgundy in my head, whether I did not enjoy the spectacle. How often did I wish for my dearest love. Returned to the Restaurateur, and indeed drank off another bottle, which made three, and returned home in a state of considerable elevation, having several delightful visions before my eyes. Well, “*Wine does wonders, does wonders every day.*” Bed, slept like a top.

*April 21.* Walked about Paris, diverting myself innocently. “*I’gin to be a weary of the Sun.*” I wish I could see once more the green sod of Ireland; yet Paris is delightful; but then “home is home.” Well, who knows? I may be there yet.

*April 22.* Copied Aherne’s instructions, and wrote my observations, which are very short. I barely mention what is necessary, and for the rest I say all is very right; and that when he arrives in Ireland, I have no doubt but the people there will execute every part of them which circumstances will admit. Gave them to Madgett to translate. Went to Clarke to apprise him of my having changed my lodgings: asked him had he any news for me. He answered not. I replied that hitherto he had not found me very pressing for information; but that, nevertheless, I expected that when the time came, I should be properly apprized of every thing. He replied, “Certainly.” I also said, that as to my own affairs, which I had scarcely mentioned, I hoped and expected that the request which I had suggested once already to him, of being employed in the expedition, as an officer in the French service, would not be refused. He answered that I might depend upon that. I then mentioned the old subject of the necessity of losing no time. To which he replied, with an air of great significance, that, if the affair was undertaken, it would be within two years at any rate. He is a puppy, that is the truth of it. This good humored irony, I dare say he thought extremely diplomatic, but I can assure him he acts the statesman very poorly. He is much fitter to figure away at Ranelagh than in a bureau diplomatique, for he is a handsome lad. I then mentioned Pichegru to him, observing that any old woman would make an Ambassador for Sweden, where they are sending him, whereas, our expedition required a man of great talents and military reputation. He replied, he was sure Pichegru would not undertake it. I said I was not so sure of that; that if glory was an object with him, as doubtless

it was, the dismemberment of the empire of England; the destruction of her power; and the establishment of a new Republic in Europe of 4,500,000 people, were not ordinary occurrences. That if he was a man to be influenced by interested considerations, there was no doubt but, in case of our success, he would be rewarded by Ireland to the utmost extent of his wishes, as well as every person who was instrumental in effectuating her emancipation. This hint I threw out for the citizen Clarke himself. He made some vague indefinite answer, which signified nothing; so I dropt the subject, and shall not renew it with him; but I have a little scheme on that score which a few days may develop. He then attacked me about his proclamation for *Chouannising* England. I replied that I had done nothing in it, and that if he would permit me to give my opinion, the measure was unwise and impracticable; that the peasantry of England were not at all in a situation which rendered it likely they would take any part in such a business, for several reasons, which I enumerated; that perhaps in Scotland, which, however, I was not sure of, it might do, but in England, never. He pressed me, however, to write the manifesto. I replied as before, that I did not know their grievances, and would much rather write one for Ireland, which I did know. He desired me to do that also, and without loss of time. I promised him I would, and so we parted. He is a strange fellow. Does he know that the Minister has told me every thing that he is apprized of, relative to the business; and, if so, why all this prodigious reserve on his part? I suppose he has heard that secrecy is a necessary quality in a great statesman, and so he is acting this part, to impress me with an idea of his diplomatic talents. He is very much out. I can tell him. Standing, as I do here, I confess I do not see the policy of concealing the measure from me, more especially when I hear it directly from the Minister, and indirectly, which I am very sorry for, from a dozen different quarters. Well, let him go to the dogs, though he is a pretty gentleman. I believe I am, at least, as much interested in the success of the measure as he is, and perhaps a little more. Confound him, I do not like him.

April 23. Blank! These blanks are very thick sown lately in my journals, but that is not my fault.

*April 24.* Called on Madgett to get my observations which I gave him to translate. He tells me he has them not. Hell and the devil! Sure he has not lost them. It would be a pretty paper to set afloat just now in Paris, where there are, for aught I know, a thousand English spies. If it be gone, I do not know what may be the consequence, perhaps the blowing up of the whole expedition. Left Madgett in a rage, which I could scarce conceal. *Evening*—he has found the papers. *Ah je respire.* If he had lost them I should never have forgiven him. Get Sullivan to translate them. To-morrow we go to the Minister's. The French have begun the campaign by a splendid victory in Italy; the negotiations between Wickham and Barthelemi have produced nothing and the cry is now "*Guerre aux Anglais.*" All this is very good. *Theatre de la République*, Macbeth, by Ducis, much better than his Othello. Talma, in Macbeth, a most excellent actor. Lady Macbeth by Mme. Vestris, very good, if I had not seen Mrs. Siddons, before whom all the actresses here vanish. A good ridiculous farce, supported entirely by Dugazon, who represents five different characters. *Affairs look so well in the north, that it is impossible to displease me.*

*April 25.* Went with Aherne to the Minister's and gave him my observations, which he read and liked very well. He struck out, in consequence, all the stuff about royalty, &c. and returned the instructions to Aherne, in order to his copying them, but kept my observations to show them to Carnot. He tells me Aherne will be despatched in a few days, and that he has every reason to think the expedition will be ready by the latter end of May. I begin to speak French like a nabob. I astonished the Minister to-day, with the volubility of my diction. On leaving De la Croix, who, by-the-by, has had a narrow chance of being turned out, but is now, I fancy, pretty safe, I met Sullivan, who gave me an English paper, with the quarters of the army in Ireland for this year; I was very glad to get it. I see but nine regiments of dragoons, and two of troops of the line, the rest all fencibles or militia; there is to be a camp of about 2,500 men in the north, and 2,000 near Dublin, which with the garrison will make about 6,500 men. The whole force is about 30,000 men, as I guessed, but I am sure not above 20,000 effective. I have not the least doubt of success, if we can land with 10,000 French.

**Apropos of the French.** Two days after the victory mentioned in my journal of yesterday, called the affair of Montenotte, they had a second action at Millesimo with the Austrian and Sardinian armies, whom they utterly defeated, taking every thing that was takeable, including one Lieutenant General, and God knows how many officers, colors, cannon, standards and stores, together with 8,500 men; a pretty moderate victory, being the second in two days. I give up discipline for ever, after this, *provided, always*, that we can raise such a spirit of enthusiasm, which I hope and believe is very possible among the Irish. The French General is Buonaparte, a Corsican. Two French generals were killed at the head of their columns, and a third desperately wounded, leaping with seven grenadiers into the Austrian works, but, as I have often told P. P. "*we are certainly the bravest nation in Europe.*" I cannot recall the names of many English generals who have fallen this war, *within*, or, indeed, *without*, the enemy's lines. There was only one killed, Mansel, and he was an Irishman. This piece of news will wonderfully regale John Bull, especially coming close on the heels of a second loan of 7,500,000*l.* s. which he has cunningly borrowed from himself, in order to put down French principles, and preserve the regular governments of Europe. The regular government of Sardinia (which island is in open revolt) is in a hopeful way after the last battle. *The Atheists* are now within fifteen leagues of Turin, and only one strong place in their way, besides, that they creep into your strong places like cats. Ah! John! thou'rt a deep one. I declare I am in as pleasant a humor as a man could wish to see of a summer's day. One thing I wish to remark here, because it may be of use: If we have any generals killed, leaping in or out of trenches, their families must always be adopted by the Republic. I know nothing, judging by my own feelings, so likely to make men fight with enthusiasm, as the consciousness that their wives and children, in the case of their falling in the public service, will become the objects of national gratitude. I like my new lodging very well, and especially I like being rid of that infernal extorting mansion, l'Hotel des Etrangers, Rue Vivienne. The villains have hardly left me one louis. Well "'tis but in vain," &c.

*April 26.* Wrote a short memorial on the force and disposition of the army in Ireland, as it appears in the English papers, and gave it to Sullivan to translate. I think it is very prettily done, which is not the case with all my productions. I will give it to the Minister to-morrow. Went in the evening to the theatre : Montansier, Mlle. Ferlon a good actress and pretty.

*April 27.* Sullivan brought me my memorial admirably translated. Went at one o'clock to the Minister's, where I met Aherne. The Minister tells us the Directory is just now occupied by very important business, but in two or three days will be disengaged, and then Aherne will receive his final instructions and be despatched : he also told me, that matters were so arranged and combinations made, that in a month every thing would be ready. All this is excellent, but I am sworn never to believe it, till I see it. What makes these notes valuable, (that is to say to myself and to my dearest life and love) is, that they are a faithful transcript of all that passes in my mind, of my hopes and fears, my doubts and expectations, in this important business. The Minister also said, he would instantly have a copy made of my remarks, and have them given to Carnot, by which I see, or suppose, at least, that the business is entirely in his hands, of which I am sincerely glad, for he is the man I have all along wished to fix my claws in. By-the-by, I must see the aforesaid organizer shortly, to wit; in three or four days, because I meditate a little stroke of politics, (being my first;) let us see how it will succeed? I intend artfully to insinuate a thing or two to him. I want, likewise, to sound him about Pichegru. As he is a "*shallow Pomona*," I foresee I shall over-reach him. This day's paper gives an account of a third victory by the army of Italy. It seems they were too confident on the two former ones, which induced Beaulieu, the Austrian general, though twice beaten, to make the attack with the *elite* of his army, with which he surprized the French right wing, and it was not without the most vigorous efforts of the remainder of the army, that he was at length repulsed, which, however, he was effectually, leaving 2,500 men in prisoners only. The French loss must have been severe. In the three battles, four generals have fallen, and three desperately wounded; very like the British generals in Flanders, as I have already remarked with great wit and severity. The

idea of attacking the French after being twice defeated, does Beaulieu's talents great honor, and had it not been for the invincible valor of the French soldiery, it seems very likely that he would have succeeded. As it was, it was a work of great difficulty to repulse him, the battle continuing from day break to three in the afternoon. Went in the evening to the Theatre Feydeau. These are the veterans of the French stage; the Drury Lane of Paris. Molé is an excellent actor; in manner, age, voice, figure, and talents, he puts me strongly in mind of King. Mademoiselle Contat is a delicious woman; she is the Miss Farren of the Rue Feydeau, and in all respects just such another actress. She is forty years of age, and certainly does not appear to be above twenty-five. She has been the mistress of the whole French cidevant nobility, and of course has no great devotion to the Revolution, yet she lives now, I am told, with Legendre the Deputy, who was, and for aught I know, is, a butcher in Paris. I confess I am so much of an aristocrat, that I do not glory in that circumstance. It is a scandalous fact, but I am afraid too true, that many deputies have availed themselves of their situation to secure the possession of beautiful women, who submit to their embraces to secure their protection. If so, it is abominable, I do not like to see the Republic pimp for Legendre. But people here mind those things much less than I do; for, on this topic, I have perhaps extravagant notions of delicacy and refinement, and their manners here are horribly dissolute, by all I can learn. Well, give me my own countrywomen, after all; they are the *materiel* to make wives and mothers. If I wanted a mistress, I would go to Paris or London. Protection! Legendre's protection! I like no protection but the protection of the law; that protects all. I find I am growing angry on this subject, so I will quit it. May be I am jealous of Legendre. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Jealous indeed. Marry come up. Well I am sleepy now, so I will go to bed, and Mademoiselle Contat may do the same if she pleases.

April 28, 29. Blank! Blank! Is not this cruel; but what can I do? I have not lost one minute by my negligence since my arrival in Paris; well, that is some comfort, however. Madgett tells me that peace is as good as concluded with the King of Sardinia, and that these late victories will give him a plausible excuse for cutting out of the party like the King of Spain. He



tells me also that a revolution is organized in Piedmont and Sardinia, so that it is highly probable the poor *Roi des marmottes* may go and keep company with the Stadtholder; a pretty dialogue they would have in meeting! Voltaire's supper of the six kings, (was it six?) seems likely to be realized. But it is sad that I must be writing of revolutions in Piedmont and Sardinia, instead of ——— Well! “’Tis but in vain,” &c.

*April 30.* Called on Clarke again; he is a sad puppy, and I am fairly tired of him. Our dialogue is always the same. “Well, General Clarke, I have called to know if you have any thing to tell me.” “Not a word.” “Well, I hope when there is any thing going forward, you will let me know.” Two or three words of common place discourse follow, and so I take my leave, as ignorant as a horse. I confess I cannot fathom General Clarke's policy in keeping me so totally in the dark. Moreover, to day he was not over civil, for he spoke to me *en passant* in the porter's antichamber, being as he said in a hurry. If he was in twice as great a hurry, he might have spoken to me in his cabinet. I will not forget it to him, that I can tell him. I once filled a station as honorable as his, and I hope yet perhaps to fill one far above it, and if I do, I must not give myself airs like General Clarke. The puppy, I am as angry as the devil. One thing, however, I will do: as I have given him, by Carnot's orders, all the directions in my power, and as he will tell me nothing in return, but, on the contrary, evidently shows a disposition to avoid me, I will not call on him any more; I will very gingerly demand an audience of Carnot himself, and see what that will produce. This is sad! and *I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear*, and I cannot help myself.

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MAY, 1796.

*May 1.* Blank! Thinking of my interview with Carnot; I declare I am literally tired of my life.

*May 2.* Went to the Luxembourg; saw Rewbell giving audience in his costume; wrote a note desiring to see Carnot, and was admitted; he recollected me perfectly. I began by saying, fluently enough, that in pursuance of his orders, I had been several times with General Clarke, and had given him all the information I was possessed of, as well verbally as by memorials

and other papers. He said he knew I had. I then observed that, considering General Clarke as in an official situation, I had avoided pressing him to give me any information in return; but that, at present, when I learned directly from the Minister, and indirectly from many other quarters, that preparations were in a considerable degree of forwardness for the expedition, I hoped when he considered the efforts I had made, the risques I had run, the dangers I had escaped in endeavoring to lay the state of Ireland before the French Government, as well as the situation I had once the honor to fill in my own country, that he would not consider me as unreasonably importunate in requesting him to give me such information as he might deem proper, as to the state of the expedition, supposing it were to take place. He replied, my request was not at all unreasonable, but that, before measures were finally determined upon, it would be necessary that the French Government should be satisfied as to the actual state of things in Ireland; and for that purpose a person should be sent to observe every thing, and make his report accordingly; for, if the people there were amicable to the French Republic, the attempt might be made, but if not, it would require a considerable force to conquer the country. This was a staggering blow to me, to find myself no further advanced at the end of three months, than I was at my first audience. However, I recollected myself, and said, that undoubtedly the French Government was in the right to expect every possible information, as to the actual state of the country; but that I begged leave to observe that there were few individuals more competent from their situation, to give them that information, than myself, much more so than any stranger they might send, who would just slide into the country for a moment, and return, if he were lucky enough to escape: that, as to all I had advanced, I hoped he would find my assertions confirmed by the English Gazettes: that, nevertheless, if he doubted my information, or supposed that affairs might be altered since my departure from Ireland, and so thought it necessary to send a confidential person, I begged him to remember that the time was precious, and that there was not one moment to lose. He said he understood that I could not go myself. I answered I was too well known in that country to be there four and twenty hours, without being discovered and seized: that, consequently, I was

the most unfit person in the world, and I took that opportunity to mention that, if the expedition were undertaken, I hoped to be permitted to bear a part in its execution. He replied, that the French Government would, in that case, certainly avail themselves of my courage and talents (*profiter de votre courage et de vos talents.*) But still he did not say whether the expedition would take place or not, though this was the second push I made at him on that head. When I saw he would not give me any definite information, I observed that there was a subject on which I had received such positive instructions on leaving Ireland, that I considered myself bound to mention it to him; and that was relative to the General who might be appointed to the command: that it was our wish, if possible, that it should be Pichegru: that if he remained at the head of the army of the Rhine, I probably should not have mentioned him; but that at present, when he was not employed in any military function, I hoped I was not irregular in praying him, (Carnot,) to turn his thoughts on Pichegru for that command: supposing as before that the expedition was to take place. Carnot replied that undoubtedly Pichegru was an officer of consummate talents, but, at the same time, there were many generals not inferior to him in abilities (*ausi forts que lui.*) I replied I was satisfied the Republic abounded with excellent officers, but that, in my country, the prejudice as to Pichegru's character, was so strong, that I rated him equal to an army of 20,000 men, as to the effect his appointment would have on both parties in Ireland. He replied that he would give every consideration to what I said on the subject, and that, at any rate, I had done perfectly right in suggesting Pichegru to the notice of the Directory. I then observed that as to Pichegru himself, I thought the appointment would add a new lustre to his former glory: that, if he desired fame, the assisting in creating a free Republic of 4,500,000 people, was an object of no ordinary magnitude, and if he was studious of his interest, which I did not suppose, he might rely on the gratitude of my country in its fullest extent, as well as every person who might be instrumental in establishing her liberties. Just at this moment, General Clarke entered, and I cannot say that he seemed highly delighted at the *rencontre*. I took my leave of Carnot, and went over to speak to him. I told him in substance our conversation as above written, and

when I mentioned Pichegru, he said "*Pichegru! Oh, he won't accept it.*" I said I was sorry for it. He then asked me had I finished his proclamation for *chouannising* England. I told him I found it impossible, but that I would finish the one I had begun for Ireland, whose grievances I knew, and with whose local circumstances I was acquainted; of both of which, with regard to England, I was utterly ignorant. He desired me then to finish that one, and bring it to him, without loss of time. I said I would in the course of four or five days, and took my leave.—So! "*I have got much by my intended expostulation,*" as Sir Peter Teazle says. In the first place, I am utterly ignorant whether there is any design to attempt the expedition or not: I put it twice to Carnot, and could extract no answer. My belief is, that as yet, there is no one step taken in the business, and that, in fact, the expedition will not be undertaken. What signifies what the Minister says; he is on the eve of being turned out every day, and is at this moment at open war with the Directory. They want him to resign, and he will not, but says they may dismiss him if they please. (By-the-by, the Directory are too fond of changing their Ministers, which shows either want of judgment in forming their choice, or want of steadiness in adhering to it.) They are of course not very likely just now to trust him with their designs. I, therefore, must regard all he says, and Madgett from him, as of no authority whatsoever, and, that being the case, it is impossible things can wear a more frosty appearance for our hopes. I am pretty sure Carnot has never read one line of my memorials, but has taken them on the report of Clarke, and God only knows what that report may have been. I cannot get it out of my head that that fellow is betraying the cause, or at least doing every thing in his power to thwart and oppose it: and what can I possibly do to prevent him? Absolutely nothing! That is hard; I fear all my exertions and sacrifices, and hopes, will come to nothing at last. Well, if it should be so, I hope I shall be able to bear it, but it is cruel. I begin now to think of my family and cottage again. I fancy it will be my lot at last to bury them and myself in the back woods of America. My poor little boys; I had almost begun to entertain hopes of being able to rescue them from that obscurity, and above all things to place my wife and our dear Maria in a situation more worthy of them; but, if I cannot, I must

submit; it is at least no fault of mine; I think I have left nothing on my part undone, or untried, or unhazarded. If I have to go back to the woods, I must see and inveigle P. P. out with me, otherwise I shall be in great solitude. Perhaps Mr. Wm. Browne is at home before me; at home! And is that to be our home after all? Well, if it must, it must. From this day, I will gradually diminish the little hope I had begun to form. I suppose another month at most will decide our fate, and if that decision be adverse, I will then try the justice and generosity of the French Government, in my own particular case. If they make me compensation, so; if they do not, I have nothing to do but to submit, and return in the first vessel to America. At least I shall be sure of tranquillity and happiness in the bosom of my family, especially if I can catch P. P. and Mr. William Browne. I will now wait to see what they will do with Aberne. If they despatch him promptly, the business may yet revive. If they delay him, or send a person of Clarke's choosing, I shall look on it as utterly desperate, and take my measures accordingly.

*May 3—7.* What signifies my making daily journals when I have nothing to say? The Directory gives me no business, and I am not in spirits to write good nonsense, and I am tired of saying blank! blank! This day wrote an artful letter to Clarke to see if I can list him on the score of his interest. It is also his duty. This is sad work, but what can I do? *Il faut hurler avec les loups.* I engage him £1000 a year for his life, if we succeed, and I rely on the nation to make good my engagement.

*May 9.* Saw Clarke; he told me that, if he gave me no information, it was because he was not permitted; that I might rely on receiving it, as soon as it was necessary I should be informed; and that I might also depend on it, that, *if the expedition was undertaken*, every thing should be made as agreeable to me, personally, as I could desire. All this is civil, however, but still it is not what I want to come at. I told him, as usual, that I did not mean to press him, and would wait, in submission, for the determination of the Directory. I then asked him, had he read my letter? He said he had, but, as to any idea of reward, he was in the service of France, and it must be to her he should look for compensation. I replied, certainly it was just that

France should reward him, but that did not preclude Ireland also from manifesting her gratitude; that he might rely on it that every individual in France, who was instrumental in establishing our independence, would be amply rewarded at the conclusion of the war. He replied, "We would not have the means; that we had no money; and, besides that, he did not much count on the gratitude of nations." To this I answered, that it was true we had little or no money, but that we had abundance of means besides; and as to the gratitude of nations, I did not think quite so humbly of it as he seemed to do; that America was an instance to the contrary, where every soldier and officer was rewarded on the establishment of her independence, and where Lafayette had a provision of 30,000 acres of land, which was all he had to trust to at this moment on earth, and that I hoped we were as capable of gratitude as the Americans. I stopped there, and the discourse turned on Ireland. I told him I had seen the instructions, and that there were two points on which I wished much to satisfy him, viz. the influence of the priests, and the question of royalty, neither of which, I assured him, were at all to be apprehended, and I adduced several arguments, which, as they are already recited in these memorandums, I need not here repeat. I do not know whether I satisfied him or not, but the discourse rested there. He asked me had I finished the proclamation. I said not, but that I would bring it to him in two or three days at farthest. I then took my leave. On the whole I made no great way in this day's conversation, yet I was better pleased with Clarke, I do not know why, than I have been of a long time. He has got my memorandum on the number and disposition of the troops in Ireland. I also saw among his papers, relating to the expedition, one in the margin of which were the names of several towns in Holland and Dutch Flanders: what does that forebode? I cannot decipher, so let me go finish my proclamation; I have not looked at it since the 27th of April. I see I was in a wrong track, so I will begin on a new plan: *Courage mon ami! allons!*

May 10. Madgett has got orders to find ten or a dozen intelligent prisoners who are to be sent into England. Into England, of all places in the world! What can that mean? He tells me there is to be an expedition there, contemporary with ours, in order to cut out work for John Bull at home, and prevent his

distracting his poor head too much about his Irish affairs. He tells me, also, that Hoche is to command in England. If that be so, it looks serious, but Madgett is so terribly sanguine that I know not what to think. I will say, for the present, in the language of the Gazette, "this news merits further confirmation." At work at my proclamation.

*May 11.* At work furiously at my proclamation; I like it better than my first attempt. Madgett is gone in search of his imps, whom he has orders to send off to Hoche as soon as he has found them. That looks a little serious, but still I am slow of faith. This day the Directoire Executif has denounced a grand plot to massacre themselves, the legislative bodies, the Etat Major of Paris, and proclaim the constitution of 1793. Above forty persons have been arrested, and, at the head of them, Drouet, who stopped the King at Varennes in 1792, and has lain for three years in a dungeon in Austria, from whence he is returned not above six months. I am sorry for him, for I believe him a sincere republican; at the same time I would show no mercy to any man, whatever might be his past merits, who would endeavor, in the present position of France, to subvert the existing Government. If the plot had taken place, our business would have been in a hopeful way. I think, in my conscience, the French have, at this moment, an exceeding good form of Government, and such as every man of principle is bound to support. It might possibly be better, but the advantages which might result from an alteration are not such as to warrant any honest man in hazarding the consequences of another bloody revolution. The people of this turbulent city seem of the same way of thinking. I do not imagine, from all that I can observe, that it would be easy, or, indeed, possible, at present, to excite a serious insurrection in Paris. The Government is strong, the enragés are few, and the mass of the people seems disposed for tranquillity at any rate. As a friend to France and Ireland, and as an irreconcilable enemy to England, I am heartily glad of it, for I am not so completely ultra-revolutionnaire as some to whom I speak here. As an Irishman, I cannot but rejoice at the discovery of this complot. Had it succeeded, what would have become of us? Apropos. There is a law passed to day, enjoining, amongst other things, all strangers to quit Paris in three days. I must apply to the Minister, and see what he says on that head.



May 12. Finished my memorial and gave it to Clarke. I should say, my proclamation. It is too long, but let Carnot cut it down as he pleases. Went to the Minister for permission to stay in Paris, *malgré la loi*. The Minister occupied; so I wrote him a short note, in very pretty French, which I left for him.—

In the evening the spectacle as usual. The French comedians are infinitely beyond the English. Even in the little theatres on the Boulevards, they perform admirably, and there is an attention to the costume never seen in England. All the theatres too are pretty, and some magnificent. The opera, however, continues to stand first in my opinion. It is a charming spectacle, and I never go there without wishing for my dearest love. But matters are so uncertain here, that I labor to prevent myself wishing for any thing. I am a dog—I am a dog, and I lead a dog's life here, dancing attendance perpetually, and in a constant suspense. I have, I know not why, foregone my usual amusements. Sad! sad! "Man delights not me, nor woman neither." What shall I do? the novelty of Paris is worn off, my anxiety about our affairs increases, and I get no satisfactory information. The devil puts it into my head sometimes that I am like Hannibal at the court of Prusias, supplicating his aid to enable Carthage to make war upon the Romans. There is a sort of analogy in the circumstances, excepting that I am not Hannibal, nor General Clarke, Prusias. Well, politics are fine things, *mais c'est quand on en est revendu*. I declare I wish our revolution was effected, and that I was set down once more quietly in the bosom of my family, and that is not very strange, for I doat upon them, and I am here like a fish out of water, and every thing frets me. Yet I admire the French, of all things: the men are agreeable and the women enchanting, and, if my soul were at ease, as it is not, I could make it out here very well, for some time longer, but as it is — Well, I can't help myself, and so what signifies complaining. Let me write nonsense, and I cannot write good nonsense when I am not in spirits, and I am never in spirits now. The French women are before the English, far and wide. They are incomparably well made, almost without exception. The English women have handsome faces, but for figure and fashion, they do not approach the French; and then they walk so incomparably, and their language is so adapted to conversation, that they all



appear to have wit. For their morality, it is, to be sure, "*a nice morality, split my wind-pipe.*" Paris, in that respect, beats London hollow. and that is a bold word, after what I have seen in London. Well, give me Ireland. after all, for women to make wives and mothers of. For "*casual fruition,*" go to London, or, indeed, rather to Paris, but if you wish to be happy, choose your companion at home. The more I see of this wide world, the more I prize the inestimable blessing I possess, in my wife's affection, her virtues, her courage, her goodness of heart, her sweetness of temper, and, besides, she is very pretty, a circumstance which does not lessen her value in my eyes. What is she doing just now, and what would I give to be with her and the little *fanfans* for half an hour?

*May 13.* Called on the Minister, relative to the law enjoining all foreigners to quit Paris in three days. The Minister very civil; desires me to give myself no trouble, but in case the police should molest me, apply directly to himself or Carnot. This will do for the present. Dined with Madgett at the Champs Elysées, and drank like a fish.

*May 14.* Wrote a letter to Clarke, praying him to apply to Carnot for a written order for my stay, in case of accidents. Paris is growing more and more stupid on my hands, and this horrible suspense and delay kill me. There is a sad falling off in my journals, but it is not my fault.

*May 15.* Went to the Directory and saw Carnot, who desired me to write a short memorial desiring leave to stay, and bring it to him to-morrow. Saw Aherne; nothing done in his business. This is bad.

*May 16.* Delivered my memorial at the Luxembourg, and received directions to apply at the Secretariat General for a permission. Lounged in the evening to the Theatre D'Emulation, one of the little theatres of the Boulevards: it was Easter Monday, and being a fete, the house was filled with the *bonne bourgeoisie*, all dressed out, and as gay and as happy as possible. I was agreeably surprised to find the piece was the "*School for Scandal,*" extremely well adapted to the French stage, and very well represented. It had an effect upon me which I cannot describe; I was alone, and it brought a thousand recollections into my mind. Shall I ever see the "*School for Scandal*" in an English theatre again? Well! that is the least of

my grievances. The French comedians are incomparable, even in this little theatre of the Boulevards; they acted admirably, particularly Charles, Sir Oliver, and Lady Teazle; they excel in the management of their by-play, but they have one fault. In their soliloquies they always address themselves too much to the audience, with the expression as if they were telling them a secret. *“The soliloquy always to the Pit; that is the rule.”* The civic airs were applauded with something like sincerity, a circumstance which I have not remarked for some time. On the whole I was very well amused. But how my life stagnates just now, when I have nothing to write of but the theatres of the Boulevards. Sad!

*May 17.* Blank.

*May 18.* This day I had a tiff with my lover Carnot. In signing the memorial which I delivered to him, I had written my name Theobald Wolfe Tone, (dit James Smith.) The permission was made out in the name of T. W. Tone, and of course was refused to me when I applied for it in the name of James Smith. I was, therefore, obliged, sore against my will, to apply again to Carnot, who spoke very chuff about the trouble I gave him to write a second memorandum. I was damnably vexed, and told him civilly, but drily, that I was sorry for the mistake, but that it was not my fault. He then wrote a second note to the Secretary. so I suppose to-morrow it will be made out properly. Men in high station ought not to speak short to people who do not deserve it. I take that to be a very pretty political maxim, and so halt here for the present. I have not recovered my good humour yet.

*May 19.* I learn to day that Carnot was as cross as the devil to every body yesterday. So it seems I was not singular.

*May 20.* Received at last my permission to stay in Paris, signed, “*Tompkins. Creditor.*” or, indeed, Carnot, President. Only think of the folly of some people. The first permission, as I saw to day, was for “*Le citoyen Theobald Wolfe Tone, réfugié Irlandais.*” That was a pretty business to spread on a paper which was to be seen by Lord knows how many clerks and commis, as well at the Luxembourg as at the Municipalité. Well, it was no fault of mine, as I told citizen Carnot yesterday, and besides there is no harm done, for the paper is cancelled; so that affair is off my hands, and I have nothing to do

but divert myself. for the Government here give me no business. “*Fie upon this idle life. I want work.*” It seems the plot, discovered by the Directory, was dreadfully sanguinary. Amongst other features, all strangers were to present themselves, in order to their being imprisoned, *voluntarily, under pain of death.* If the fact be so, it seems I have had, among others, a very good escape. for in times of revolution, it is a short journey, sometimes, from the prison to that “*undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns.*” Things are better as they are, for France and for us. It is curious to observe how the enthusiasm of the Revolution is entirely abated; even the immortal victories of the army of Italy have not the smallest effect. I observe it, particularly at the spectacles, where they sing, (by order of the Executive,) “*les chants civiques.*” every night, and they are received with the utmost phlegm, and sometimes worse. Enthusiasm is a passion which will not last for six years of a war, which, however glorious beyond all historical example, has been attended with great individual suffering. I observe, too, the young men are the most disaffected part of the nation, which is caused by the dominion of the women, who are aristocrats without exception. This is very natural, and very bad. I did expect the rising generation would have been good republicans, but I cannot say that the fact has justified my apprehensions. They skulk as much as possible from the requisition, which they evade by every means in their power. To see them in Paris they are a race of wretched Sybarites, yet these very young men, when they are forced at length to join the armies, see how they fight! This is a curious paradox. I believe if the Republic were to suffer a sudden reverse, for example, if Brunswick were once more at the passes of Argonne, the old spirit of France would revive, but, as it is, there is no enthusiasm here. There is, however, a good succedaneum in a well organized Government, which, combined with the untameable courage of the armies, does the business sufficiently, as, I believe, General Beaulieu and the King of Sardinia can bear witness. It is very lucky the new Government was established before this absolute decline of public spirit. If the enthusiasm had failed before the present system was organized to supply its place, I know not what might have happened. At any rate, if the combined despots had, in that case, made any progress in France, it would

only have once more roused the energy of 1792, and the two succeeding years, so that, at last, it would have come to the same thing. It is the successes of France which have abated her enthusiasm. I believe this is enough of politics for the present; I will only add, that, if I was in the place of the Directory, I would forbid the singing of all political airs at the spectacles, for a forced spirit is always a bad one.

*May 21.* This morning, on sallying out, the first thing I saw was an affiche of a vessel to sail in ten days for New York. This knocked me in the head for the whole day. I have been planning a thousand schemes. To-morrow I will see Madgett, in order to take his opinion on one or two points. If I can do it with safety to my wife, and our dear, dear, babies, I think I will settle in France.

*May 22.* Called on Madgett, and took a serious walk with him in the Thuilleries. I told him I had considered my situation maturely, and the result was, I felt a strong inclination to settle in France. That, by a rough calculation, I supposed I could command about 400 louis d'ors. with which I could do very little in America, unless I went very far back, and then I should feel myself helpless, not being enured to labor, and servants not being to be had. That I conceived property would now be very cheap in France, and, therefore, begged his advice on two points. First, whether he apprehended, as I did not, that there was any danger of a counter-revolution, by which I meant the restoration of royalty, &c.; and next, whether it would be more advisable to purchase national or patrimonial property, with the small sum which I could command? Madgett replied, that, as to a counter-revolution, he did not well know what to say, more than that it was an event far from improbable. That the Government was in the most extreme distress for money; that the mandates had failed, and what should be substituted he could not pretend to guess; that the approvisionnement of Paris was a work of immense difficulty, and if there once came an actual scarcity of food, it was impossible to say what might be the result from the fury of a starving and enraged populace; any one of them might take it into his head to cry *Vive le Roi*, and, perhaps, the whole mass adopt it; that Pitt was moving heaven, earth, and hell, to ruin the finances; that the louis was to day at 10,500 francs, that things were driven now to that state that a very few days

must decide whether the Government could go on or not, and that for himself, he wished he was fairly out of it. He added, that perhaps it would be better to purchase patrimonial property, and that, with the sum I mentioned, I might procure an estate of ten times the value, or £4,000. We then fixed to meet in three or four days, and, in the mean time, he is to make inquiries, and turn the matter in his thoughts. For my own part, whether it is that I am younger and more sanguine than Madgett, or less acquainted with circumstances, I have not the smallest apprehension of a counter-revolution. The present Government is one of extraordinary mildness, perhaps too much so, but, if pressed by an invincible necessity, they must, and I have no doubt will, have recourse to stronger measures. But, what decides me is the excellent spirit of the army. The mutiny among the Legion de police, which now appears to have been a ramification of Babœuf's plot, was quelled in an instant by the other troops, and I see to-day a most excellent address to the Directory, from the privates and non-commissioned officers of the 3d dragoons, who form a part of their guard. Whilst the armies continue steady, I fear nothing. I believe I can lay out the little money I can command to more advantage here than in America, supposing only the half of what Madgett says to be true, besides, I am here *à portée* of Ireland. I need not recite over my reasons, but, as at present advised, I think I will write an order by this vessel to my love, to convert every thing possible into specie, to buy louis d'ors at the Bank of Philadelphia, and set off for Havre with our family in the first ship that sails. Good God! how happy shall I be if I can fix them in a comfortable cottage in France. For my schemes of ambition I am almost worn out of hope; I act now without expectation, and merely that I may say that nothing on my part has been left untried or undone. If there comes a peace, and I settle here, it will be but a step for P. P. to come visit us, and to be sure we will not make him welcome, and there is no wine in France, &c. I feel my ancient propensities revive a little.

*May 23, 24, 25, 26.* After balancing, for four or five days, and turning the matter every way in my thoughts, I have taken my resolution, and written this day to my dearest love, to Rowan, and Doctor Reynolds, acquainting them with my determination to settle in France, and desiring them to make pre-

parations for the departure of my family with all possible haste. It is a bold measure, but "*Audaces fortuna juvat.*" If my negotiation here succeeds, it will be best they should be in France ; if it fails, still I am satisfied it is more advisable for us to settle here than in America. At all events, the die is cast. It is an epoch in my life. I have decided to the best of my judgment, and, if I fail, I fail. I am weary of floating about at the mercy of events ; let me fix myself, if possible, at last.

*May 27.* Paris has been in a sort of smothered fermentation for several days, and I suppose a very few must bring it to a crisis. Within a fortnight, all the assignats will be called in and exchanged against their value in mandates, which, in other words, is changing at once the whole currency. The small assignats of 100 francs, and under, will be allowed to circulate for the conveniency of the poor. A hundred livres in assignats are worth to-day about twopence-half-penny ; their nominal value is £4 3s. 4d. That is a pretty reasonable depreciation. For my part, who am neither financier nor agioteur, I do not pretend to understand the question, but I can clearly see it is no ordinary matter to annul, at one blow, the entire currency of a nation, and substitute another in its place, yet it has been done once already in the case of the assignats, which superseded gold and silver, as the mandates will, I have no doubt, supersede the assignats. Something or other must be done, or the finances here will tumble. I hope the Government will have firmness. They seem lately to have been assuming a higher tone, and I am glad of it, for I sometimes could not help thinking of King Log, when I saw them insulted with impunity. If they stand bold, the enemies of the Republic will be put down, but if they go back one step, or even fluctuate, in my mind, they are lost. It is certainly a most critical period. If the Government holds out till the 1st Messidor, which is now three weeks off, and if their new scheme of finance succeeds, to ascertain which nothing seems wanting but firmness on their part, the Republic will be established for ever. As it is, "*we are walking on embers, covered with unfaithful dust.*" Courage! a few days will settle the business, and I doubt not, for my part, prosperously. *Vive la Republique!* Yesterday I had a visit from the Commissaire de Police of my section, by order of the Bureau Central de Paris, in order to bring me before my betters for remaining in town contrary to the law of the 21st

JUNE, 1796.

*June 1, 2, 3.* A faint ray of hope has broke to-day across the impenetrable gloom which has, for some time back, enveloped my prospects. I called on Clarke, *pro forma*, not expecting to find him. in which I was not disappointed. I found, however, a note, informing me that he had read my proclamation, (see May 12.) and liked it very well: that, however, it would be necessary to curtail it somewhat, and that he desired to see me for that purpose, any time after this day and to-morrow. It is the first time he has desired to see me. Well, that is something. I wrote an answer immediately, appointing the 18th Prairial, (6th June,) by which I leave him, out of respect, one day clear. Will any thing come out of this? I am glad Clarke likes my proclamation, which I found too long myself. I see he has a correct taste in those things. If the expedition takes place, it will be something to boast of to have written the proclamation. But let me not be *“running before my horse to market.”* I have kept my hopes under a strict regimen all along, and latterly, God knows, on a very low diet. I will not let this little breeze tempt me to spread a deal of canvass, merely to have it to furl again. Things are, however, better to-day, than they were yesterday.

*June 4, 5.* A French lover of mine, M. Dugas, took me to-day to Versailles in his cabriolet. It is a pleasant drive of twelve miles from Paris, the environs of which, are certainly before those of London, but far inferior to those of Dublin, which are beautiful beyond description, owing to the two great features of the sea and the Wicklow Mountains. The chateau of Versailles is truly magnificent, and the gardens of a vast extent, but of a most tiresome uniformity; all in the old school, straight alleys, clipt hedges, round basins, marble statues, and systems of terraces. It is a detestable style. There are some admirable paintings yet remaining, particularly one of Charles I, of England, by Vandyck, which has been engraved by Strange, and one of Charles XII, of Sweden, which is a striking resemblance of Lord Landaff. All the furniture has been removed or sold, excepting a most magnificent cabinet, which belonged to Marie Antoinette, and in which she kept her jewels. Nothing can exceed the extravagant flattery displayed in the ceilings, which are all painted in allegories, alluding to the different

ments in the reign of Louis XIV. who is represented in them, sometimes as Hercules, and sometimes as Mars, and again as Jupiter; what makes it still better is, that all these paintings were executed by his order. I was particularly struck with one, where there is a group of four figures, Louis XIV. his brother Orleans, the Grand Condé, and Turenne, certainly not ordinary men. Portraits of illustrious characters are the kind of painting which I like best. There is also a good portrait of Mme. de Maintenon. It would take a week to examine the palace and gardens, and I did not remain much above an hour. I saw, however, enough to satisfy me that the King of France was magnificently lodged, but, for my part, I should die of the spleen in a week, if I were confined to the chateau de Versailles. It is the same with all the palaces I have ever seen, which are not many. Hampton Court in England is magnificent, but it would be lost in Versailles. From the chateau we walked to Trianon, which is about half a mile distant. The pavillion is beautiful, viz: the outside, which is all I saw, being all built of colored marble. The gardens are like those of Versailles, equally monotonous, but less extensive. It is an abominable style. We then went to the Petit Trianon, the favorite retreat of Antoinette. It is a most delicious spot, completely finished in the English style. After the dreary regularity of the two other gardens, I was enchanted, and even the French acknowledged the infinite superiority of taste manifested in laying out the grounds. Trianon would be beautiful in England, but in France it is like fairy ground. There have been some pretty frolics executed here. I could not help making many profound reflections whilst I walked through it. "*de vanitate mundi et fuga sæculi.*" I do not wonder the Queen regretted to fall from the station she once held. Altogether it made me melancholy.

June 6. Called this morning, by appointment, upon General Clarke. Found him more cordial in his manner than ordinary. He told me he had read my proclamation, and found it extremely well done: that, however, it would be necessary to curtail it considerably, for the first point in these compositions is to ensure their being read, and, for that, it is necessary they should be short: that there would be a longer one prepared for those who studied politics, but that mine was destined for the people and soldiery. I thought there was good sense in all this, and I



can safely say that, in all the public papers I have ever written, I am above the personal vanity of an author, as I believe Gog can witness. I, therefore, told him I would mince it *sans remorse*. He then told me I might rely on it, they had not lost sight either of the business itself, or of my share in it. We then talked for a few minutes of the gigantic successes of the army of Italy, and so, having fixed to return, in a few days, with my proclamation cut down to a reasonable size, I took my leave. I liked Clarke very well to-day. On my return I met Sullivan in the horrors. Madgett has told him that affairs were reduced to such a crisis, that the Directory and Legislative bodies were actually thinking of removing to Fontainebleau, for their personal security. Madgett has always news extravagantly good or extravagantly bad. I told Sullivan plump that I did not believe it; but that, if they took such a pusillanimous resolution, they were undone for ever. I added many fine observations, stolen from Shakespeare, on the folly of fearing death in public situations, and made, on the whole, a most eloquent harangue, by which I convinced Sullivan and myself there was no danger. I do not, however, like these reports. After all, there may be something in them, and if the Government here were to blow up, it would be terrible. I have been since as melancholy as a cat. I think it is growing my prevailing habit. “*Hope long deferred,*” saith the Scripture, “*maketh the heart of man sick.*” I am sure mine just now is not in rude health. But I am sworn never to despair, so “*Courage! Allons!*”

**June 7, 8.** Called to-day upon Monroe, whom I have not seen for above two months. Found him extremely civil. Staid and chatted with him above an hour, on American politics. He had the delicacy not to mention my business, for which I was obliged to him. He also told me that B. had written him word, that they had heard in America of my safe arrival, so that my family are out of all anxiety on that account. I am heartily glad of that circumstance.

**June 9.** At work cutting and slashing my proclamation. I will bring it to something at last. I am just like Jack, in the “*Tale of a Tub,*” altering his coat.

**June 10.** Madgett tells me an odd piece of news. One of the clerks in the bureaux assures him that the landing of the French in Ireland has been effected. and that he has it from a member

of the Legislative body, who has it directly from one of the Directory. If it be so, it is most extraordinary that neither Madgett nor I were favored with the smallest information on the subject. Madgett has been with the Minister to inquire. The Minister said he did not believe it, and that the news must be *premature*. This, however, leaves it possible that it may be true. I know not what to think. I have finished my proclamation, which is cut down to a frigate, and will go with it to Clarke to-morrow. If there be any thing in the report he will probably mention it to me, and if he does not, I will conclude it is unfounded.

June 11. Called on Clarke, whom I met running to his bureau, in a violent hurry to General Lacuée, who was waiting for him. I had just time to give him the paper, and he did not say one word about the landing, so I presume the story is, as the Minister says, premature. Evening. Madgett with me again. The report seems to grow more serious. It stands now as follows. Grandjean, Chef-de-Bureau in the foreign affairs, told him this day, that the French were landed in Ireland to the number of 15,000 men; that they had been perfectly well received by the people, who were flocking about them in thousands, when the despatches were sent off; that he had this from Bessroy, a member of the Cinq-cent, who had it directly from one of the Directory. All this is very circumstantial and precise, and, I confess, staggers me extremely. There must be something in it, or how would Bessroy and Grandjean come to think of Ireland at all. A frigate (the *Atalante*) has, also, certainly, arrived at Brest, within these few days, after accompanying a fleet of transports, &c. After all, if it should be to Ireland. Madgett is as sure of it as of his existence, and is most terribly chagrined at its being kept a secret from him. For my part, the main point to me is that the landing be effected; my concern in the business is the least part of it. Yet, I should be mortified to the last excess not to bear a part in it. "*Quoi les Français en Irlande—et Montauciel n'y est pas.*" "*I am lost in sensations of troubled emotions.*" On the whole, I think it very unlikely that the report should be true, yet it is certainly possible; and there are strong circumstances in its favor. Among others, it is now a month since Madgett sent off fifteen Irish prisoners to Hoche, by Clarke's orders, who said

they were intended for England, which, by-the-by, I did not believe; (*see* May 11th.) But then, why should the Directory conceal such a piece of good news from the public, and why should Clarke conceal it from me? If the report be true, they have not kept faith with me, for both Carnot and Clarke assured me, if the expedition were undertaken, I should be of the party, and Clarke repeated it in our last conversation; and, I confess, it would give me great pain to be left out of the business here, after having labored successfully thus far. Notwithstanding all that, I wish to God the report were true. That is the main point: my interests are of little consequence, and, besides, in the long run, the truth will come out, and justice be done to all parties. Madgett is a thousand times more enraged than I am, though, I think, with less reason, for he has neither done nor suffered as much in the business as I have. Once for all, I do not yet believe it. A very few days must ascertain the truth or falsehood of the report, and, in the mean time, I think I will take no steps whatsoever.—The Directory have received, to-day, the news of two victories, one in Italy, being, I believe, the tenth, at least, this campaign, in which Beaulieu has been again totally routed before Mantua, with loss of all his baggage, cannon, stores, and his whole Etat Major prisoners. That, I think, will settle the affair in Italy. The other is on the Rhine, being the second, (the first was gained two or three days before, but I forgot to insert it.) I have not seen the details, but I learn it is a complete victory. The Emperor is like to make a worthy campaign of it. To be sure the military exertions of the French are beyond belief. Only think of the Government, maintaining fourteen armies, nearly 1,000,000 of men, absolutely without money or credit. It is inconceivable. It is true, Buonaparte has raised a little cash in Italy, for he has given notice to Citizen Carnot to draw on him for seven millions, at sight, payable at the Bank of Genoa. I wonder how John Bull would like to discount his bill. However, after all, here am I in Paris, in a most critical period, and in a state of anxiety which baffles all description, writing nonsensical memorandums. I wonder where is P. P. If the French are in Ireland, I think I can give a guess. “Confusion! *Tete, ventre, sang—Mille bombes!*” Are the sans-culottes in Ireland, and I here? Oh Citizen Carnot, can it be that you have broke

faith with me? *•• White cat, white cat, thou hast deceived me! •• and instantly he felt the scratch of a cat's paw on his hand.*" Well, if the worst comes to the worst, my friends in Ireland will not forget me.

June 12. Drank punch last night with Madgett. He is come off his confidence a little, as to the landing. *•• Goodman Verges speaks a little of the matter: an old man and his wits are not so blunt, as, heaven help, I could desire they were.*" He does bore me, sometimes, most confoundedly. Moreover, I think I see by his discourse that he has his eye on the ambassadorship of Ireland, that is to be. He has not talents for that station: and, besides, age is beginning to make inroads on his faculties: Yet Madgett is a good fellow, and has, undoubtedly, a strong claim on the gratitude of his country, if she succeeds: but he is not to be her ambassador to the French Republic. His misfortune is, that he thinks it is he does every thing, and moves every thing, and knows every thing, and I can see that he knows no more of what is going forward than my boot: it is laughable enough to see him sometimes hiding his ignorance and want of importance under a veil of great mystery and reserve, in which I always indulge him by telling him, like a dog as I am, that I do not want to press on his official delicacy. &c. He tells me to-day, that, in consequence of a memorial which he gave in some months ago, containing what passed in the Privy Council of England, with his remarks thereon, Spain will have a fleet at sea, and will break with England in fifteen days. *•• Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh.*" I quoted that already, but no matter. *Nous verrons.* It would be a great point gained, if Spain would declare against the common enemy of the liberties of mankind.

June 13. 14. Called on Clarke this morning, for want of other idleness. Saw him for two minutes, mentioned Madgett's report of the landing, adding, that I did not believe it. He assured me it was utterly unfounded. So there is an end of that business. I observed, it was dreadfully indiscreet in whoever had set it going. He agreed, but observed it was sometimes impossible to prevent the indiscretion of people. He also told me he had not yet had time to read my proclamation as cut down. I fixed to call on him the 1st Messidor, in four or five days, and so we parted. Clarke was civil enough. I

want to consult him as to what I am to do, concerning trade affairs. My finances are reduced to a state truly deplorable. I am worth to-day about thirteen louis d'ors, which will not last me more than a month, and I must not let myself be run to the last sol. I might have been, perhaps, something more economical, but not much, all things considered. Paris is, after all, much more reasonable than Philadelphia, and I need not say, a million of times more pleasant. Yet it is absolutely impossible to lead a more comfortless life than I do here. It is dreary. It is pitiful. All my habitudes are domestic, and here am I, isolated in the midst of Paris, in which there is not a single soul interested in my well or ill being. At home or abroad, it is all one, and I cannot express how this sinks my spirits. I am as much in a desert, for all purposes of happiness, as if I were in the midst of Caffraria. The Opera is my only resource, and that will not do at all times. I always go alone, and have nobody to whom I can communicate the pleasure I sometimes feel, or the observations which strike me. After the friendship of P. P. and the inestimable happiness of my dearest love's society, judge how I feel here, where neither man nor woman cares if I were in the moon. "*Oh sad! oh sad! I declare I pity the poor Draper! After this he goeth on and saith,*" &c. The only thing that consoles me, and it is a powerful consolation, is the unparalleled success of the French arms. I think England must tumble, and, if so, we rise. I see, in the Morning Chronicle, which I get from time to time, from Sullivan, that the journey of Lady Bute to Madrid, where her husband is ambassador, is suspended until it is known what turn affairs will take in Spain. I see, likewise, that there is a camp forming at St. Roch, and a levy of 60,000 men ordered in that country. That looks warlike. It is certain that Beaulieu is flying before Buonaparte, who gives him no respite; that the French are making a progress nearly as rapid on the Rhine as in Italy; that the Austrian armies are in the greatest disorder, and utterly dispirited and sick of the war, a circumstance of the last importance; that the Emperor has sent Count Metternich to London, most probably to announce his determination to make peace instantly, and, if so, the battle will remain to be fought out between France and England. *Alors, nous verrons! Madgett,* (but he is no great authority, as appears from diverse

parts of these entertaining and instructive memorandums) always informs me that we are waiting on the Dutch. Carnot tells me nothing. Clarke nothing, and the Minister knows, I am sure, no more than Madgett. Nic Frog, to be sure, is always plaguy slow in his motions, yet he contrived to steal a march on John Bull already. Would to God he were after stealing a second. My very soul is sick with expectation. I cannot think it possible but England must tumble, and I have the greatest faith in the talents of the Government here, and in their *acharnement* against the English. It is said to-day that two deputies from the Emperor are actually arrived incognito, to treat of a peace. That young gentleman has made prodigious acquisitions in the French territory, in virtue of his alliance with John Bull. It is said, likewise, that Richery has sailed from Cadiz, with his seven sail, and twelve sail of Spanish ships of the line under Solano, but nobody knows where. If they fall in with the British, that will probably bring matters to a crisis; but John Bull will thrash them both at sea, to the end of time, if they do not inveigle Pat out of his hands. I wish to God Carnot was as sensible of this as I am. Well, here I am, and here I must remain, and I am as helpless as if I were alone, swimming for my life in the middle of the Atlantic. 'Tis terrible—however, “’Tis but in vain,” &c.

June 15. Got a parcel of English newspapers from Sullivan. Strolled out into the fields, all alone, and laid down under a hedge to read them. Melancholy as ten thousand devils, and no wonder. I see the Americans have ratified the English treaty, after all, by a majority of fifty-one to forty-eight. The Dutch fleet which gave John Bull the slip, put into Teneriffe, March 26th. in bad condition, to look for provisions. It consists of two sixty-fours, one fifty gun ship, four frigates, and two sloops of war. They are bound for the Cape of Good Hope. I wish they were well there, and after driving the English out, but I fear it. Quere. Are the troops on board French or Dutch? Because, on that circumstance the event will probably turn.—I see Combe is returned for the city of London, and Fox is first, on the 7th June, for Westminster: he is opposed by Admiral Gardner, who is within a dozen of him; Horne Tooke is the third candidate, and is above one thousand behind both of them. Fox and Tooke made admirable speeches from the Hastings. From the

little I can observe, being nearly uninformed, the new Parliament will probably be as hollow with Pitt as the old ; I mean the counties, for as to the boroughs, there is no doubt of them. There are three war members, for example, returned for the city of London. So best ! The more warlike they continue the better. Reading these papers has left me as dull as ditchwater, and I did not need that.

**June 16, 17.** Called to-day for the first time, God knows when, on the Minister. He was busy and could not see me. That is no good sign, nor is it very bad ; altogether, I do not much glory in it. The news to-day is, that the King of Naples has made his peace, paying 30,000,000 livres, *en numeraire*, and withdrawing his cavalry from Beaulieu, and five sail of the line from the British Admiral in the Mediterranean. That will strengthen the Emperor and John Bull prodigiously. This news is not yet confirmed, but if it has not yet happened, it soon must, for the petty Princes of Italy are, as the French say, (*“ en queue pour faire la paix.”*) This is an excellent metaphor, taken from a crowd, who stand one behind another in order to be served in their turn, as the poor of Paris, for example, at the bakers. There cannot be a more ridiculous image.

**June 18, 19.** Called on Clarke by appointment. Found his aid-de-camp copying my proclamation, as abridged. Clarke seemed glad to see me, and begged me to make a copy myself, as he wanted it immediately. I accordingly sat myself down at his desk, and he went about his lawful occasions. In about half an hour I had finished, and he returned. I told him in three words the position of my affairs ; that I had gone on thus far entirely on my own means, and calculated I had about as much as would enable me to carry on the war another month, in which time I should be *“ a sec,”* as the French say ; finally, I asked his advice on the premises. He answered me friendly enough ; he said they must provide for me in the military line, for which I had expressed an inclination, and in the cavalry, where the pay was most considerable ; but added, that the pay of all ranks were below their necessities. He then asked, had I ever served ? I answered, No ; that I had been a volunteer in the Belfast regiment, which I considered as no service, but was fond of a military life, and in case of any thing being done for Ireland, it would be the line I should adopt. He then said my not hav-

ing served might make some difficulty, but that he would see about it, and let me know the result in three or four days, adding, that I might be sure something would be done. He then took me in his carriage to the Minister's, with whom he had business. On the way I told him it was extremely painful to me to apply to the Republic for any pecuniary assistance, but that circumstances compelled me; that I was not a man of expense, and that of course a moderate supply would satisfy me; and added, that being engaged here in the service of my country, any sum advanced to me was to be considered as advanced on her account, and as such to be repaid, with all other expenses, at the conclusion of the business. He laughed at this, and said we would have no money. I said that was true, or, at least, we should not have much, but we would have means, and I instanced the quantity of English property which would, in that event, be forfeited to the state, and assured him we would have enough to pay our debts of justice, of honor, and of gratitude. As to want of money, which I observed to him, he seemed to dwell on a little; France had given, and was giving a splendid example of what could be done, even without money, when a people were in earnest. The conversation then turned on the expedition. He said it would be absolutely necessary the General-in-chief should speak English. I said it would, undoubtedly, be convenient, but not absolutely necessary. He then observed it would be hard to find an Irishman, qualified for the command. I answered we would prefer a Frenchman, on account of the effect it would produce on public opinion, and especially a General whose name had figured in the Gazettes. (This is a circumstance I never miss to suggest, when an opportunity offers.) He then mentioned three or four names of Irish Generals, Kilmaine, Harty, Lynch, and O'Keefe, with his opinion on their situation and talents in very few words. I repeated I would wish to see a French General at the head of the business, and that those officers might be employed under him. He seemed at length to be of my opinion. In the course of this discussion, I asked him why he might not command the expedition himself? He answered that if he were to make the offer, he was sure the Directory would not accept it, as they could not spare him from the department where he was placed. This discourse brought us to the Minister's, where we parted, and I am to return in a few



days : in the mean time he is to see into my affair, and let me know the result.—And now, what is to be the end of this ? When I made the offer and request of being employed in a military capacity, I certainly limited it in my own mind to the expedition. but here it is generalized. If I were a single man, I should not hesitate an instant, as I look upon the situation of an officer in the service of the French Republic, to be the most honorable in the world ; and besides, it is my passion. But when I think of my wife, and our three children, and, perhaps, by this time, a fourth, depending on my life for their existence, it staggers my resolution, and I know not what to determine. I have written to her to come to France, and am I to leave her and them to chance, and go, perhaps, to be knocked on the head at the frontiers ? If I were an officer it would be only my duty, and I would have no choice : but as it is.—In the service of my own country I hope I would avoid no danger which came fairly in my way, and if I fell, I would leave my family to the public gratitude, which would, I have no doubt, preserve them from want ; but here I have no such prospect. I am extremely embarrassed. I will take these four days to consider.—After all, if I should turn out a Captain of French dragoons, it would be droll. “*It is a life I have desired ; I will thrive.*” Assuredly, if I were single, I would embrace the offer on the instant : but my fears for my wife and my poor little babies perplex me in the extreme. This offer makes no part of my original system, nor does it come in the strict line of my duty. I declare I know no more what to determine than a horse. Certainly, “*To give a young gentleman right education, the army’s the only good school in the nation.*” But then, Matty ; and——and the darlings. Well, “*I am lost in sensations of troubled emotions.*” Besides, I must do something, and that speedily : for, “*money, money, money is your friend.*” What would I give that my family were here to-day ! Well, “*Let the world wag ;*” I have four days yet to reflect. I fancy I will state my difficulties to Clarke, and hear what he says. *Allons ! Courage !*

**June 20.** To-day is my birth day—I am thirty-three years old. At that age Alexander had conquered the world ; at that age Wolfe had completed his reputation, and expired in the arms of victory. Well, it is not my fault, if I am not as great a man as Alexander or Wolfe. I have as good dispositions for

glory as either of them, but I labor under two small obstacles at least—want of talents and want of opportunities; neither of which, I confess, I can help. *Allons! nous verrons.* If I succeed here, I may make some noise in the world yet; and, what is better, the cause to which I am devoted is so just, that I have not one circumstance to reproach myself with. I will endeavor to keep myself as pure as I can, as to the means; as to the end, it is sacred—the liberty and independence of my country first, the establishment of my wife, and of our darling babies, next; and last, I hope, a well earned reputation. I am sure I am doing my very best here, as, indeed, I have endeavored to do all along. “*I am not idle, but the ebbs and flows of fortune’s tide cannot be calculated.*” I will push every thing here as far as I can make it go. I have taken it into my head to-day that our expedition will not take place, if at all, until the winter, because of the Channel fleet. Howe is to have the command, with twenty-eight sail of the line, and they are moving heaven and earth to man them. I would not be surprised if our business was the cause of these great exertions. I cannot doubt but Pitt is informed of every thing which passes here, and, of course, of my arrival, obscure as I am. Perhaps it may be fear of Spain, with whom it seems likely the Republic is about to form a treaty of alliance. At all events, if the Channel fleet be once at sea, there is an end of our expedition for the Summer, as I told the Minister long since. Well, there is no remedy but patience. John will thrash them all at sea to the end of time, whilst he is able to press poor Pat into the service; and this is what I labor, (God knows with what success,) to impress on them here. If we were independent in Ireland, all parties, friends and enemies, would soon feel the difference.

*June 21.* I walk almost every day to the Thuilleries to see the guard relieved. There are about 400 infantry and from 50 to 80 dragoons. The grenadiers attached to the national representation, are, I am satisfied, for appearance, and, I have no doubt, for courage, the first corps in Europe. I am more and more pleased with the French soldiery, notwithstanding the slovenliness, to speak out, of their manœuvres and dress. Every one wears what he pleases: it is enough if his coat be blue and his hat cocked, and even that I have seen dispensed with; the essential part is, that they all seem in high health and spirits.

young, active, and fit for immediate service. Their arms they keep in *tolerable* order, but there is nothing of that brilliant polish of arms and accoutrements, which I have seen in England. Their bayonets are too short, which is a fault, and their muskets are much lighter than ours. Their grenadiers are noble fellows, and, luckily, Jourdan has 22,000 of them in one corps on the Rhine. They are fond of ornamenting themselves, particularly with flowers. One scarce sees a sentinel without a little bouquet in his hat or breast, and most frequently in the barrel of his firelock. I like that, and I do not know why, but it pleases me. I believe I have a small prejudice in favor of the French, especially the army, which is the flower of the nation. Their dragoons are fine fellows, but ill mounted, which is a pity; both they and their horses are slovenly, like the infantry; but that does not prevent them from fighting like tigers, for the truth of which I appeal to the slaves of the despots, whom they are driving before them, (thank God,) in all quarters. It is said, to-day, the Emperor sent Commissaries to the Directory, to amuse them and gain time, but the Directory smoked the contrivance, and refused all suspension of arms. They were quite right. Beat him well, and he will negotiate in good earnest. "*Si vis pacem, para bellum.*" John has been defeated in his first attempt this campaign in the West Indies. He sent 4,000 men to take Leogane, but it seems they came back without their errand. Much good may it do his poor heart, because I have a regard for him.

June 22. Bad news to-day. Jourdan has received a check, and, I fancy, a pretty serious one, which has compelled him to repossess the Rhine, and Kleber to fall back on the Sieg. He says it is but an affair of posts; but an affair of posts would not lead to such consequences. We have lost men, cannon, ground, and character, which is worst of all. I fear this will force Moreau, whose advanced guard is under the walls of Mannheim, to retreat also. Bad! Bad! Well, "'Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain." One thing, however: it will encourage John Bull in his warlike propensities, and the King will meet his new Parliament with the successes of the Emperor in his mouth. So, out of evil comes good. Madgett shewed me to-day a private letter which he just received, indirectly, from London, informing him that a rupture with Spain was looked upon there as inevitable, and that the Admiralty were actually issuing letters of

marque against the Spaniards. I hope to God it is true. Clarke has likewise applied to him for the names of such persons as he would wish to be employed in our business. and Madgett concludes, from circumstances, that there will be two embarkations, one from Holland and one from Brittany. I do not, however, build much on Madgett's inferences, which he often takes up on very slight grounds.

June 23. Called on Clarke in the morning, and found him in high good humor. He tells me that he has mentioned my business to Carnot, and that within a month I may expect an appointment in the French army. This is glorious! He asked me would I choose to serve in the cavalry or infantry. I said it was equal to me, and referred it to him to fix me in the most eligible situation. I fancy it will be in the cavalry. "*for a Captain of horse never takes off his hat.*" He then told me that he was at liberty to acquaint me so far, as that the business, and even the time, were determined on by the Directory, and the manner only remained under discussion. There is good news at last.—I observed to him, after expressing the satisfaction I sincerely felt at this information, that I wished to remind him of the great advantages to be derived from the landing being effectuated in the North, particularly from the circumstance of framing our first army of *the different religious persuasions*, which I pressed upon him, I believe, with success. I then asked him, had he many Irish prisoners remaining, as I thought they might be usefully employed in case of the landing being effected. He laughed at this, and said, "I see you want to form your regiment." I said I should like very well to command two or three hundred of them, who might be formed into a corps of Hussars, to serve in the advanced guard of the army, not only as soldiers, which I knew they would, and with sufficient courage, but as *eclaireurs* to insense the country people. He seemed to relish this a good deal, and I went on to say that, in that case, they should be as an Irish corps in green jackets, with green feathers, and a green standard with the harp, surmounted by the cap of liberty. He bit at this, and made me draw a sketch of the devise, and also a description, which he took down himself in French, from which I infer the standard will be made directly. All the world, (*viz.* Matty, and Mary, and P. P.) will laugh heartily at this council of war, because it savors of the

*Etat Militaires*, and P. P. in his wisdom, will remind me of my famous button for the National Volunteers, which did such mischief in Ireland. *But I will jump suddenly upon him, and deprive him of the use of his weapon.* by reminding him that I swore solemnly then, never to quit until I saw that button upon every soldier's coat in Ireland; in which declaration, "*clenching a fist something less than the knuckle of an ox, Mr. Adams declared he would support me.*" After that, I think he will be reduced to a state of silent mortification, which will be truly deplorable. To return to Clarke: He desired to see me regularly every fifth morning; and assuring me again that he would charge himself with my business, we parted. I fancy, in the upshot, I shall be sent to Lisle to recruit, and, in that event, I will make "*reeling Bacchus call on Love for aid:*" or, in the language of the vulgar, I will attack Pat with women and wine, which defy every care; and, because I know he has an ear for music, I will also bring a fiddle with me. I understand John Doyle's Irish heroes, (the 87th.) are there to a man; and, as many of them are from Prosperous, in my own county, and many more from Glasmanogue, and not a few from Mutton Lane and Crooked Staff, I think I shall be able to make something of them. I will make, I hope, as good a colonel as John Doyle, though he is a brave man and a tolerable officer. Whilst I was with Clarke, Madgett called on him, and I stept into the next room whilst he gave him audience. It was to recommend Aherne to be employed as a military man in this business. Clarke seemed, I thought, disinclined. He asked me, did I know Aherne? I answered, that I saw him merely officially by the Minister's orders, but that I knew nothing whatsoever to his prejudice, and that, as to Madgett, I had a very good opinion of him, and, of course, supposed he would not recommend an improper person; that, however, I could say nothing from myself, for or against him, further than what I had mentioned. N. B. I do not wish to hurt Aherne, but I had rather he was not employed in Ireland at first, for he is *outré* and extravagant in his notions; he wants a total *bouleversement* of all property, and he has not talents to see the absurdity and mischief, not to say the impossibility, of this system, if system it may be called. I have a mind to stop his promotion, and believe I must do it. It would be terrible doctrine to commence with in Ireland. I wish all

possible justice to be done to Aherne. but I do not wish to see him in a station where he might do infinite mischief. I must think of this. I told Clarke I had written for my family, and was determined, at all events, to settle in France.

June 24. "*I've now not fifty ducats in the world;*" but, hang it, that does not signify : am I not going to be an officer in the French service ? I believe I might have been a little more economical, but I am sure not much. I brought with me one hundred louis to France, and they will have lasted me just six months, by the time they are run out ; after all, that is no great extravagance. Besides, "*a fool and his money are soon parted,*" and poor Pat was never much noted for his discretion on that point, and I am in some things as arrant an Irishman as ever stood on the Pont-neuf. I think I have made as good a defence as the nature of the case will admit, and I leave it to all the world whether I am not fairly excusable for any little *dedom-magement* which I can lay hold on, seeing the sacrifices I have made thus far, the services which I hope I shall at last have rendered my country, and especially the dreary and tristful solitude to which I have devoted myself in Paris, where I have not formed a single connection but with the persons indispensably necessary to the success of our business.

June 25. There has been a damned lie in circulation these two days, that the advanced guard of Buonaparte's army in Italy has been cut to pieces, to the number of fifteen thousand men ; and there are scoundrels in Paris base enough to seem not sorry for it. However, to-day it is formally contradicted, by a letter of Buonaparte's just published, which bears date thirteen days later, and makes no allusion to any check whatsoever. My heart was sunk down to my heels at the bad news, and I was as melancholy as a cat ; for I have every thing dear to me embarked on the fortune of the Republic, and I would as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as come croaking to me with their evil tidings. "*I am now a little better, but very faint still.*" I wish I was after getting my brevet. Madgett tells me to-day he has orders from Clarke to find him some twenty-five recruits in fifteen days, to be sent after the first fifteen to Hoche ; and, in our last conversation, Clarke told me they were not for Ireland. Where the devil are they for, then ?

June 26. I go regularly every day to the Thuilleries, at twelve o'clock, to see the guard relieved : it is one of my great-

est relaxations. I take pride in the French troops, though they are neither powdered nor varnished, like those of the other states of Europe. I frequently find the tears gush into my eyes whilst I am looking at them. It is impossible to conceive a body of finer fellows than the guards of the legislative body,\* who are, by-the-by, perfectly well dressed and appointed, in all respects. They are all handsome young men, six feet high, and well proportioned. They have, as I believe I remarked already, the air of officers in soldiers' coats, and look as if they were set up by the dancing master, rather than the drill sergeant. As to the courage of the French soldiery, I believe it is now pretty well understood in Europe: nevertheless, "*one Englishman is always able to beat five Frenchmen;*" which is very consoling to John Bull. I wonder what figure poor Pat will cut upon the sod. I fancy he will not be much amiss. Well, let me once see myself in Ireland, buckled to a long sabre, and with a green coat on my back, and a pair of swinging epaulets on my shoulders, "*Alors nous verrons, M<sup>rs</sup>. de la Cabale.*" The Whig Club, I see, are taking up the condition of the laboring poor. They are getting frightened, and their guilty consciences will not let them sleep. I suppose they will act like the gentry of Meath, who, for fear of the Defenders, raised their workmen's wages from eight pence to a shilling per day, but took care at the same time to raise the rent of their hovels, and the grass for their cows, in the same proportion, so that at the end of the year the wretched peasant was not a penny the richer. Such is the honesty of the Squirearchy of Ireland. No! no! it is we who will better the condition of the laboring poor, if ever we get into that country; it is we that will humble the pride of that execrable and contemptible corps, the country gentlemen of Ireland. I know not whether I most hate or despise them, the tyrants of the people and slaves of the Government. Well, I must not put myself in a passion about them. I have not, however, forgot the attack made on my honor by Mr. Grattan, nor that intended on my life by Mr. G. Ponsonby. I fancy I shall stand as high one day as either of those illustrious whigs. If I do, I hope I shall act as becomes me. I am in a good humor to-day, I do not know why. Huzza! generally, *Vive la République!* Went in the evening to the Theatre Feydeau, to see the

\* This corps was the nucleus of Napoleon's *Vieille garde*.

“Festin de Pierre.” Incomparably well performed. I remember P. P. was delighted with Don Juan, who is the archetype, as he observed, of Lovelace. Fleury, who played the part, is an admirable actor. He is the Lewis of the Theatre Feydeau, but Lewis is not worthy to be his *valet de chambre*. D’Azincourt is the Sganarelle, and a most excellent one. I saw this piece already at the Theatre de la République, with Baptiste and Dugazon in the same characters. It is hard to say which is best. I believe I prefer Fleury to Baptiste, and Dugazon to D’Azincourt. They are all four inimitable actors. The English comedians are beasts by the French, but this I have already said a thousand times. I have likewise seen lately the *Barbier de Séville*, with Fleury in Almaviva, D’Azincourt in Figaro, and Mlle. Lange in *Rosine*. It is not possible to conceive better acting. D’Azincourt is the original Figaro of Beaumarchais, and Mlle. Lange is a charming woman, who has ruined several young fellows, and one in particular, twice over. I have also seen at the Theatre de la République, *Robert, chef de Brigands*, a translation of the Robbers of Schiller. It acts very well, and Baptiste is admirable in Robert. I am writing here like a *Muscadin*, (N. B. *Dandy*) about the theatres, and all that kind of thing. But what can I do? I must write something to amuse myself, and I have nothing more serious. When I have, I will not be found to neglect it for the spectacles. After all, give me the opera.

June 27. A sad rainy day, and I am not well, and the blue devils torment me. Hell! Hell! Allah! Allah! Allah! To-morrow I will go and see Clarke about my commission. Will it not be extraordinary to see me in the service of the Republic? That will console me for the exile I lie under from my native country. It is raining now like ten thousand devils.

June 28. Called on Clarke by appointment. I told him I had two things to mention: First, that as we had the Pope now in our grasp, I wished him to consider whether we might not artfully seduce him into writing to his legate, Dr. Troy, in order to secure, at least the neutrality, if not the support, of the Irish Catholic clergy. He objected, that this would be recognizing the authority of the Pope, and said he was sure the Directory would make no public application of this sort, besides, that it would be making the matter known in Italy. I replied,



that undoubtedly it was not a matter for an official application, but for private address : and, as to making it known, it need not be applied for until the last stage of the business ; nevertheless, I merely threw it out as a hint for his consideration, without pressing it, as I expected no formidable opposition from the priests in Ireland. The other thing I had to mention was, that Madgett told me last night there was a person going to London officially, as commissary of prisoners, and pressed me very much to write to my friends by that opportunity : that I had only said I would think of it, as I did not consider myself at liberty to take such a step without his approbation. That I wished to know whether I should write or not, and, if I were to write, what line I should follow? That, if I were to allude to our business, I must beg him to give me such information as he might think fit to communicate, without at all wishing to press him on the subject. That, if I were not, I thought it best not to write at all, as I was in general disinclined to writing, even where it was necessary, and much more so in the present instance, where all I would have to say would be, that I was alive and well in Paris. Clarke answered, “As to that, your friends know it already.” I replied, “Not that I knew of.” He answered, “Aye, but I know it, but cannot tell you at present how.” He then went on to tell me he did not know how to explain himself farther, “for, added he, if I tell you ever so little, you will guess the rest.” So it seems I am a cunning fox without knowing it. He gave me, however, to understand that he had a communication open with Ireland, and showed me a paper, asking me did I know the handwriting. I did not. He then read a good deal. It stated very briefly, that fourteen of the counties, including the entire North, were completely organized for the purpose of throwing off the English yoke and establishing our independence ; that, in the remaining eighteen, the organization was advancing rapidly, and that it was so arranged that the inferiors obeyed their leaders, without examining their orders, or even knowing who they were, as every one knew only the person immediately above him. That the militia were about 20,000 men, 17,000 of whom might be relied on, that there were about 12,000 regular troops, wretched bad ones, who would soon be settled in case the business were attempted. Clarke was going on, but stopped here suddenly, and said, laughing, “There is

something there which I cannot read to you, or you will guess." I begged him to use his discretion without ceremony. He then asked me, did I know of this organization? I replied, that I could not, with truth, say positively I knew it, but that I had no manner of doubt of it : that it was now twelve months exactly since I left Ireland, in which time, I was satisfied, much must have been done in that country, and that he would find in my memorials that such an organization was then begun, was rapidly spreading, and, I had no doubt, would soon embrace the whole people.—It is curious, the coincidence between the paper he read me and those I have given here, though, upon second thought, as truth is uniform, it would be still more extraordinary if they should vary. I am delighted beyond measure with the progress which has been made in Ireland since my banishment. I see they are advancing rapidly and safely, and, personally, nothing can be more agreeable to me than this coincidence between what I have said and written, and the accounts which I see they receive here. The paper also stated, as I had done, that we wanted arms, ammunition, and artillery : in short, it was as exact in all particulars, as if the same person had written all. This ascertains my credit in France beyond a doubt. Clarke then said, as to my business he was only waiting for letters from General Hoche, in order to settle it finally : that I should have a regiment of cavalry, and, it was probable it might be fixed that day ; that the arrangement of the forces intended for the expedition was entrusted to Hoche, by which I see we shall go from Brittany instead of Holland. All's one for that, provided we go at all. I returned Clarke my acknowledgments, and he went on, desiring me not to mention all this to Madgett, of whose discretion he had no opinion, (in which he is very right) but rather to train him off the scent, by appearing to think the business not likely to be attempted, which I promised I would take care to do. We had then some good humored laughing at Madgett, who is literally the greatest P. P. I ever saw. In fact, the "*Cinq*" are but five puppets, whom he dances, and Carnot, a soft youth, who never opens his mouth but to utter the words which he puts into it. He amuses me often by this, as I have already remarked in those wise and engaging memorandums. Clarke then said, he supposed they would see me again here as Ambassador. I replied, that if the business was undertaken, I

was ready to serve my country where and in what manner she thought I could be most useful ; that, if my services were necessary in France, I should undoubtedly be highly honored by the station, but I rather thought, from the circumstance of my being, perhaps, the only man so intimately connected with both Catholics and Dissenters, from the station I held with the one, and the friendship which, I might say, the others bore me, that I would be detained in Ireland in order to cultivate and ensure that spirit of harmony and union, so essential to the success of our affairs. I took this opportunity to mention to Clarke, that, on my departure, I should have a request to make to the Directory, viz. that, if they were satisfied with my conduct here, they would be pleased to signify it by a letter, addressed to me from the President, or a resolution, or such means as they might think proper, in order that I might have, on my return, a testimonial to show my countrymen that I had, to the best of my power, executed their instructions. Clarke said he was sure the Directory would readily accede to my request, which was but reasonable, and, in fact, I think so myself.

“ Such services rendered, such dangers incurred,

“ He himself thinks he ought to be better preferred.”

I have a fine spot of ground here, clear before me for castle building, but I will not be in too great a hurry to lay the first stone. I have not got my commission yet, and it will be quite time enough when I am Colonel to begin dreaming of being an Ambassador. “ A Colonel of horse in the service of the Republic ! ” Is it not most curious ? Well, after all, I begin to believe my adventures are a little extraordinary. Eighteen months ago, it was a million to one that I should be hanged as a traitor, and now I am like to enter the country in which I was not thought worthy to live, at the head of a regiment of horse. It is singular. P. P. used always to be foretelling great things, and I never believed him, yet a part of his prophecy seems likely to be verified. He said that I had more talents, and would make a greater figure than Plunkett or Burrows. For the talents, “ *negatur*,” but for the figure, the devil puts it into my head sometimes that he was right. I am very well pleased with myself this morning, as I believe the track of these memorandums will prove. My name may be spoken of yet, and I trust there is nothing, thus far, attached to it of which I need be ashamed. If ever I come to be a great man, let me

never forget two things. The honor of my masters of the General Committee, who refused to sacrifice me to the requisition of Mr. Grattan. and the friendship. I may say, of the whole town of Belfast. in the moment of my departure into exile. These are two instances of steadiness and spirit. under circumstances peculiarly trying. which do honor to them, to me, and to our common nature. *I never will forget them.*—Affairs look rather well in the North to-day, and Moreau has passed the Rhine on three points near Strasbourg. and I cannot foresee the consequences, for Madgett tells me *he* has organized a revolution in Swabia. and. if the poor Emperor Francis loses that. after Brabant and the Milanese, what will he do? To be sure the French are going on miraculously this campaign. It must be Providence itself which guides them for the common liberties of man. Surely. surely our poor country cannot be fated to remain much longer in slavery to England. The Milanese have three Commissioners now in Paris to negotiate the establishment of a republic and the subversion of the Austrian tyranny. Well, poor Ireland has a sort of a Commissioner too, at Paris, on pretty much a like business. Oh! if the British were once chased from Ireland, as the Austrians from Milan! Well, who knows? But their damned fleet torments me. And it is we, ourselves, miserable rascals that we are. that are fighting the battles of the enemy. and rivetting on our own fetters with our own hands. It is terrible! There is a report to-day that the Piedmontese are in open insurrection: that the King of Sardinia has been forced to fly from Turin. and take shelter under the French flag at Coni. one of his *ci-devant* fortresses. It is by no means improbable. Thus. all the world are emancipating themselves but Ireland, notwithstanding which. as I have always told P. P., “*we are undoubtedly the bravest nation in Europe.*” I wish I could see a little more of it though. Well, perhaps I may by-and-by. “*I hope to see a battle yet before I die.*” But, I am running on with nonsense. Let me return to General Clarke. I mentioned to him that it would be highly necessary somebody should be sent to Ireland without delay, to apprize the people there of what was going forward. He said he was surprised Aherne did not go. I answered, that he had not the means, the Government having not yet paid up his arrears. Clarke said, as to that, he knew nothing, but, as to the sum necessary for his departure,

he could have it at once. I observed, that it seemed to me highly indiscreet to trust a man so far as the Minister had trusted Aberne, even to giving him his instructions, and afterwards to break with him. in which Clarke concurred. And certainly it is strange conduct in De la Croix, though I am not sorry on the whole, that Aberne does not go to Ireland. From an expression of Clarke, I am led to suppose it possible that he may be himself of the expedition. He has relations here in the French service, one of whom, at least, will go for Ireland, and he observed that he had some doubts how others of them, who remained in Ireland, would act; "*but, I believe, added he, when they see Elliot (his cousin) with me, they will most probably join us.*" The words *with me*, struck me, but I did not ask him for any explanation. The thing will soon explain itself. He told me Moreau's plan for crossing the Rhine had been arranged for six months back in the Directory, and the secret kept all the time. That is surprising. As for our business, it is what the French call "*Le secret de la Comedie.*" but I cannot help that.

June 29. Madgett tells me to-day that he has heard from Duckett, who is, I understand, a great blackguard, who has heard from a Mr. Morin, who is I know not what, that there are to be two expeditions to Ireland, one from Flushing, commanded by General Macdonald, an Irishman, and the other from Brest, commanded by General Hoche. Madgett added that he had endeavored to put Duckett off the scent, by saying that he did not believe one word of the story, but that Duckett continued positive. The fact is, it seems likely enough to be the truth, and probably is so, but it seems most terribly provoking to have the subject bandied about for table talk by such a fellow as this Duckett, to whom, by-the-by, Charles De la Croix revealed in confidence all that he knew three months ago, for which he ought to be damned; happily at present he knows nothing as I believe, so I presume he will keep the secret. I took this opportunity to train off myself a little from Madgett, in consequence of the hint which Clarke gave me yesterday, by saying that I was weary, and sick of expectation, when I saw nothing done, and that my belief was, that nothing would be done; that I wished I had my family in France, and that I were settled quietly in some little spot, and well quit of the business. He exhorted me not to despair, at which I only shook my head

significantly. like Lord Burleigh. and so we parted. I am to day on my last five louis. which is a circumstance truly amusing. My regiment. if I get it. comes just in the nick of time. But hang money. I hate to think of it. and yet there is no doing without it. in this vale of tears. *“Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.”* as the learned Lilly saith in his grammar. If that be so. I shall soon be on the high road to virtue. for I am like to be shortly quit of all temptation to vice. But hang it for me, as I have said archly enough above. (Sings) *“Oh money, money, money is your friend.”* *“Passion of my heart and life, I have a greater mind for to cry.”* (Sings) *“When as I sat in Pabylon; and a thousand ragrant posies.”* &c. &c. &c.

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JULY. 1796.

July 1. (Sings. with great courage,) *“Oh, July the first in Oldbridge-town, there was a grievous battle.”* We made no great figure that day. that is the God's truth of it. Well, no matter. what is past. is past. We must see and do better the next time: besides. we pulled up a little the year after at Aughrim. and made a most gallant defence at Limerick. But I am writing a history of the wars in Ireland. instead of minding my business. Suffice it to say. (God forgive me for lying,) that *we are undoubtedly the bravest nation in Europe.* There are. however. some brave men scattered here and there through the French army. but let that pass. *I hope to see a battle yet before I die: huzza! generally!*

July 2. Clarke has been confined to his room. and I believe to his bed, for these four days; he is cut down by continual labor in his bureau. This delays my affair a little. I saw his aid-de-camp to day. who told me by his orders, “that he hoped “to see me the day after to-morrow; that he wished to consult “me on an affair of great importance, on which he must also see “another person besides. and that when we met, we should arrange certain matters.” &c. This is a flourish to amuse the aid-de-camp. or perhaps he has translated Clarke into his own language: “*else why do we wrap the gentleman in our tender breath?*” My friend Fleury is. however, a fine lad, and I have no doubt would fight like a tyger. Apropos! I desire my read-

ers. (viz. P. P. Miss Mary, and my dearest love,) to take notice that I recant every word I have said heretofore in these memorandums, to the prejudice of General Clarke. *No. I lie! I lie!* "He is a tall, handsome, proper young man, with a face like a cherubim." I would blot out all the passages which reflect upon him, but upon second thoughts, I will keep them as a memento to prevent my forming hasty judgments of people. In fact it was Aberne, Sullivan, and even Madgett, but particularly the two first, that turned me against him, for I am myself, "*magnanimous, artless, and credulous.*" as P. P. used to say, whereas they have been used, I will not say to intrigue, but at least to look at people intriguing here of a long time, which is some excuse for them. However, I have now made him the only recompense in my power, by retracting on the same ground where I gave the offence, for my remarks to his disadvantage have not travelled beyond my memorandum book. I think that is handsome.

*July 3.* I see to day that the Channel fleet is preparing at Spithead. to the number of twenty-one sail of the line, (damn and sink them) with God knows how many Admirals; that the camps are not yet formed in Ireland, but that vast quantities of arms and ammunition are daily imported into that country, as also tents and camp equipage. I am glad of that, because I hope it will appear in the event, that it is for us that the worthy John Bull is putting himself to all this expense and trouble. I see likewise that the British have taken three of our best frigates, being the entire of a flying squadron, sent to cruize in the chops of the channel; that is damned bad; but then again the French are defending themselves in St. Lucie, like devils incarnate; that is good. There are also news to day of another victory on the Rhine, by Moreau, "*but this gentleman will tell you the perpendiculars,*" which are not yet published; I hope it is true. *Vive la Republique!*

*July 4.* Called to day on Clarke; he has not yet left his room, so that I did not see him. but I saw Fleury, his aid-de-camp, who brought me word as before, that the General expected to see a person, in order to arrange my business, and begged I would call the day after to-morrow. I wrote him a polite and tender note, praying him to lose no time, and which I gave Fleury, and so we parted. Confound these delays! I am sick

of them. I want to change my domicil. I am lodged in the house of a little “*bossue*,” (anglicè, a hunchback,) and she wants me to go to bed to her, and I won’t, for my virtue forbids it, and so she is out of humor, and very troublesome sometimes. To tell the God’s truth. I have no great merit in my resistance, for she is as crooked as a ram’s horn, (which is a famous illustration) and as ugly as sin besides; rot her, the dirty little faggot, she torments me. “*I will not march through Coventry with her, that’s flat.*”—Moreover, I see to day official news, (Buonaparte’s letter,) that the King of Naples has concluded an armistice, withdrawing all his troops from Beaulieu’s army, which will impugn the latter gentleman considerably, particularly in the article of cavalry; he likewise withdraws his ships from Hotham, in the Mediterranean, which will tend somewhat to the edification of John Bull, and, finally, he sends Prince Pignatelli to Paris, to negotiate a peace with the Directory; I like that dearly. The French always oblige the enemy to come to Paris to negotiate, which, besides the triumph, gives them prodigious advantages. I hope they may make as good and as haughty a peace with him, as they have done with the King of Sardinia. Imprimis, I hope they will take care to secure the fleet; that is what they want. I see likewise that his Holiness has at last been obliged to submit, and Buonaparte has granted him an armistice, and he also sends an Ambassador to Paris to negotiate. There is a pretty batch of Italian Ambassadors just now here. Salicetti mentions in his letter to the Directory, that in the conditions granted provisionally to the Pope, he did not neglect to avail himself of the terror which the French arms have inspired through all Italy; I dare say not indeed, who doubts him? I am heartily glad that old Priest is at last laid under contribution in his turn. Many a long century he and his predecessors have been fleecing all Europe, but the day of retribution is come at last; and besides, I am strongly tempted to hope that this is but the beginning of his sorrows. Well, I must see if we cannot make something out of him touching our affair, as I hinted to Clarke already. It is also said, with confidence, that the French have taken possession quietly of Leghorn. I hope that is true for fifty reasons; among others, John Bull I know has generally a bale or two of broad cloth, and a few cases of hardware stored up there, and the Republic perhaps



has occasion for them, and as he has passed sundry wise and humane laws touching French and Dutch property, I want to see how he will like a little confiscation in his turn. I do not see where he will victual and water his Mediterranean fleet now, unless it be in his kingdom of Corsica, which, by all accounts, is in a fair way to be speedily reduced to the circumference of Bastia and its environs. Sir Gilbert Elliot, the viceroy, has found that the air of Corsica disagreed with him, so he is gone to England for his *health*! It would not, to be sure, be decent for the King's representative to fall into the hands of republicans and rebels. What would I give that another of his sacred Majesty's representatives found himself suddenly attacked with the same complaint! Well, all in good time, we shall see. I hear nothing of Moreau's victory, mentioned in yesterday's memorandum, so I suppose it is premature.

*July 5. " 'Twas a sad rainy night, but the morning is fine."* I think it rains as much at Paris, as in Ireland, and that kills me. I am devoured this day with the spleen, and I have not settled with Clarke yet, and every thing torments me. Time! Time! I never felt the *tædium vitæ* in my life, till the last two or three months, but at present I do suffer dreadfully, that is the truth of it. Only think, there is not at this moment, man, woman, nor child in Paris, that cares one farthing if I were hanged, at least for my sake. I may say the Executive Directory are my nearest connections, Charles De la Croix, my chosen of ten thousand, and General Clarke, the friend of my bosom; certainly I respect them all, and wish them sincerely well on every account, but I would rather spend an hour talking nonsense with P. P. than a week with any one of them, saving at all times my business here. I do not speak of the loss of the society of my dearest love, and our little family, for that is not to be replaced. Well, if ever I find myself at Paris, Ambassador from Ireland, I will make myself amends for my former privations; "*I will, by the God of war!*" And I will have P. P. here too, and I will give him choice Burgundy to drink, *ad libitum*, and Matty, and Miss Mary, and he and I will go to the opera together, and we will be as happy as the day is long. "*Visions of glory, spare my aching sight.*" This is choice castle building, but what better can I do just now to amuse myself? Trifling as these memorandums are, they are a great resource to

me, for when I am writing them, I always fancy I am chatting with P. P. and my dearest love. I wish I had my commission though: I long to see myself in regimentals. (Sings) "*Zounds, I'll soon be a brigadier!*" That is choice.

*Evening, 5 o'clock.* It was not for nothing that I have been in the horrors all the forenoon. On the 26th May, I wrote to my wife, to Rowan, and Dr. Reynolds, respecting the immediate removal of my family to France: and to day I see in an English paper given me by Sullivan, that the vessel which carried my letter, an American, the Argus, Capt. Fanning, was carried into Plymouth on the 25th June last, and is detained. That is *pleasant!* This event throws my private affairs into unspeakable confusion, and I am too angry just now to see how to rectify them. I was this very morning counting that my dearest love would have my letter in about a fortnight. Was there ever any thing so distressing? These are the fruits of the American treaty, but it is hard my poor little family should suffer for it. See how their fifteen stripes are respected by England! I am infinitely embarrassed by this event: one thing consoles me; in all my letters, I have hardly mentioned one word of politics, or of my business here, and the little I have said is calculated to mislead; for at the time I wrote, appearances were as gloomy as possible. Well, this is the second time in my life I am indebted for a serious evil to master John Bull. He hunted me out of my own country first, and now he is preventing me from bringing my family to France: and does he think I will forget all that? No! that I won't, no more than his attempt to press me for a sailor on my passage out to America. Well, it does not signify cursing or swearing: I am in too great a fury to write any longer. God knows now when my family will get my letters, or whether they will ever get them.

*July 6.* Saw Clarke this morning; he is almost recovered; and tells me my business is delayed solely by the absence of General Hoche, who is coming up with all privacy to Paris to confer with the Directory; that on his arrival every thing will be settled; that I must be introduced to him, and communicate with him, and most probably return with him to the army where my presence would be necessary. All this is very good. I shall be glad to be introduced to Hoche; it looks like serious business. Clarke also told me he wanted to have my commission

expedited instantly by the Minister of War, but that Carnot had decided to wait for Hoche. I told him it was the same to me, and also begged to know when he expected Hoche. He replied, "Every day." I then took occasion to mention the state of my finances, that in two or three days I should be run out, and relied upon him to prevent my falling into difficulties. He asked me could I carry on the war some little time longer? I answered, I could not, for that I did not know a soul in Paris, but the Government. He seemed a little taken aback at this, by which I see that money is not their forte at present. Damn it for me! I am sure I wish there was not a guinea in the world. So here I am, with exactly two louis in my exchequer, negotiating with the French Government, and planning revolutions. I must say it is truly original. "*Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*" That is not true as to me, for my passion increases as my funds diminish. I reckon I am the poorest Ambassador to-day in Paris, but that gives me no great concern. Huzza! Vive la Republique! "*When Christmas comes about again, Oh then I shall have money.*" To be sure I am writing most egregious nonsense, *mais c'est égal*. I told Clarke of the miscarriage of my letters, by way of precaution against certain unknown apprehensions which I felt. How lucky it was that I hardly mentioned a word of my business to any one. Well, Lazarus Hoche, I wish you were come with all my soul. Here I am "in perplexity and doubtful dilemma," waiting your arrival. Sad! Sad! I am gnawing my very soul with anxiety and expectation. And then I have a vision of poverty in the background, which is truly alarming. "*O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum.*" I think I will stop, for the present, with this pathetic appeal to the citizen Directors. I had like to forget that after leaving Clarke, I sat down in an outside room, and wrote him a note, desiring him to apply to Carnot, for such assistance in the premises, as he might think fit; adding that any money advanced to me, was to be considered as advanced on public account, and that I would call on him the day after to-morrow. In the meantime I will devour my discontents, "*and in this harsh world draw my breath with pain.*" May be my friend Lazarus, "*who is not dead, but sleepeth,*" may make his appearance by that time. It is, to be sure, most excessively ridiculous, "*vu les circonstances actuelles,*" that I should be run out of money.

Clarke told me Jourdan had recrossed the Rhine at Neuwied, and gained another victory: Moreau's victory is confirmed; he is now beyond Offembourg, and has cut off the communication between Wurmser and the Archduke Charles. *Vive la République!*

*July 7.* In order to divert myself, and get rid of a little of my superfluous cash, I went last night to the opera, where, by-the-by, I go most frequently. I am more and more pleased with that spectacle. Nothing can be more perfect in its kind, than the representation of *Œdipe à Colonne*. It is a complete Greek tragedy, represented in music. Adrien is Œdipus; Rousseau is Poly-nices: Lays, Theseus, and Madame Cheron, Antigone. I have seen it now I believe a dozen times, and am every time more pleased with it, which is a rare thing to be able to say of an opera. I am not sure that the Œdipus of Adrien, is not the first piece of acting I ever saw, on any theatre without exception. He reminds me in many places of Kemble, but Adrien is superior. Madame Cheron is a delightful actress; without being handsome she is excessively interesting. *Le Déserteur* was the ballet, which I have also seen I know not how often. It is the triumph of Goyon in Montauciel, and of Millot in the "*Grand Cousin*." The theatre is a charming delusion, "*It soothes my soul to mortal anguish*," as P. P. says; if it were not for that, what should I do in Paris? I think I will go now and scold Monroe about the capture of the Argus, and miscarriage of my letters. Sat with Monroe above an hour, and like him very much. Drank a bottle of wine and prosed with Madgett in the evening at the Champs Elysées. Stupid enough, God knows.

*July 8.* Called on Clarke. He tells me my commission will be made out in two or three days, I returned him my acknowledgments. As soon as I receive it, must call on Carnot to thank him. Fixed with Clarke to call on him regularly every other day. Lazarus is not yet arrived and be hanged. The moment he comes, Clarke is to let me know. I am surprised at the sang froid with which I view this affair of my regiment, but it is my temper. I am sure if I were made an emperor it would not in the least degree elevate my spirits, though on some points I am susceptible enough. Is that in my favor, or not? for I'll be hanged if I know. No matter; "*Je suis, comme je suis*," and that is enough about myself for the moment. Moreau has had

what other nations would call another victory ; but what we content ourselves with calling an advantage. The French troops scaled the highest of the Black Mountains, and stormed a redoubt on the summit ; the General, “ *whose name I know not, but whose person I reverence.* ” being the first to leap into the fossé. Remember that, Mr. le Colonel ! If a man will command French troops, he must be rather brave ; and besides I shall have the honor of the sod to support. Well. I will do my best. Horne Tooke had good reason to say that the French Generals not only gave the command, but the example to their soldiers. They are noble fellows, that is the truth of it. Pray God we may imitate their glorious example. But I have no doubt we will. The Irish are a very brave people, and we have a famous good cause to support. I see in the papers that Lady Elliot is ordered by her physicians to the baths of Lucca, the air of Corsica disagreeing with her also, as well as with her spouse. These removals bode ill for the kingdom of Corsica. I see also the poor Emperor has made an application to the Empress of Russia for assistance ; and what assistance, in God’s name, do you think she has given him ? A declaration, addressed to the petty princes of Germany, calling on them, poor devils, to assist the head of the empire, and telling them it is a *shame for them not to support him better ; and that she is quite surprised at them for her part, &c.* After all it is a more decent declaration than Brunswick’s, but I do not believe it will have a prodigious effect on the army of the Rhine, or that of Sambre and Meuse. But to return to our own affairs. I reminded Clarke about the Pope, and told him that the Legate for Ireland was Cardinal Antonelli, and that if we could artfully get a line from him to Dr. Troy, it might perhaps save us some trouble. Clarke promised to think of it. He also told me that my proclamation had been translated into French, to lay before the Directory. If they adopt it, it will be a decisive proof of the integrity of their principles as to Ireland, for I have worded every thing as strongly in our favor as I knew how, and have made no stipulations for any return as to France ; but left every thing to the justice, honor, and gratitude of the Irish people. I am sure it is with regard to France herself, the wisest course, and, therefore, I hope they may adopt my proclamation.

**July 9.** By dint of perseverance I am getting through the remainder of my cash. When I am near being run out. I am always more extravagant; and, like the "Old Batchelor," run into the danger to avoid the apprehension. Last night I was at the theatre Vaudeville, where I was exceedingly amused by "*Hazard*," "*ard fils de son pere*," a parody of "*Oscar, fils d'Ossian*." Laporte who played Hazard, imitated Talma in Oscar incomparably. He beats Jack Bannister, for mimicry, all to nothing, and that is a bold word. But I am always alone at these theatres, and that kills me. I wish my dearest love were here, and P. P. To day I scaled Mount Martre, all alone, and had a magnificent view of Paris under my feet, but it is terrible to have nobody to speak to, or to communicate the million of observations which "*rise and shine, evaporate and fall*" in my mind. Money! Money! Money! I declare for my part I believe it is gone clear under the ground. I have this day six crowns in silver, being "*of dissipated wealth the small remains*." Sad! Sad! I hope citizen Carnot may "*bid his treasurer disburse six pounds to pay my debts*." Otherwise the consequences, I fear, will be truly alarming. In the evening lounged all alone, as usual, to the Champs Elysées, and drank coffee by myself. It is dismal, this solitude. For society, I might as well be in Arabia Deserta, not Arabia Felix. Well, as Kite says, *it is all for the good of the service*. If I have not passed almost six tedious months in France, I wonder at it. I am sure my country is much my debtor, if not for what I have done, at least for what I have suffered on account of her liberty. Well, I do not grudge it to her, and if ever she is able she will reward me, and I think by that time I will have deserved it at her hands. To-morrow I will go see Clarke, and hear what he has to say for himself. He assures me, for I asked him a second time for greater certainty, that my friends in Ireland know I am here. I am heartily glad of it. I was dreaming all last night of Plunkett and Peter Burrowes, and George Knox, and I believe it is that which has thrown me into the blue devils all this day. I remember Swift makes the remark as to dreams, that their complexion influences our temper the whole day after, and I believe he is right. Perhaps the marvellous state of my finances may a little contribute to plunge me into a state of tender melancholy, for Shenstone says, there is a close connection between the animal spirits and

the breeches pocket. Aristotle has many fine things on that subject. O Lord! O Lord! these are but sickly jokes. It won't do. "*Croaker is a rhyme for Joker, Poor Dick!*" I find I have a prodigious affection for the Louis. That is not so bad. I think I will leave off, while I am well. I have made diverse ineffectual efforts to sing, in this day's journal, all for the amusement of Matty and Miss Mary, and P. P. What are they doing this evening? Oh that I had them all with me, and every thing arranged to my mind. I wish I had my commission, though.

(Sings.) Oh says this Frog, I will go ride, Kitty alone, &c.

Oh says this Frog, I will go ride, Kitty alone and I.

Oh says this Frog, I will go ride, with sword and pistol by my side,

Cock ma Kary, Kitty alone, Kitty alone and I.

That quotation I take to be inimitable, I do not recollect any thing from P. P. which exceeds it. I know green envy will gnaw his soul at the perusal.

July 10. It is in vain to deny it, my journal of yesterday is as dull as a post. I think I have not seen any thing more stupid, and there is a sort of pert affectation of being witty, for which I deserve to be kicked. "*Gentle dullness ever loved a joke.*" Well, let me mind my business. It is raining all this blessed day like ten thousand devils, so that I could not go to Clarke's till an hour and a half after the proper time, and he was then gone out. I saw Fleury, however, who had nothing to tell me but that the citadel of Milan had surrendered, with 2,800 prisoners, and 150 pieces of cannon. Mantua, alone, remains to the Austrians, and it is closely besieged by 60,000 men. The French are certainly in Leghorn, but the official despatches are not yet arrived, and this is all the news. I left word I would call to-morrow, and took my leave. I am sick as a dog of these delays.

July 11. Called on Clarke, who took down my name, and the day and place of my birth, in order to have my commission filled up, which he expects to have done to-morrow. He was very civil, and mentioned that if it rested with him, the business would have been done long since. He then asked me did I know one Duckett? I answered I did not, nor did I desire to know him. He asked, why? I answered, I understood from Madgett, and others, that he was a blackguard. He seemed a little taken aback at this, and said, "Ay, but he is clever." I answered I knew nothing more about him. that it was disagree-

able to me to speak ill of any body, especially of a person whom I knew merely by report, but in a business of such consequence as ours, I felt it my duty to speak without the least reserve. Clarke said, "Undoubtedly." and so the matter rested. I am to call the day after to-morrow. at which time I hope my eternal commission will be ready. Bought the "*Règlement pour le service de la Cavalerie*," and sat down to study it. I must get a sensible *sous officier* (non-commissioned officer,) to drill me a little before I join the regiment. I am tired now of tactics. so I think I will go walk a little to refresh me. Evening. Tactics! Tactics! I wish I was as good an officer of cavalry as Marshal Schweidnitz. I may say or sing with my friend Montauciel,

Maudit l'inférieur	Sans cette écriture,
Faïeur de grimoire,	Et sans la lecture,
Dont l'esprit fatal	Ne peut on, Morbleu,
Mît dans sa mémoire,	Manger, rire et boire,
Tout ce bacchanal.	Marcher à la gloire,
	Et courir au feu.

I glory in those lines ; they are the veritable sentiments of a French dragoon. Huzza! I shall be a dragoon myself one of those days.

(Sings.) Oh there was a captain of Irish dragoons,  
Was quartered in the town of Kilkenny, oh!

July 12. *Battle of Aughrim*. As I was sitting in my cabinet, studying my tactics, a person knocked at the door, who, on opening it, proved to be a dragoon of the third regiment. He brought me a note from Clarke, informing me that the person he mentioned was arrived, and desired to see me at one o'clock. I ran off directly to the Luxembourg, and was shewed into Fleury's cabinet, where I remained till three, when the door opened, and a very handsome well made young fellow, in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons, entered, and said, "*Vous vous êtes le citoyen Smith?*" I thought he was a chef de bureau, and replied, "*Oui, citoyen, je m'appelle Smith.*" He said, "*Vous appelez, aussi, je crois Wolfe Tone?*" I replied, "*Oui, citoyen, c'est mon véritable nom.*" "*Eh bien,*" replied he, "*je suis le General Hoche.*" At these words I mentioned that I had for a long time been desirous of the honor I then enjoyed, to find myself in his company ; "*Into his arms I soon did fly, and there embraced him tenderly.*" He then said he presumed I was the author of the memorandums which had been transmitted to him. I said I was. Well, said he, there are one or two points I want to consult you on. He then proceeded to ask me, in case of the



landing being effectuated, might he rely on finding provisions, and particularly bread? I said it would be impossible to make any arrangements in Ireland, previous to the landing, because of the *surveillance* of the Government, but if that were once accomplished, there would be no want of provisions; that Ireland abounded in cattle, and, as for bread, I saw by the Gazette that there was not only no deficiency of corn, but that she was able to supply England, in a great degree, during the late alarming scarcity in that country, and I assured him, that if the French were once in Ireland, he might rely that, whoever wanted bread, they should not want it.—He seemed satisfied with this, and proceeded to ask me, might we count upon being able to form a provisory Government, either of the Catholic Committee, mentioned in my memorials, or of the chiefs of the Defenders? I thought I saw an open here, to come at the number of troops intended for us, and replied, that that would depend on the force which might be landed; if that force were but trifling, I could not pretend to say how they might act, but if it was considerable, I had no doubt of their co-operation. “Undoubtedly,” replied he, “men will not sacrifice themselves, when they do not see a reasonable prospect of support; but, if I go, you may be sure I will go in sufficient force.” He then asked, did I think ten thousand men would decide them? I answered, undoubtedly, but that early in the business the Minister had spoken to me of two thousand, and that I had replied that such a number could effect nothing. No, replied he, they would be overwhelmed before any one could join them. I replied I was glad to hear him give that opinion, as it was precisely what I had stated to the Minister, and I repeated that, with the force he mentioned, I could have no doubt of support and co-operation sufficient to form a provisory Government. He then asked me what I thought of the Priests, or was it likely they would give us any trouble? I replied I certainly did not calculate on their assistance, but neither did I think they would be able to give us any effectual opposition; that their influence over the minds of the common people was exceedingly diminished of late, and I instanced the case of the Defenders, so often mentioned in my memorials, and in these memorandums. I explained all this, at some length, to him, and concluded by saying, that, in prudence, we should avoid as much as possible shocking their prejudices unnecessarily.

and that, with common discretion, I thought we might secure their neutrality at least, if not their support. I mentioned this merely as my opinion, but added that, in the contrary event, I was satisfied it would be absolutely impossible for them to take the people out of our hands. We then came to the army. He asked me how I thought they would act? I replied, for the regulars I could not pretend to say, but that they were wretched bad troops; for the militia, I hoped and believed that when we were once organized, they would not only not oppose us, but come over to the cause of their country en masse; nevertheless, I desired him to calculate on their opposition, and make his arrangements accordingly; that it was the safe policy, and if it become necessary, it was so much gained. He said he would, undoubtedly, make his arrangements so as to leave nothing to chance that could be guarded against; that he would come in force, and bring great quantities of arms, ammunition, stores, and artillery, and, for his own reputation, see that all the arrangements were made on a proper scale. I was very glad to hear him speak thus: it sets my mind at ease on diverse points. He then said there was one important point remaining, on which he desired to be satisfied, and that was what form of Government we would adopt on the event of our success? I was going to answer him with great earnestness, when General Clarke entered, to request we would come to dinner with citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conversation to the apartment of the President, where we found Carnot and one or two more. Hoche, after some time, took me aside and repeated his question. I replied, "Most undoubtedly, a Republic." He asked again, "Was I sure?" I said as sure as I could be of any thing; that I knew nobody in Ireland who thought of any other system, nor did I believe there was any body who dreamt of monarchy. He asked me, was there no danger of the Catholics setting up one of their chiefs for King? I replied, "Not the smallest," and that there were no chiefs amongst them of that kind of eminence. This is the old business again, but I believe I satisfied Hoche; it looks well to see him so anxious on that topic, on which he pressed me more than on all the others. Carnot joined us here, with a pocket map of Ireland in his hand, and the conversation became pretty general between Clarke, Hoche, and him, every one else having left the room. I said scarcely any thing, as I wish-

ed to listen. Hoche related to Carnot the substance of what had passed between him and me. When he mentioned his anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed, and said, “There is plenty of beef in Ireland; if you cannot get bread, you must eat beef.” I told him I hoped they would find enough of both; adding, that within the last twenty years Ireland had become a great corn country, so that, at present, it made a considerable article in her exports. They then proceeded to confer, but I found it difficult to follow them, as it was in fact a *suite* of former conversations, at which I had not assisted, and besides, they spoke with the rapidity of Frenchmen. I collected, however, if I am right, that there will be two landings, one from Holland, near Belfast, and the other from Brittany, in Connaught; that there will be, I suppose, in both embarkations, not less than ten, nor more than fifteen thousand men: twelve thousand was also mentioned, but I did not hear any time specified. Carnot said “It will be, to be sure, a most brilliant operation.” And well may he say so, if he succeeds. We then went to dinner, which was very well served, without being luxurious. We had two courses, and a desert. There were present about sixteen or eighteen persons, Madame Carnot, her sister, and sister-in-law, Carnot, his brother, Hoche, Truguet, the Minister of Marine, Clarke, two or three officers, and Lagarde, the *Secrétaire General*. I sat by Hoche. After coffee was served, we rose, and Carnot, Hoche, Truguet, Lacuéc, and Clarke, retired to a cabinet and held a council on Irish affairs, which lasted from six to nine o’clock. In the mean time, I walked with Lagarde in the gardens of the Luxembourg, where we listened to a symphony performed in the apartments of La Reveilliere Lepaux, who is lodged over Carnot. Lagarde tells me that La Reveilliere has concerts continually, and that music is his great resource after the fatigues of his business, which are immense. At nine the council broke up, and I walked away with Clarke; he said every thing was now settled, and that he had himself much trouble to bring every thing to bear, but that at last he had succeeded. I wished him joy, most sincerely, and fixing to call upon him to-morrow at twelve, we parted.—This was a grand day; I dined with the President of the Executive Directory of France, beyond all comparison the most illustrious station in Europe. I am very proud of it, because it has come fairly in the line of my duty, and:

have made no unworthy sacrifices to obtain it. I like Carnot, extremely, and Hoche, I think, yet better.

*July 13.* I cannot help this morning thinking of Gil Blas, when he was Secretary to the Duke of Lerma. Yesterday I dined with Carnot, and to-day I should be puzzled to raise a guinea. I am almost on my last louis, and my commission is not yet made out, though Clarke tells me it is done; but I will never believe him till I have it in my hand. I will push him to-day, that is positive. Allons! Saw Clarke; nothing new; my commission not yet come. “*Damn it for me; Lord pardon me for swearing.*” I charged Clarke with great vigor, and he promised positively for after to-morrow, at farthest. So I must wait, and I am tired waiting. Hoche called for a moment on Clarke, to say that he had no further questions to propose to me. So matters rest! I wish, however, I was after *studying the language of the birds.*

‡ *July 14. Taking of the Bastille, 1789.* No business! Hoche yesterday praised Sir Sydney Smith, now prisoner in Paris, as a gallant officer: he said, “*Il a une rude reputation en Bretagne,*” and that there was hardly a cape or headland on the coast, which was not marked by some of his exploits. I like to hear one brave man praise another. Carnot said they would take care of him for some time, and that he should certainly not be exchanged. I am glad of that too, for one or two reasons. Hoche also spoke of the ignorance of the Bretons; he says they know no more of the real state of the Revolution than the inhabitants of Tartary; that they always call the Government the Convention, and had a report, when he set off, that the Convention had ordered the Pope to the bar. I think there is no part of Ireland more ignorant, by his account. Carnot said he was satisfied that Babœuf’s plot was the work of the Orleans faction. When I walked in the garden with Lagarde, whom I found very conversable, we spoke of the astonishing successes of the armies, particularly of the army of Italy. He assured me that, before the opening of the campaign, he trembled for the event; that the reluctance of the *jeunesse* to join their colors was almost insurmountable; that the Government was obliged to employ the most rigorous measures, even to tying them neck and heels, and transporting them in that manner, on carts, to the army; and yet, said he, you see how they fight, for all that.

It is, to be sure, most astonishing. Hoche yesterday told Clarke, speaking of me, that he had got me by heart. Was that by way of compliment! "*Ha! there may be two meanings in that!*" either that he had studied my memorials diligently, which is good, or that he had fathomed me in one conversation, which is not quite so flattering: I fear he does "*spy into the bottom of this Justice Shallow.*" No matter! no matter! Let me see and get the business done. If that is once effected, it is of very little consequence whether I have any talents or not. Huzza! I am in a good humor to-day.

*July 15.* Blank! Dull as a post all day.

*July 16.* Saw Clarke. He tells me the arreté of the Directory for my commission will be signed to-day, and that he will write to the Minister at War to send back the brevet to him, so that I shall have it by to-morrow at twelve o'clock. All that is very good; but still, as I have said already six and fifty times, "Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh." He tells me, also, that there is a change in the arrangement. The cavalry of the cidevant *Legion de Police* has been formed into a regiment of dragoons, the twenty-first. The Colonel had given the Directory to understand there were supernumeraries of men and horses enough to form a second regiment, which was intended for me. It appeared, however, on inspection, that the contrary is the fact, for the twenty-first is even ten men short of its complement. In consequence, I am to serve in the infantry, with the rank of Chef de Brigade, which answers to that of Colonel; and Clarke tells me the pay and rank are the same, with less trouble. One must not look a gift horse in the mouth; so I said, of course, I was perfectly satisfied, and we parted the best friends in the world, and I am to return to-morrow at twelve for this weary brevet. Called on Madgett on my way home, to desire him to find me two louis d'or in two days at farthest, for I am just now run out, and I shall have my lodgings to pay for in three days from this, which is most fearful, for I dread my little *bossue* of a landlady more than the enemy a thousand times; but Madgett has promised to supply me, and so

"Hang those who talk of fear;

"Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn."

I forgot to mention in its place, that Hoche has a famous cut of

a sabre down his forehead, eyebrow, and one side of his nose. He was pretty near the enemy when he got that, and, luckily, it does not at all disfigure him. He is but two and thirty, Jourdan five and thirty, Buonaparte twenty-nine, Moreau about thirty, and Pichegru, who is the oldest of all, about six and thirty. The French have no old generals in service : it is their policy to employ young men, and the event has showed they are right. Moreau and Jourdan continue to drive the Austrians before them, in all quarters. Every Gazette brings new victories, so that now we are beginning not to mind them.—In the evening, the opera : *Tarare*, (which I have seen twenty times.) It is brilliant, but the music by Salieri very inferior to that of Gluck. Adrien, in the *Sultan*, was magnificently dressed, in the Indian costume : every thing, down to his slippers, was completely Indian : but I have already remarked, fifty times, the scrupulous attention the French actors pay to costume. Rousseau, in *Calpigi*, and Mademoiselle Gavaudan, in *Spinetta*, are incomparable. They are the originals of Beaumarchais. Lainez was *Tarare*, Mdc. Ponteuil, *Astasie* ; altogether, it is a charming spectacle. In one of the ballets there is a charming *pas de trois*, by Nivelon, Duchemin, and Coulon, to the air of the *Folies d'Espagne*. It is almost as good as the *Pas Russe*, by Nivelon and Millicre, in *Panurge*.

*July 17.* Called, as usual, on Clarke. My eternal brevet not yet come from the War Office, but he gave orders to Fleury to write again to the Minister to have it sent directly. He tells me Hoche will leave town in two or three days, and that he will endeavor to give me a corner in his carriage, if possible. I answered, it would be highly flattering to me to have the honor of travelling with him ; at the same time, I hoped he would give me a few days notice, as I had no clothes but *habits bourgeois*, &c. He said he could not be sure to give me four and twenty hours notice, and as to regimentals, I could get them made up at quarters. I replied, as to myself, I was ready at a moment, and the sooner the better. He then desired me to call every day at twelve, and we parted. So, here I am, at single anchor, ready to cut and run. As to money matters, I am extremely embarrassed ; I have not a guinea. I think I must write to Carnot and demand a supply. I am sure I have reason to expect that much from the French Government ; at the same

time, God knows whether I shall get it or not, and at any rate, it is cursed disagreeable to be obliged to make the application, but what can I do? Damn the money, for me; I wish it was in the bottom of the sea. This embarrassment is a drawback on the pleasure I should otherwise feel at the promising appearance of our business. Sat down and wrote two pages of a letter to my dearest life and love, informing her very obscurely of my success here, and of my having obtained the rank of *Chef de Brigade*; desiring her to sell off every thing, and embark in the first vessel for Havre de Grace. I will not finish my letter for a day or two, till I see how things turn out on one or two topics. I do not write to Rowan or Dr. Reynolds, because, as my last letters were intercepted and carried to England, I do not like to run any more risques. I forgot to mention in its place a trifling anecdote. The day I dined with Carnot, Hoche's aid-de camp came up to me, and asked me how I liked my reception in France. I vented some compliments on the nation: "Yes," replied he, "but you have been well received, particularly." I answered, the French were ever remarked for their politeness and hospitality to strangers. He then struck at me directly: "Yes," said he, "but you are here on some private negotiation; you "are accredited?" I looked up in his face with infinite good humor, and did not reply one word. He repeated his question, and I continued to smile on him with all possible stupidity; so he found he could make nothing of it, and, turning on his heel, left me. He was, I thought, a sad impudent fellow.

*July 18.* Rose early this morning and wrote a threatening letter to citizen Carnot, telling him "*If he did not put five pounds in a sartin place, ——!!*" It is written in French, and I have a copy. God forgive me for calling it French, for I believe, properly speaking, it is no language: however, he will understand that money is the drift of it, and that is the main point. Called at twelve on Clarke. At last he has got my brevet from the Minister at War. It is for the rank of Chef de Brigade, and bears date the 1st Messidor. (June 19th.) It remains now to be signed by Carnot and Lagarde, which will be done to-day, and to-morrow, at nine, I am to pass muster. "*To-morrow, I swear, by nine of the clock, I shall see Sir Andrew Barton, Knight.*" Clarke embraced me on giving me the brevet, and saluted me as a brother officer; so did Fleury, and my heart

was so full, I could hardly reply to either of them. I am as proud as Punch. Who would have thought this, the day I left the Lough of Belfast? I would have thought it, and I did think it. That is manly and decided, as P. P. used to say. I now write myself Chef de Brigade. "*in any bill, bond, quittance, or obligation—Armigero.*" Huzza! Huzza! Let me have done with my nonsense and huzzaing, and mind my business. Clarke asked me, would we consent, in Ireland, to let the French have a direct interference in our Government? adding, that it might be necessary, as it was actually in Holland, where, if it were not for the continual superintendence of the French, they would suffer their throats to be cut again by the Stadtholder. I answered that, undoubtedly, the French must have a very great influence on the measures of our Government, in case we succeeded, but that I thought, if they were wise, they would not expect any direct interference: adding, that the most effectual way to have power with us, would be to appear not to desire it. I added that, for that reason, I hoped whoever was sent in the civil department, would be a very sensible, cool man, because a great deal would depend on his address. Clarke replied, "*We intend to send nobody but you.*" That stunned me a little. What could he mean? Am I to begin by representing the French Republic in Ireland, instead of representing the Irish Republic in France? "*I am puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors.*" I must have this explained in to-morrow's conversation. Clarke then went on to say, they had no security for what form of government we might adopt, in case of success. I replied, I had no security to offer but my decided opinion, that we would establish a Republic. He objected, that we might establish an aristocratic Republic, like that of Genoa. I assured him the aristocracy of Ireland were not such favorites with the people, that we should spill our blood to establish their power. He then said, "Perhaps, after all, we might choose a King; that there was no security against that but information, and that the people of Ireland were in general very ignorant." I asked him, in God's name, whom would we choose, or where would we go look for a King? He said, "May be the Duke of York?" I assured him, that he, or his aid-de-camp, Fleury, who was present, had full as good, and indeed a much better chance, than his Royal Highness; and I added, that we neither loved the English people in



general, nor his Majesty's family in particular, so well as to choose one of them for our King, supposing, what was not the case, that the superstition of royalty yet hung about us. As to the ignorance of our peasantry, I admitted it was in general too true, thanks to our execrable Government, whose policy it was to keep them in a state of barbarism ; but I could answer for the information of the Dissenters, who were thoroughly enlightened and sincere republicans, and who, I had no doubt, would direct the public sentiment in framing a government. He then asked, was there nobody among ourselves that had any chance, supposing the tide should set in favor of monarchy ? I replied, "Not one." He asked, "Would the Duke of Leinster, for example?" I replied, "No : that every body loved and liked the Duke, because he was a good man, and always resided and spent his fortune in Ireland ; but that he by no means possessed that kind of character, or talents, which might elevate him to that station." He then asked me again, "Could I think of nobody?" I replied, "I could not ; that Lord Moira was the only person I could recollect, who might have had the least chance, but that he had blown his reputation to pieces by accepting a command against France ; and, after him, there was nobody." Well," said Clarke, "may be, after all, you will choose one of your own leaders ; who knows but it may be *yourself*?" I replied, we had no leaders of a rank or description likely to arrive at that degree of eminence ; and, as to myself, I neither had the desire nor the talents to aspire so high. Well, that is enough of royalty for the present. We then, for the hundredth time, beat over the old ground about the priests, without, however, starting any fresh ideas ; and I summed up all by telling him, that, as to religion, my belief was we should content ourselves with pulling down the Establishment, without setting up any other : that we would have no state religion, but let every sect pay their own clergy voluntarily ; and that, as to royalty and aristocracy, they were both odious in Ireland to that degree, that I apprehended much more a general massacre of the gentry, and a distribution of the entire of their property, than the establishment of any form of government that would perpetuate their influence ; that I hoped this massacre would not happen, and that I, for one, would do all that lay in my power to prevent it, because I did not like to

spill the blood, even of the guilty: at the same time, that the pride, cruelty, and oppression of the Irish aristocracy were so great, that I apprehended every excess from the just resentment of the people. The conversation ended here. Clarke gave me Hoche's address, and desired me to call on Fleury to-morrow, at nine, and that he would introduce me at the War Office, where I must pass review.—From Clarke I went to the Luxembourg, where I had an audience of Carnot. I told him I was come, in the first place, to return him my acknowledgments for the high honor conferred on me by the Directory, in giving me the rank of *Chef de Brigade* in the armies of the Republic; and I mentioned that, as General Clarke had told me that I should probably be ordered to join my regiment at a day's notice, and as my resources were entirely exhausted, I had taken the liberty to address a short memorial to him, requesting a supply. He asked me, "Had I spoken to Clarke?" I said, not explicitly on that subject. He then ran his eyes over my letter and desired me to give it to Clarke, and that he would report upon it to him, and see what was to be done. I then took my leave. Carnot's manner was very friendly, but I see no great certainty of the cash. I returned to Clarke, and wrote him a note enclosing my memorial, and requesting his good offices, &c.: adding, that if ever I reached my own country, and had it in my power to render any service to a friend of his, he might command me. That is a little stroke of intrigue. "*I have a thing in me that you want; you do me, I do you.*" as Lofty says. All fair! All fair! Went in the evening boldly to the opera, as usual. Pleasant enough. Renaud and the Ballet de Psyche. Rousseau excellent in Renaud, as he is in every thing. Poor little Chevigny fell in the ballet and sprained her ankle. I was in a fright, like a good soul as I am, for I thought she struck her breast against the steps of the altar, and that would have been a thousand pities, for she is a charming dancer.

July 19. I am writing those memorandums at four o'clock in the morning, for sometimes I cannot sleep. I missed a famous quotation yesterday, in the manner of P. P. When I said that Carnot would collect that money was the object of my letter, I should have added, "*That I made him a harangue, of which, the waiter understood not a single word but Brandy, on which he disappeared and returned in an instant with the noggin.*" Called

on Fleury at 9 o'clock, and walked with him to the War Office. When we arrived, found, like a couple of wise heads, that we had forgot my commission ; so that business is postponed till to-morrow. He tells me the pay is 35 francs in cash, and 600 in mandates, per month, with three rations of meat, amounting to one and a half pounds, and three of bread, to four and a half, besides haricots, salt, and wood, to I know not what amount. But in God's name what shall I do with bread and meat ? After all I fear I must consult Madgett, and that is what I do not wish to do. Well, well, I will wait, at all events, till to-morrow, when I will see what impression I can make upon Clarke, concerning trade affairs. " Oh, if *the States General* would but pay me what they owe me ! " I am exceedingly embarrassed with my rations. Went muzzing with Madgett, in the evening ; as we were walking through the Thuilleries, who should we meet, full plump, but my old friend Stone of Hackney, walking with Helen Maria Williams, authoress of the Letters on France. I was fairly caught, for I have avoided Stone ever since my arrival, not that I know any thing to his prejudice, but that I guard the incognito. He made me promise to call on him to-morrow, and as he is already acquainted with almost the whole of my history, I will tell him that I am here memorializing the French Government for some compensation for what I have suffered in their cause, and that if I succeed, I mean to settle in France. That is the truth, but not the whole truth. Went on with Madgett, and drank punch ; told him of my commission, having first sworn him to secrecy. What shall I do with my rations ? To-morrow I will see Clarke, and learn what report he makes on my letter to Carnot. If they would pay me those £ 150, it would set me at my ease, but I doubt it very much. I want money sadly.

**July 20.** Called at Clarke's, and saw Fleury, who gave me my brevet, signed by Carnot, and so now I am to all intents and purposes, Chef de Brigade in the service of the Republic. Fleury is to bring me to-morrow at nine to the Commissaire Ordonnateur, to pass review, and from thence to the Treasury, to receive a month's pay, so *Vogue la galere !* Fleury also told me by Clarke's orders, another thing not quite so agreeable, viz : that Carnot's answer to my memorial was that he thought a month's pay, in advance, a handsome compensation ; neverthe-

less, if I thought otherwise, he desired that I might signify to Clarke, what I deemed reasonable. I desired Fleury to tell Clarke, I would consider of it, and let him know the result to-morrow, or the day after. I do not think it at all a compensation. What is a month's pay : £3 2s. 6d. sterling. It is absolutely nothing. I will put it to Carnot, as a debt of honor, and let him pay it or not, as he pleases. As to my rations, I am quite at a loss, to know how I shall manage with them. A Frenchman would soon settle it, but it is a different thing with a foreigner.

*July 21.* Went to pass my review, with the Commissaire Ordonnateur; obliged to return for an order, from the Minister of War, to receive my pay at Paris. Wrote to Clarke, putting my compensation to Carnot as a debt of honor, and gave my letter to Fleury.

*July 22.* Called at Clarke's, on Fleury; coming out met General Hoche, who desired to see me to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock, in order to talk over our business, and settle about my leaving Paris. That looks like business; Huzza! Huzza! I am always huzzaing, like a blockhead. Went to the Commissaire and passed my review; from that to the Treasury, where the forms are terribly slow. I received for my month's pay, 35 francs in cash, 600 in mandats, worth to day 24, and 300 in assignats, worth, I suppose, about 6d. It is no great things, but hang the money. Dined very pleasantly with Stone and Helen Maria Williams. All our politics English. Stone was very hearty, but H. M. Williams is Miss Jane Bull, completely. I was quite genteel and agreeable. Wrote to Monroe, to know if I might, in case of necessity, draw on him for £50. Bed very early; thinking of my interview with Hoche.

*July 23.* Called on Hoche, at seven, and found him in bed, talking with two Generals, whom I did not know. One is going to Italy, very much against the grain. General Sherlock called in. I collect from what he said, that he is to be of our expedition, and that he does not know it himself yet. After they were gone, Hoche asked me "When I would be ready to leave town?" I answered, I was at his orders, but wished, if possible, to have four or five days to make some little arrangements. He said, by all means; that he proposed leaving town in seven days himself, and that, if he could, he would give me a seat in

his carriage, but if not, he would settle that I should travel with General Cherin, his most particular friend, who was to have a command in the business, but to whom, as yet, he had not opened himself on the subject. I made my acknowledgments, and asked him, at the same time, whether my appearance at head quarters might not give rise to some suspicions, from the circumstance of my being a foreigner? He replied, he would settle me in a village near Rennes, his head quarters, where I should be incognito, and, at the same time, within his reach. I asked him then, was he apprized of the Directory having honored me with the rank of Chef de Brigade? He replied he was, and made me his compliment. I then observed to him, I presumed I should be of most service in some situation near his person; that I spoke French, as he might observe, very imperfectly; nevertheless, I could make myself understood, and as he did not speak English, I might be useful in his communications with the people of Ireland. He replied, "Leave all that to me; as soon as you join, and that your regiment is formed, I will apply for the rank of Adjutant General for you; that will place you at once in the Etat Major, and besides, you must be in a situation where you may have a command, if necessary." I returned him a thousand thanks; and he proceeded to ask me, "Did I think it was likely that the men of property, or any of them, wished for a revolution in Ireland?" I replied, "Most certainly not," and that he should reckon on all the opposition that class could give him; that, however, it was possible that when the business was once commenced, some of them might join us on speculation, but that it would be sorely against their real sentiments. He then asked me "Did I know Arthur O'Connor?" I replied, I did, and that I entertained the highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism. He asked me, "Did he not sometime ago make an explosion in the Irish Parliament?" I replied, he made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that ever was made in that House. Well, said he, will he join us? I answered, I hoped as he was "*foucièrement Irlandais*," that he undoubtedly would. So it seems O'Connor's speech is well known here. If ever I meet him, as I hope I may, I will tell him what Hoche said, and the character that he bears in France. It must be highly gratifying to his feelings. Hoche then went on to say, "There is a Lord in your country, (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing as I do, what stuff our Irish peers are made off,) he is son to a

Duke : is he not a patriot?" I immediately smoked my lover, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave Hoche a very good account of him. He asked me then about the Duke. I replied that I hoped for his assistance, or at least neutrality, if the business were once commenced. He then mentioned Fitzgibbon, of all men in the world. I endeavored to do him justice, as I had to the others he spoke of, and I believe I satisfied Hoche, that we will not meet with prodigious assistance from his Majesty's Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. He then asked me, "What quantity of arms would be necessary?" I replied, the more the better, as we would find soldiers for as many firelocks as France would send us. He then told me, he had demanded 80,000 but was sure of 50,000. That is a piece of good news. I answered, with 50,000 stand to begin with, we should soon have all the arms in the nation in our hands, adding, that I had the strongest hopes that the militia, who composed the only real force in Ireland, would give us no opposition. *Oh*, said he, *pour l'opposition, je m'en f—* ; which the reader will not expect me to translate literally ; but it was as much as to say, that he disregarded it. He then asked me very seriously, did I apprehend any royalism or aristocratism, in Ireland? I assured him, I did not ; that in case of a change, we should most undoubtedly establish a Republic ; and I mentioned my reasons, which seemed to satisfy him. He observed, however, as Clarke had done before, that even if Monarchy in Ireland were to be the result, it would not alter the system on which France was proceeding ; as the main object was, to establish the independence of Ireland, under any form of Government, though undoubtedly she would prefer a Republic. We then spoke of the aristocracy of Ireland, and I assured him, as I had done Clarke, that what I apprehended was, not the aggrandizement, but the massacre of that body, from the just indignation of the people, whom they have so long and so cruelly oppressed, adding that it was what I sincerely deprecated, but what I feared was too likely to happen. He said, certainly the spilling of blood was at all times to be avoided, as much as possible ; that he did conceive, in such explosions, as that which was likely to take place in Ireland, it was not to be supposed, but that some individuals would be sacrificed, but the less the better, and it was much wiser to secure the persons of those I mentioned, or to suffer them to emigrate to England, as they

would, no doubt, be ready to do, than to put them to death; in which I most sincerely agreed, for I am like Parson Adams, "*I do not desire to have the blood even of the wicked upon me.*" Hoche mentioned, also, that great mischief had been done to the principles of liberty, and additional difficulties thrown in the way of the French revolution, by the quantity of blood spilled, "For," added he, "when you guillotine a man, you get rid of an individual, it is true, but then you make all his friends and connections enemies forever to the Government." A sentence well worth considering. I am heartily glad to find Hoche of this humane temperament, because I hope I am humane myself, and trust we shall be able to prevent unnecessary bloodshed in Ireland, which I shall, most sincerely, exert my best endeavors to do. He then desired me to call on him every two or three days, at seven o'clock, at which time, I might be sure to find him disengaged, adding, that he did not wish to mix me with the crowd, and after several expressions of civility and attention on his part, all which I set down to the credit of my country, we parted. I like Hoche more and more. He is one of the finest fellows I ever conversed with, with a fine manly mind, and a fine manly figure.—On my return, I found a very friendly answer from Monroe, inviting me to dinner for to-day, in order to settle about trade affairs.—I should have mentioned, that Hoche asked me whether the Defenders had ever sent any one to France, to make representations. I answered, I could not positively say, but I believed not, they being, for the most part, the peasantry of Ireland, and, of course, not having the means, nor proper persons to send. At twelve, I went and saw Clarke. We were both a little out of humor, about my application for money; but our ill temper was pointed against the Directory, rather than against each other. He said he was sure they would give me nothing. I asked him then how was I to leave Paris, in five or six days, as General Hoche had that morning given me orders to hold myself in readiness to do? This was "*Gr Gr Grim-gribber,*" to him. "Well," said he, "but you ask too much." So far from it, said I, that I ask nothing. I barely state, how much I have spent of my own money, and leave it to Carnot's honor to determine what he thinks reasonable. But I do not see, continued he, how it is to be done, or on what fund. I answered, I came by order of De la Croix, the Minister of Foreign

Affairs, and of Adet, the Ambassador of the Republic, in America ; which last, had offered me money for my expenses, an offer which I had refused ; some proof that I did not want to extort on them ; that the natural way, was, therefore, to give an order to De la Croix, to make me such compensation as the Directory might think fit. Clarke then *“began to complain of the scarcity of silver, which I improved, by complaining of the scarcity of gold, and we both agreed that money never was so scarce as at present.”* Damn it, sempiternally for money ! I am sure, I wished a thousand times that there was not a guinea in the world. At last, Clarke said he would speak again to Carnot, but I confess I see no great hopes, which is pleasant. I made many fine reflections in my own mind, during this spar, on the gratitude of nations, &c. However, after all, I am a Chef de Brigade, about to be an Adjutant General. By what I see, however, we are like to reap more glory than profit, in this business. *“I beseech you, Sir John, let me have 500 out of my 1000.”* *“That may not be, Master Shallow.”* Well, my own country will pay me, sometime or other. *so allons !* I then took Clarke up, on our conversation, of the 18th, relative to a direct interference on the part of France. I said if he meant, by that, to admit a representative of the Republic, into any part of our Government, it was what France ought not to expect, nor we to grant. That France would certainly have a great influence, but the surest way to keep it, would be not to assume it. That what he said of Holland, did not apply to us. The French had conquered Holland, and had a right, if they pleased, to throw it into the sea, but it was not so with Ireland. We rather resembled the situation of America, in the last war. Clarke seemed satisfied with all this, and I proceeded to ask him, had they thought of a person to reside near the future Irish Government. He said General Hoche would be there. I replied, he would be moving about, but I meant a sort of Chargé d’Affaires, who should be stationary. Clarke replied, undoubtedly, a proper person would be sent. I said, I hoped the French Government would be very delicate in their choice, and send a man of great temper and discretion ; as much would depend on his conduct, I then observed, that Clarke had often asked me what security Ireland would give that, if her independence was once established, she might not forget her obligations to France, and perhaps hereaf-



ter be found leagued with her enemies. To which. I offered him, as the only security, our honor as gentlemen. Now I begged leave, in return, to ask him what security he had to give us, that if England offered to renounce every thing, provided France would sacrifice us, France would not accept the offer? He answered in my own words, "Our honor as Gentlemen," and assured me, in the strongest manner, France would be, as I believe myself, incapable of such conduct. I asked him then, whether he thought, if our Government was once organized, we could borrow money in Spain or Holland? He said, he doubted it very much; that Holland had no money, and Spain very little. If so, we must only make assignats, and then mandats, like our betters. It is now two o'clock, and I must go dress for dinner, at Monroe's. "*Fine times, Mr. Rigmaroll.*" Nothing but Generals and Ambassadors. Well, I shall be one or the other, and perhaps both, one of these *odd come shortly's*.—Dinner at Monroe's. Very pleasant. Mrs. Monroe, a pretty little woman, with very white teeth. After dinner, went with Monroe into his cabinet. He tells me he is just now poor, but he offered to supply me to the amount of £ 50, in sums of ten or fifteen, as I might want it, or else desired me to go to Skipwith, the Consul for the United States, and see if he would give me cash, for my bill on Philadelphia, which he would guarantee, or for one to the same amount on himself, at a short date, which he would accept. He offered me at the same time, ten louis, for my current expenses. All this is very handsome in Monroe. After thanking him, I told him I would avail myself of his permission to try Skipwith, but that I was not in any difficulties for some days to come, and, consequently, refused, with many acknowledgments, the money he offered me. He goes out of town to night, for two days; on the third I am to call on him, and, in the mean time, see the Consul, so called a *consulendo*, because I mean to consult him. Once for all, damn the money for me! I will make no more memorandums about it. that's flat. It degrades the dignity of my history. This is a long day's journal, nine pages, and it is now but six o'clock. I have run through a good deal of business to-day, besides writing these nine pages. I had like to forgot that Hoche shewed me my proclamation printed and signed by himself. It is the one intended for distribution, and I think it will be found to be an honest one.

*July 24.* No business. In the evening the opera, as usual: *Œdipe à Colonne*. More and more delighted with that piece, and especially with Adrien in *Œdipe*. *Psyche*, the ballet, with Duchemin, a charming little woman in *Pysche*. I do love the spectacles of Paris dearly, and how much more should I enjoy them, if I had the society of my dearest love. Well, I hope I shall not die, till I find myself in a loge with her, Miss Mary, and P. P.; that may happen yet.

*July 25.* Running about all this morning on trade affairs. Damn it! Saw Clarke: he tells me I am to travel with Hoche, and that we set off the 30th. in five days. Huzza! To be sure I am not proud of that. Called at Monroe's: the Secretary tells me there is a person arrived this week, who has a letter for me. My heart is up in my mouth. Please God I will run off the minute I swallow my dinner. I am in a frenzy 'till I get my letter. I have not had one line since I left New York, now six months. How is my dearest life and soul, and our darling little babies? The little things: my life lies in those children. Well, I hope I shall hear news of them to night. Poor little Will, and my Fantom, and my girl that I doat upon, and their darling mother. Oh that I had my letter! Oh that I had my letter! (*Evening.*) My lover gone out: left a note, that I would call to-morrow at eleven, and desiring him to leave the letter for me in case he should be obliged to go out before that time. I know nothing that agitates me so much, as an incident of this kind. I am projecting all possible kinds of accidents and misfortunes; it is terrible; I will not torment myself any longer, that's flat. I will go walk in the Champs Elysées to dissipate my chagrin. Home: early bed!

*July 26.* Up at six, and called on Hoche at seven; he was gone out, so I had my walk for nothing. "*I hope my early rising will do me no harm.*" I want to settle with him about our journey. Called at eleven on Col. Fulton, and got my letter, which is from Hamilton Rowan; it is dated March 30th, nearly four months since, at which date all my family were well. He tells me also that my brother Matthew arrived in America in December last; that gives me most unspeakable satisfaction, as he will be a protection for my wife and family during my absence, or in case of the worst happening to me in this contest wherein I am about to embark. My mind is now as much at

case, as I can rationally expect it to be for some time to come. I look on this letter as a good omen before my departure. Met Aberne for the first time God knows when. He tells me that rascal Duckett is telling all the world that there is to be an invasion of Ireland, and that he has it from Clarke and General Hoche, with whom he is in confidence; and is not this most dreadfully provoking! Here I have doomed myself to a rigorous solitude for six months, to avoid the possibility of alarm, and now a blackguard is sounding the trumpet, and proclaiming the business to all the world. I will call on Clarke to-morrow, and abuse him for his indiscretion in opening himself, as I know he has done, and I believe Hoche also, to such a scoundrel. It is vexatious beyond all bearing. I am in a rage. Met *my compagnon de voyage*, D'Aucourt, with whom I lodged on my first arrival; he was very civil, and tells me he is applying for the rank of Chef de Brigade, to be sent out to the West Indies. Well, other people are Chefs de Brigade, as well as he, but he does not know that. In the evening the opera, as usual. *Iphigenie en Aulide*, by Gluck; it is the best of the operas here. Madame Cheron is delightful in Iphigenie, but I have praised her already. *Telemaque*, the ballet. Vestris took leave of Paris for some time, as he goes I am told to London. He exerted himself of course, and was, to be sure, astonishing. Madame Gardel, (ci-devant Milliere) in Eucharis, made her first appearance after a long indisposition; she is incontestably the first female dancer in the world; I am delighted with her, and she is as ugly as possible. Heigho! I shall soon bid "*adieu to the village delights.*" I know not how it is, I have spent five dreary months in Paris, without forming one connection, male or female, that I care a farthing about, or that cares a farthing about me, yet I find myself low spirited, now that I am about to quit it; that is curious enough, but I have often had occasion to remark the same sentiment. I am as dull to night as a cat.

July 27. Clarke tells me this morning that the Directory have ordered me three months pay. That is, "*tant de pris sur Pannemi,*" but I am forced to borrow £50 from Monroe, which grieves me sorely, for it is breaking in still more on the sacred funds of my little family: it is, however, unavoidable, and so "*what can't be cured, must,*" &c. I cannot go down to quarters without some money in my pocket. Went to the Champ de

Mars to see the fete de la Liberté: very superb, but I am not now in a humor to relish *fetes*. I want to be off, and my impatience is growing greater, the more the time approaches. Paris is as bad to me now, as Havre was the first week of my arrival. "*Pardonez princesse à mon impatience.*" I hate to be going; apropos, it is extremely attentive of Hoche to take me with him: I believe I am not sufficiently sensible of it. The fact is, I am surprised myself at the sang froid with which I regard the progress of my business here, so infinitely beyond my expectations. I had very little expectation of success the day I left Sandy Hook, and in fact I came merely to discharge a duty. Things have turned out miraculously, to be sure. Think of my being at a council of war with Carnot, and Hoche, and Clarke, of my rank of Chef de Brigade, of my travelling now with Hoche, besides what yet may follow! It is absolutely like a romance. There is one thing I must say for myself. On reviewing my conduct in France, I do not see an indiscretion with which I have to charge myself. I think in my conscience I have conducted myself very well. I have, to be sure, labored very hard in this business. "*Damn me, I was none of your guinea pigs; I have served all offices aboard, from cook's shifter to the command of a vessel. Here, you Tunley, there's the hand of a seaman, you dog.*" There is another thing I wish to remark here. I owe unspeakable obligations, and such as I can never repay, to my masters of the General Committee; I have, in consequence, never lost sight of their honor or their interests here, as will appear from my memorials delivered to the Executive Directory, in which I have endeavored to make them the basis of the National Legislature. If that succeeds, I shall have been instrumental in throwing a great game into their hands, and I hope and believe they will have talents and spirit to support it. At any rate, I have, I think, done my duty by them, and in part at least acquitted the debt of gratitude I owed them. I will never forget their behavior to me in the hour of my persecution, and their heroic refusal to sacrifice me at the requisition of Grattan and the whigs. If I contribute to seat them in the places of the aforesaid whigs, it will be a proof that with parties, I may say with nations, as well as with individuals, honor and honesty will ever be found to be ultimately the true policy. But let me not be preaching so much about myself. I want to be off!

*I want to be off! "I think there be six Richmonds in the field."*  
I do not see what the deuce that applies to, but no matter.  
*"A horse! A horse! my kingdom for a horse."*

**July 28.** Called on Hoche early, and saw him for a minute. I travel with him, and we set off on the 31st. That is a day later than I hoped. I am to see him again the day after to-morrow. Saw Clarke. Nothing new there. I am to get my order for three months pay to-morrow. Called at Skipwith's, the American Consul, who gave me £50, for which I gave him a bill on Doctor Reynolds, in Philadelphia, for £55. I would have given one for £65, rather than go without the money. I am now ready to march. I see the Orange-boys are playing the devil in Ireland. I have no doubt it is the work of the Government. Please God, if I get safe into that country, I will settle those gentlemen, and their instigators also, more especially. *Fete de la Liberté* in the evening. The crowd most astonishing. I never saw any thing like it, and I was heartily glad to remark that every one seemed perfectly pleased and satisfied. It is the first fete I have seen, into the spirit of which the people seemed fairly to enter.

**July 29.** Running about all the morning, making arrangements for my departure.

**July 30.** Called on General Hoche. He tells me I am to travel with General Cherin Chef de l'Etat Major, and that we set off about the 12th of next month. I had rather set off this morning. He desired me to call on Cherin, and present myself as the person of whom he had spoken, which I did accordingly, but Cherin was gone out. Called at the War Office and got an order for three months pay. Dined with Madgett, and went in the evening to the opera. *Castor*, a dull piece, and very heavy music, by Rameau. I did not like it at all. I should have mentioned, that I gave yesterday to Skipwith a packet directed to Holmes and Raines, Philadelphia, containing two letters, one for Hamilton Rowan, and the other for my dearest love, in which I repeat my orders for the removal of my family and property with all possible speed to France. Skipwith promised me to put them in a way of going with speed and security, so I am in hopes they will have better fortune than my last.

**July 31.** Received my pay, "*and are all as drunk as so many swabbers.*" I insist upon it that is a very good quotation. from

Rigdum Funnidus. The monotony of my life just now will appear from the stupidity of those memorandums, and especially from the dulness of my jokes. I cannot express how much I long to be "*en route*."

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AUGUST, 1796.

*August 1.* (Sings) "*Oh, merry be the first, and merry be the last, and merry be the first of August.*" This is a sprightly beginning however. I am plaguy musical this morning, but God knows the heart. Called on Clarke from mere idleness, did not see him : but, coming out, met General Hoche, who took me in his carriage to General Cherin, with whom I am to travel. On the way, I told Hoche that I hoped the glory was reserved for him to amputate the right hand of England for ever ; and I mentioned the immense resources in all respects, especially in men and provisions, which Ireland furnished to that country, and of which I trusted we were now on the eve of depriving her. Hoche observed, that his only anxiety was about finding subsistence for the troops. I replied, that, as to that, I hoped there would be no difficulty ; that it was Ireland which victualled the navy, the West Indies, and the foreign garrisons of England ; and I reminded him of what I had before told him, that, in the late scarcity, so far from difficulties at home, she exported vast quantities of corn to that country. I might have added, but it did not occur to me, that we are now on the eve of harvest, so, I am sure we will find abundance of every thing. I went on to say, that my difficulty was not how to subsist, but how to get there, for that I dreaded that eternal fleet. Hoche laid his hand on my arm and said, "*Ne craignez rien, nous y irons ; vous pouvez y compter ; ne craignez rien.*" I answered, that, being so, I had not a doubt of our success. Hoche then asked me, "Who were those Orange-boys?" I explained it to him, adding, that as to them, it was an affair of no consequence, which we would settle in three days after our arrival. "Oh," said he, "*ce n'est rien.*" I then told him I hoped he would take care to have a sufficiency of cannoniers and artillery, of which we were quite unprovided. "You may depend upon it," said he, "that I will bring enough, and of the best, particularly the *artillerie legere*."

He then asked me had we many great plains in Ireland; I said not: that, in general, the face of the country was intersected with fences, and I described the nature of an Irish ditch and hedge to him. By this time we arrived at Cherin's, who was indisposed and in bed. I was introduced by Hoche, and I remember now he is one of the generals with whom I dined at Carnot's. After a short conversation, in which it was fixed that we set off from the 7th to the 10th, I took my leave, Hoche and Cherin desiring me to call on them in the mean time, without the ceremony of sending up my name, which is civil of them. So, now I have "*les petites entrées*."

*August 2, 3.* Blank. My time drags just now most horribly.

*August 4.* Called on General Hoche. No news. He tells me that it may be the 16th or 17th before we set off, which is desolation to me. "*My soul's in arms. and eager for the fray.*" He tells me, also, that when we get to Rennes, he and I will settle the proclamation. I mentioned to him, that as we would arrive in the middle of harvest, there could be no doubt about our finding subsistence. He answered he had thought of that himself. Called on Cherin twice, and saw him for about a moment. I cooled my heels in his anti-chamber for above an hour; but that is only a petty mortification. I always find the subalterns greater men than the principals. One thing I must keep in mind. As I have begun by dancing attendance on others, if ever I arrive at any situation, I must remember the anxiety and vexation I suffered in my time, and not give myself airs. Called on Clarke. I am out of luck to-day. He was engaged and could not see me, so I left my name. Altogether, I am out of humor. I believe it is the delay of our departure which has vexed me. Cherin tells me we shall set off the 16th or 17th. Damn it.

*August 5.* Blank. Terrible! Terrible! I feel myself absolutely sick at those delays. Dined with Madgett and three other Irishmen in the Champs Elysées. Stupid as a horse. Every body is talking of our business. I hear of it from fifty different quarters. That is most terribly provoking.

*August 6.* Blank. Damn it! I am weary of complaining that I am weary. I will not make another memorandum until something happens, that's flat.

*August 7, 8.* Saw Hoche and Cherin together this morning. Both very civil and no news. Hoche, I believe, sets off the 11th.

*August 9, 10.* Fetes to celebrate the anniversary of the subversion of royalty in France. Foot racing, horse racing, and running at the ring in the Champ de Mars. The Directory, Ministers, and constituted authorities, assisted in grand costume, with the foreign ambassadors. It was a delicious evening. The prizes were all military, sabres, pistols, and carbines, of the manufactory of Versailles. This is exactly as it should be. The concourse of people was immense, and I was very glad to observe that every body seemed pleased and happy. When the Directory rose from their place to retire, the people forced the sentinels, and got into the centre, in order to see them. I was delighted to observe that circumstance, which I look upon as by no means trifling. After the exercises in the Champ de Mars were over, the people retired *en masse* to the *Champs Elysées*, where there was a most magnificent illumination and fireworks. I never saw any thing so brilliant in the way of *coup d'œil*. The Muscadins and elegant women of Paris made it a point to stay away, but nobody missed them. The French enjoy these kind of spectacles better than any people on earth, and, for my part, I never was more amused and gratified than in observing the spectators. Altogether, I spent a very pleasant, I almost say a happy day.

*August 11, 12, 13.* Saw Cherin this morning; he tells me it may be ten days yet before we get off. Hell! hell! hell! How shall I get over these eternal delays? Hoche set off yesterday.

*August 14, 15.* Put on my regimentals for the first time; as pleased as a little boy in his first breeches: foolish enough, but not unpleasant. Walked about Paris to show myself; huzza! *Citoyen Wolfe Tone, Chef de Brigade* in the service of the Republic! Opera in the evening; Lays, incomparable in Panurge, Mme. Guenet a charming singer; Mme. Gardel and Nivelon, in the *pas russe*, inimitable: it is worth a voyage from Ireland to America, and from America to Paris, to see that single dance. I think now I have got on regimentals, I begin to write like a very pretty gentleman. There is a strong report, and I believe a true one, that Hammond, who was Ambassador from England to the United States, is now at Calais, with some proposals for peace on the part of the English Ministry. I do not at all apprehend that any thing will come of it; it is a manœuvre of Pitt's, in order to prepare for meeting the new Parlia-



ment, with a declaration that he has been ready, on his part, to make peace, but that the pride and haughtiness of the French Government would listen to no conditions but such as were dishonorable to England. John Bull is not at all beaten into his senses as yet. For my part I do not see how it is possible for France or England to make peace, preserving their respective Governments: I think one or other must go down; I do not speak of the nations, but merely of the Governments.

August 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. The gaps in my journal will demonstrate how my time hangs on my hands. Called on General Cherin this morning; found him very courteous; he tells me we shall certainly set off in ten days, viz. the 30th. Well, ten days more: however, “*Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain.*” He tells me, also, that a valet de chambre has presented himself to be hired with him, who speaks English, and has lately been through England, Scotland, and Ireland; that he has not at all the appearance or manners of a domestic, and that he (Cherin) suspects that he may be an emissary, slipt at him as a spy. It is very probable. He promises to send him to me, on a message, in two or three days, in order that I may sift him as to his knowledge of England, &c. A la bonne heure. I see in the papers, and hope it is true, that the French Admiral Richery has sailed from Cadiz, in company with a powerful Spanish squadron. If that be so, it will probably bring matters to a crisis between England and Spain. If they pick up the Brest squadron, and the Dutch fleet, now lying in the Texel, I think they must be an over-match for any thing John Bull can produce against them. If that were so, huzza! huzza! (Sings) “*How merrily we live, that soldiers be, that soldiers, soldiers be.*” I am vastly musical and engaging this evening methinks; but “*God knows the heart.*”

August 21, 22, 23. Met Cherin to-day driving about in his cabriolet; he stopped me, and asked me was I ready to set off? I answered, “In five minutes, and that I only waited for his orders.” He then desired me to call on him to-morrow at eleven, in order to settle about our departure, so, perhaps, we may set off before the 30th. The armies continue victorious in all quarters. The news, at least the report of to-day, is, that Richery and the Spaniards are before Lisbon, and that a French army is in full march across Spain, in order to enter Portugal: that

would be a blow to Master John Bull fifty times worse than the affair of Leghorn. Why the unhappy Portuguese did not make their peace at the same time with Spain, I cannot conceive, except, as was most probably the case, they durst not consult their own safety for fear of offending the English. What an execrable nation that is, and how cordially I hate them. If this affair of Portugal is true, there will not remain one port friendly to England from Hamburgh to Trieste, and probably much farther both ways. It is impossible she can stand this long. Well, if the visitation of Providence be sometimes slow, it is always sure. If our expedition succeeds, I think we will give her the *coup de grace*, and make her pay dear for the rivers of blood she has made to flow in our poor country, her massacres, her pillages, and her frauds; "*Alors, ce sera notre tour.*" We shall see! We shall see! Oh that I were, this fine morning, at the head of my regiment on the Cave Hill! Well, all in good time.

*August 24.* Saw Cherin; our departure is fixed for the first September. "*The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee;*" "*Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.*" He asked me to dine with him the day before we set off; saw the servant of whom he spoke to me; found nothing suspicious about him, yet, after all, he may be a rogue. It is seven days yet at least to our departure. Damn it for me!

*August 25.* The report to-day is, that Spain has declared war against England, and that the declaration, to speak technically, contains sixty-three counts. I hope in God it is true.

*August 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.* Blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, blank.

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SEPTEMBER, 1796.

*September 1.* Blank.

*September 2.* Here I am yet. Well, it does not signify swearing, so "*Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain.*" To divert the spleen which is devouring me, I have been, for some days past, throwing memorandums of my life and opinions on paper,\* from recollection. They are very ill done, and probably inaccurate in the dates, but they are better than nothing. I have al-

\*These memorandums are published in the beginning of the first volume.

ready filled nearly two books as big as this. Saw Cherin to-day. He knows no more about our departure than I do, but he promised me faithfully to write a pressing letter to Hoche on the subject.

*September 3, 4, 5.* Called on Cherin; he knows nothing farther than that Colonel Shee, a relation of Clarke's, is gone down to Rennes. He advised me to call on Clarke; came home in a rage, and wrote a letter to Clarke, supplicating an order for my immediate departure, which I gave to his aid-de-camp, Fleury.

*September 6, 7, 8.* This evening received a note from Cherin, informing me that he had received a letter from General Hoche, and desiring to see me in the morning, so at last I hope we are about to move. I never suffered so much ennui in all my life as since Hoche's departure, which is now almost a month. Scribbling now and again at my memoirs, which I have brought down to the beginning of 1792; stupid enough; but when my mind is agitated as it is at present, I can neither read, write, nor think. I hope in God I am at last going to act; it is high time, but it is no fault of mine that I did not begin long since. Well, better late than never.

*September 9.* Called on Cherin; he promises, positively, that we set off on the 13th, and desires me to call on him the 12th in the morning, to receive his definitive orders; so, at last, I hope I am about to move.

*September 12.* Called on Cherin by appointment; he is gone to the country for two or three days. Hell! hell! hell!

*September 13, 14, 15.* At last I have brought Cherin to the point: he has received a courier last night from General Hoche, and tells me now I may set off with the first courier, or wait a few days for him, but I am tired waiting. I wrote, therefore, by his direction, a note to the Minister at War, praying an order to depart, with the first courier, for Rennes, and he has promised to get it for me by to-morrow. Huzza!

*September 16.* Got my order and presented it to the Directors of the post. There is a courier for to-morrow, with whom I secured my place: packed up my kit as gay as a lark.

*September 17.* Took leave of Madgett, Aherne, and Sullivan; wrote two letters of acknowledgment to Carnot and De la Croix, thanking them for their kindness, &c. At three o'clock

in the afternoon left Paris. It is now exactly seven months and five days since I arrived there—a very important era in my life: whether it was for good or evil to my country and to myself, the event must determine; but I can safely say I have acted, all through, to the very best of my conscience and judgment, and I think I have not conducted myself ill. I certainly did not expect, on my arrival, to have succeeded as well as I have done; and I have been under some difficulties at times, having not a soul to advise or communicate with. I have now done with Paris, at least for some time, and God knows whether I shall ever revisit it; but, at all events, I shall ever look back on the time I spent there with the greatest satisfaction. I believe there is no part of my conduct that I need wish to recal, at least with regard to business. As to pleasure or amusement, I had very little. I formed, and endeavored to form, no connections. I visited and was visited by nobody, French or foreigner, and left Paris, after seven months' residence, without being acquainted with a single family. That is singular enough. The Theatres formed my grand resource against the monotony of my situation; but, on the whole, I passed my time dull enough. Well, if ever I return, I will make myself amends. I am now like the Turkish spy, "*who passed forty-five years at Paris, without being known or suspected.*" I dare say Mr. Pitt knew I was there, as close as I kept; if he did, it was by no fault or indiscretion of mine. It is singular enough that, having passed my time in a manner so monotonous, and not leaving behind me a single person whom, on the score of personal regard, I had reason to regret, I yet quit Paris with something like reluctance. But I made that remark before. *Allons!* I am now afloat again: let us see what will come of this voyage.

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## APPENDIX

TO PART I.—JOURNAL OF 1796.

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*Two Memorials on the present state of Ireland, delivered to the French Government, February, 1796.*

### FIRST MEMORIAL.

The genius of the English nation, their manners, their prejudices, and their government, are so diametrically opposite to those of the French Republic, in all respects, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon this subject. I assume it as an axiom, that there is an irreconcilable opposition of interests between the two nations. Since the French Revolution, there is one still more irreconcilable between the Governments, so that neither can be said to be in security while the other is in existence.

The war, hitherto, however glorious to France, has not been unprofitable to England ; her fleets were never more formidable, and, in the true spirit of trade, she will console herself for the disgrace of her arms by land, in the acquisition of wealth, and commerce, and power, by sea ; but these very acquisitions render it, if possible, incumbent, not merely on France, but on all Europe, to endeavor to reduce her within due limits, and to prevent that enormous accumulation of wealth, which the undisturbed possession of the commerce of the whole world would give her ; and this reduction of her power, can be alone, as I presume, accomplished, with certainty and effect, by separating Ireland from Great Britain.

The French Government cannot but be well informed of the immense resources, especially in a military point of view, which England draws from Ireland. It is with the beef and the pork, the butter, the tallow, the hides, and various other articles of the first necessity, which Ireland supplies, that she victuals and equips her navy, and, in a great degree, supports her people and

garrisons in the West Indies. It is with the poor and hardy natives of Ireland that she mans her fleets and fills the ranks of her army. From the commencement of the present war to the month of June, 1795, not less than 200,000 men were raised in Ireland, of whom 80,000 were for the navy alone. It is a fact undeniable, though carefully concealed in England, that **TWO THIRDS** of the British navy are manned by Irishmen; a circumstance, which, if it stood alone, should be sufficient to determine the French Government to wrest, if possible, so powerful a weapon from the hands of her implacable enemy. I shall not dwell longer on the necessity of the measure which I shall propose, but will endeavor to show how it may best be executed, and on what grounds it is that I rest my confidence of success, if the attempt be but once made.

For the better elucidation of the plan, it is necessary to take a review of the actual state of Ireland. I shall condense the facts as much as possible, as I trust the French Government is already in possession of those which are most material.

The people of Ireland consist of about four million five hundred thousand persons, distributed under three different religious sects, of whom the Protestants, whose religion is the dominant one, and established by law, constitute four hundred and fifty thousand, or one tenth of the whole; the Dissenters, or Presbyterians, about nine hundred thousand, or one fifth; the Catholics form the remaining three million one hundred and fifty thousand. They may also be considered with regard to property, which is necessary, in some degree, to explain the political situation of the country.

The Protestants, who are almost entirely the descendants of Englishmen, forming so very small a minority as they do of the whole people, have yet almost the whole landed property of the country in their hands; this property has been acquired by the most unjust means, by plunder and confiscation during repeated wars, and by the operation of laws framed to degrade and destroy the Catholics, the natives of the country. In 1650, the people of three entire provinces were driven by Cromwell into the fourth, and their property divided amongst his officers and soldiers, whose descendants enjoy it at this day. In 1688, when James II. was finally defeated in Ireland, the spirit of the Irish people was completely broken, and the last remnant of

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their property torn from them and divided amongst the conquerors. By these means, the proprietors of estates in Ireland, feeling the weakness of their titles to property thus acquired, and seeing themselves, as it were, a colony of strangers, forming not above one tenth part of the population, have always looked to England for protection and support; they have, therefore, been ever ready to sacrifice the interests of their country to her ambition and avarice, and to their own security. England, in return, has rewarded them for this sacrifice, by distributing among them all the offices and appointments in the church, the army, the law, the revenue, and every department of the state, to the utter exclusion of the two other sects, and more especially of the Catholics. By these means, the Protestants, who constitute the aristocracy of Ireland, have in their hands all the force of the Government: they have at least five sixths of the landed property; they are devoted implicitly to the connection with England, which they consider as essential to the secure possession of their estates; they dread and abhor the principles of the French Revolution, and, in case of any attempt to emancipate Ireland, I should calculate on all the opposition which it might be in their power to give.

But it is very different with regard to the Dissenters, who occupy the province of Ulster, of which they form, at present, the majority. They have among them but few great landed proprietors; they are mostly engaged in trade and manufactures, especially the linen, which is the staple commodity of Ireland, and is almost exclusively in their hands. From their first establishment, in 1620, until very lately, there existed a continual animosity between them and the Catholic natives of the country, grounded on the natural dislike between the old inhabitants and strangers, and fortified still more by the irreconcilable difference between the genius of the religions of Calvinism and Popery, and diligently cultivated and fomented by the Protestant aristocracy, the partizans of England, who saw in the feuds and dissensions of the other two great sects, their own protection and security.

Among the innumerable blessings procured to mankind by the French Revolution, arose the circumstance which I am about to mention, and to which I do most earnestly entreat the particular

attention of the French Government, as it is, in fact, the point on which the emancipation of Ireland may eventually turn.

The Dissenters are, from the genius of their religion, and the spirit of inquiry which it produces, sincere and enlightened republicans : they have ever, in a degree, opposed the usurpations of England, whose protection, as well from their numbers and spirit, as the nature of their property, they did not, like the Protestant aristocracy, feel necessary for their existence. Still, however, in all the civil wars of Ireland, they ranged themselves under the standard of England, and were the most formidable enemies to the Catholic natives, whom they detested as Papists, and despised as slaves. These bad feelings were, for obvious reasons, diligently fomented by the Protestant and English party. At length, in the year 1790, the French Revolution produced a powerful revulsion in the minds of the most enlightened men amongst them. They saw that, whilst they thought they were the masters of the Catholics, they were, in fact, but their jailers, and that, instead of enjoying liberty in their own country, they served but as a garrison to keep it in subjection to England ; the establishment of unbounded liberty of conscience in France had mitigated their horror of Popery : one hundred and ten years of peace had worn away very much of the old animosity which former wars had raised and fomented. Eager to emulate the glorious example of France, they saw at once that the only guide to liberty was justice, and that they neither deserved nor could obtain independence, whilst their Catholic brethren, as they then, for the first time, called them, remained in slavery and oppression. Impressed with these sentiments of liberality and wisdom, they sought out the leaders of the Catholics, whose cause and whose suffering were, in a manner, forgotten ; the Catholics caught with eagerness at the slightest appearance of alliance and support from a quarter, whose opposition they had ever experienced to be so formidable, and once more, after lying prostrate for above 100 years, appeared on the political theatre of their country. Nothing could exceed the alarm, the terror, and confusion, which this most unexpected coalition produced in the breasts of the English Government, and their partizans, the Protestant aristocracy of Ireland. Every art, every stratagem, was used to break the new alliance, and revive the ancient animosities and feuds between the Dissenters



and Catholics. Happily such abominable attempts proved fruitless. The leaders on both sides, saw that as they had but one common country, they had but one common interest; that while they were mutually contending and ready to sacrifice each other, England profited of their folly, to enslave both; and that it was only by a cordial union, and affectionate co-operation, that they could assert their common liberty, and establish the independence of Ireland. They, therefore, resisted and overcame every effort to disunite them, and, in this manner, has a spirit of union and regard succeeded to 250 years of civil discord; a revolution in the political morality of the nation of the most extreme importance, and from which, under the powerful auspices of the French Republic, I hope and trust her independence and liberty will arise.

I beg leave again to call the attention of the French Government, to this fact of the national union; which, from my knowledge of the situation of Ireland, I affirm to be of importance, equal to all the rest. Catholics and Dissenters, the two great sects, whose mutual animosities have been the radical weakness of their country, are at length reconciled, and the arms which have been so often imbrued in the blood of each other, are ready, for the first time, to be turned in concert against the common enemy.

I come now to the third party in Ireland, the Catholics, who are the Irish, properly so called, and who form almost the entire body of the peasantry of the country. The various confiscations, produced by the wars of five centuries, and the silent operation of the laws for 150 years, have stripped the Catholics of almost all property in land; the great bulk of them are in the lowest degree of misery and want, hewers of wood and drawers of water; bread they seldom taste, meat never, save once in the year; they live in wretched hovels, they labor incessantly, and their landlords, the Protestant aristocracy, have so calculated, that the utmost they can gain, by this continual toil, will barely suffice to pay the rent, at which these petty despots assess their wretched habitations; their food, the whole year round, is potatoes, their drink, sometimes milk, more frequently water; those of them who attempt to cultivate a spot of ground as farmers, are forced, in addition to a heavy rent, to pay tythes to the Priests of the Protestant religion, which they neither profess,

nor believe ; their own Priests fleece them. Such is the condition of the peasantry of Ireland, above 3,000,000 of people. But though there be little property in land, there is a considerable share of the commerce of Ireland in the hands of the Catholic body ; their merchants are highly respectable, and well informed ; they are perfectly sensible, as well of their own situation, as that of their country. It is of these men, with a few of the Catholic gentry, whose property escaped the fangs of the English invaders, that their General Committee, of which I shall have occasion to speak by-and-by, is composed, and it is with their leaders that the union with the Dissenters, so infinitely important to Ireland, and, if rightly understood, to France also, has been formed.

I have now stated the respective situation, strength and views, of the parties of Ireland ; that is to say : *First*, The Protestants, 450,000 ; comprising the great body of the aristocracy, which supports and is supported by England. Their strength is entirely artificial, composed of the power and influence which the patronage of Government gives them. They have in their hands all appointments in every Department, in the church, the army, the revenue, the navy, the law, and a great proportion of the landed property of the country, acquired and maintained as has been stated ; but it cannot escape the penetration of the French Government that all their apparent power is purely fictitious ; the strength they derive from Government results solely from opinion ; the instant that prop is withdrawn, the edifice tumbles into ruins ; the strength of property acquired like theirs by the sword, continues no longer than the sword can defend it, and, numerically, the Protestants are but one tenth of the people.

*Second*. The Dissenters, 900,000, who form a large and respectable portion of the middle ranks of the community. These are the class of men best informed in Ireland ; they constituted the bulk of what we called the volunteer army in 1782, during the last war, which extorted large concessions from England, and would have completely established their liberty, had they been then, as they are now, united with their Catholic brethren. They are all, to a man, sincere Republicans, and devoted with enthusiasm to the cause of liberty and France ; they would make perhaps the best soldiers in Ireland, and are already in a considerable degree trained to arms.

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*Third* The Catholics. 3,150,000. These are the Irish, properly so called. trained from their infancy in an hereditary hatred and abhorrence of the English name, which conveys to them no ideas but those of blood and pillage and persecution. This class is strong in numbers, and in misery, which makes men bold; they are used to every species of hardship; they can live on little: they are easily clothed: they are bold and active: they are prepared for any change, for they feel that no change can make their situation worse. For these five years, they have fixed their eyes most earnestly on France, whom they look upon, with great justice, as fighting their battles, as well as those of all mankind who are oppressed. Of this class, I will stake my head, there are five hundred thousand men, who would fly to the standard of the Republic, if they saw it once displayed in the cause of liberty and their country.

From what I have said, it appears that all the artificial strength of Ireland is implicitly devoted to England, and decidedly adverse to France; that all the natural strength is equally devoted to France, and adverse to England; for this plain reason, that in the one, they look for a deliverer, in the other, they see a tyrant. It is now necessary to state the organization of the people of Ireland; and here I must be allowed to observe, that even if there were no previous organization, the measures which I shall submit would not be the less advisable and practicable. Organization, like machinery, may be necessary to enable a small force to raise a great weight; but a whole people can act by their natural strength. The Republic may rely with confidence to meet support from the Dissenters, actuated by reason and reflection, from the Catholics, impelled by misery and inflamed by detestation of the English name. These are the actual force of Ireland, and, in addition to their strength, they are organized also.

In the year 1791, the Dissenters of Belfast, which is the principal city in Ulster, and, as it were, the metropolis of that great body, formed the first club of United Irishmen, so called, because in that club, for the first time in Ireland, Dissenters and Catholics were seen together in harmony and union. A similar club was immediately formed in Dublin, which became speedily famous for its publications and the sufferings of its members, many of whom were thrown into prison by the Government.

whose terror at this rising spirit of union amongst the people, may be estimated from the severity with which they persecuted those who were most active in promoting it. This persecution however, far from quelling the spirit, only served to make the people more cautious and guarded in their measures. Means have been adopted to spread similar clubs throughout Ulster, the seat of the Dissenting power, the object of which is to subvert the tyranny of England, to establish the independence of Ireland, and to frame a free republic on the broad basis of liberty and equality. These clubs were rapidly filled, and extended, in June last, over about two-thirds of that province. I am satisfied that, by this time, they embrace the whole of it, and comprise the activity and energy of the Dissenters of Ireland, including, also, numbers of the most spirited and intelligent of the Catholic body. The members are all bound by an oath of secrecy, and could, on a proper occasion, I have not the smallest doubt, raise the entire force of the province of Ulster, the most populous, the most warlike, and the most informed quarter of the nation.

For the Catholics, from what has been said of their situation, it will appear that little previous arrangement would be necessary to ensure their unanimous support of any measure which held out to them a chance of bettering their condition; yet they also have an organization, commencing about the same time with the clubs last mentioned, but composing Catholics only. Until within these few months, this organization baffled the most active vigilance of the Irish Government, unsuccessfully employed to discover its principles, and, to this hour, they are, I believe, unapprized of its extent. The fact is, that in June last it embraced the whole peasantry of the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Connaught, three-fourths of the nation; and I have little doubt but it has since extended into Munster, the remaining province. These men, who are called Defenders, are completely organized on a military plan, divided according to their respective districts, and officered by men chosen by themselves; the principle of their union is implicit obedience to the orders of those whom they have elected for their Generals, and whose object is the emancipation of their country, the subversion of English usurpation, and the bettering the condition of the wretched peasantry of Ireland. The eyes of this whole body,

which may be said, almost without a figure, to be the people of Ireland. are turned, with the most anxious expectation, to France, for assistance and support. The oath of their union recites, “That they will be faithful to the united nations of France and Ireland,” and several of them have already sealed it with their blood. I suppose there is no instance of a conspiracy, if a whole people can be said to conspire, which has continued for so many years as this has done, where the secret has been so religiously kept, and where, in so vast a number, so few traitors have been found.

This organization of the Defenders embraces the whole peasantry of Ireland, being Catholics. There is also a further organization of the Catholics, which is called the General Committee, and to which I have already alluded. This was a representative body, chosen by the Catholics at large, and consisting of the principal merchants and traders, the members of professions, and a few of the remaining Catholic gentry of Ireland. This body, which has sate repeatedly in the capital, at the same time with the Parliament, and has twice within four years, sent ambassadors to the King of England, possesses a very great influence on the minds of the Catholics throughout the nation, and especially decides the movements of the city of Dublin, a circumstance, whose importance, when well directed, it is unnecessary to suggest to men so enlightened as those who compose the Government of France. It is true, that, by a late act of the Irish Legislature, this body is prevented from meeting in a representative capacity, but the individuals who compose it still exist, and this act, without diminishing their power or influence, has still more alienated their minds from the British Government in Ireland, against which they were already sufficiently, and with great reason, exasperated. It is but justice to the General Committee, in whose service I had the honor to be, during the whole of their activity, and whose confidence I had the good fortune to acquire and retain, to say, that there is no where to be found men of purer patriotism, more sincerely attached to the principles of liberty, or who would be more likely in an arduous crisis to conduct themselves with abilities and firmness. I can add, from my personal knowledge, that a great majority of those able and honest men who compose it are sincere republicans, warmly attached to the cause of France, and as Irish

men and as Catholics, doubly bound to detest the tyranny and domination of England, which has so often deluged their country with their best blood.

I have now stated the three modes of organization which exist in Ireland—

1st. The Dissenters, with some of the most spirited and enlightened of the Catholics, under the name of *United Irishmen*, whose central point is Belfast, the capital of Ulster.

2d. The Defenders, forming the great body of the Catholic peasantry, amounting to 3,000,000 of people, and who cover the entire face of the country.

3d. The General Committee of the Catholics, representing the talents and property of that body, possessing a very great influence every where in Ireland, and especially deciding the movements of the capital.

I hazard nothing in asserting, that these three bodies are alike animated with an ardent desire for the independence of Ireland, an abhorrence of British tyranny, and a sincere attachment to the cause of the French Republic ; and, what is of very great consequence, they have a perfect good understanding and communication with each other, (that is to say, their leaders,) so that, on any great emergency, there would be no possible doubt of their mutual co-operation. Many of the most active members of the General Committee, for example, are also in the clubs of the United Irishmen ; many of the officers of the Defenders, particularly those at the head of their affairs, are also either members of those clubs, or in unreserved confidence and communication with those who regulate and guide them. The central point of all this is undoubtedly Belfast, which influences, and which deserves to influence, the measures of all the others, and what I consider as extremely singular, the leaders of the Defenders in Ulster, who are all Catholics, are in more regular habits of communication, and are more determined by the Dissenters of Belfast, than by their Catholic brethren of Dublin, with whom they hold much less intercourse.

I shall add a few words on the military force of Ireland, and on the navy, and then I shall conclude this memorial, which, in spite of all my efforts to condense it, I feel growing under my hands.

In the month of June, 1795, when I left Ireland, the army, as I believe, amounted to about 30,000 men, of which 12,000 were troops of the line, or fencibles, and 18,000 were militia; a great proportion of the former, viz. the cavalry and artillery, and all the latter, being Irish. I believe a considerable number have been since detached to the West Indies and elsewhere; if so, the relative proportion of Irish must be increased, as the militia cannot be ordered on foreign service. For the cavalry and artillery, which, taken together, may make 3,000 men, or upwards, I cannot speak with certainty; but my belief is, that if they saw any prospect of permanent support they would not act against their country. For the remaining 9,000 men of the troops of the line and fencibles, they are a wretched assemblage of old men and boys, incapable of the duties of active service; any resistance they could make, if they were inclined to resist, could be but trifling, and I have reason to believe they would not be so inclined, several of the fencible regiments being Scotch, and already more than half disaffected to the Government. For the militia, they consisted, at the time I mention, of about 18,000 men, as fine troops as any in Europe. Of these at least 16,000 were Catholics, and of those a very great portion were actually sworn Defenders, who were compelled to enter the service to avoid prosecution. I learn, that since my departure from Ireland, Defenderism has spread rapidly among them, and that numbers have been imprisoned on that account. I have not a shadow of doubt on my mind, but that the militia would, in case of emergency, to a man, join their countrymen in throwing off the yoke of England, provided proper measures were taken, and that they saw a reasonable prospect of success.

For the navy, I have already said that Ireland has furnished no less than 80,000 seamen, and that two-thirds of the English fleet are manned by Irishmen. I will here state the grounds of my assertion. First, I have myself heard several British officers, and among them, some of very distinguished reputation, say so. Secondly, I know that when the Catholic delegates, whom I had the honor to attend, were at St. James', in January, 1793, in the course of the discussion with Henry Dundas, principal Secretary of State, they asserted the fact to be as I have mentioned, and Mr. Dundas admitted it, which he would most certainly not have done if he could have denied it. And, lastly, on my

voyage to America, our vessel was boarded by a British frigate, whose crew consisted of 220 men, of whom no less than 210 were Irish, as I found by inquiry. I submit the importance of this fact to the particular notice of the French Government.

From all which has been said, I trust it will appear that it is the interest of France to separate Ireland from England : and that it is morally certain that the attempt, if made, would succeed, for the following reasons: 1st. That all the Dissenters are disaffected to England, attached to France, and sufficiently organized. 2d. That the whole Catholic peasantry of Ireland, above 3,000,000 of people, are, to a man, eager to throw off the English yoke ; that they also are organized, and that part of the fundamental oath, by which they are bound as Defenders, is to be true as well to France as to Ireland. 3d. That there is a certainty of a perfect harmony and co-operation between these two great bodies, which constitute nine-tenths of the population of Ireland. 4th. That the British Government cannot reckon on any firm support from the army, above two-thirds of which are Irishmen, and, of that number, nearly 10,000 being, as I am informed and believe, actually sworn Defenders. 5th. That it is at least possible that, by proper measures to be adopted relative to the Irishmen now serving in the navy of England, her power at sea might receive such a shock as it has never yet experienced ; and 6th, and lastly, that if these facts be as I have here stated them, it would be impossible for the Protestant aristocracy in Ireland to make any stand whatsoever, even for an hour, in defence of the connection with England.

Having now submitted the actual situation of Ireland to the notice of the French Government, I shall offer, in a second memorial, the plan which I conceive most likely to effectuate the separation of that country from Great Britain.



## SECOND MEMORIAL.

Having stated in a former memorial, the actual situation and circumstances of Ireland, I shall now submit those means which, in my judgment, will be most likely to effectuate the great object of separating that country from England, and establishing her as an independent Republic, in strict alliance with France. I shall first mention those measures whose execution depend on the French Republic, and next those which will be to be executed by the people of Ireland.

In the first place, I beg leave to lay it down as indispensable, that a body of French troops should be landed in Ireland, with a General at their head. of established reputation, whose name should be known in that country. a circumstance of considerable importance, and I must be permitted to observe here, that, if humbling the pride and reducing the power of England be an object with the French Republic, I know no place where the very best General in their service could be employed, either with more reputation to himself. or benefit to the public cause.

With regard to the strength of this army. it is my duty to speak with candor to the Government. It ought, if possible, to be of 20,000 men. at least 15,000 of which should land as near the capital as circumstances would admit. and 5,000 in the North of Ireland. near Belfast. If an invading force, such as I have mentioned. could be sent in the first instance it would save a vast effusion of blood and treasure. By saving possession of the capital we should in fact have possession of the whole country. The Government in resistance there would fall to pieces, without a possibility of relief. We should have in our hands at once the Treasury the Post Office the Banks the Custom-House, the seat of the Legislature and particularly what is even of more importance. we should have the capital, the seat of the Government. It could begin by the capital. I should say we should begin by

## APPENDIX TO PART I.

of the entire country, without striking a blow, as in that case, there would, in that case, be no organized force to make resistance. but for this, 20,000 men would be necessary. If, however, the other indispensable arrangements of the French Republic, would render it impossible to send such a force, I offer it as my opinion, and I entreat it may be remembered that 5,000 is the very lowest number, with which the attempt could be made with any thing like certainty of success. in which case, the landing should be effectuated in the North of Ireland, where the people are in the greatest forwardness, as to military preparation. It is unnecessary to observe here, that, commencing our operations at 100 miles distance from the capital, of which the enemy would be in full possession, would give them very great advantages over us at first; they would still have, in a degree, the law of opinion in their favor, and they would, at least for some time, retain the Treasury, the Post Office, and all the other advantages which an established organization would naturally give them. Nevertheless, with 5,000 men, an able General, and the measures which I shall hereafter mention, I should have no doubt of our ultimate success; but then we should have to fight hard for our liberties, and we should lose many great advantages which a sufficient force in the commencement would give us, particularly that of disorganizing at once the existing Government of Ireland.

Supposing the number to be 5,000, a large proportion should be artillerists, of which we are quite unprovided. They should be the very best troops that France could furnish, men who had actually seen hard service, and who would be capable of training and disciplining the Irish army. The necessity of this is too obvious to need any further comment. I do not go here into any military detail on the conduct of the war; if the measure be adopted, I shall hope to be admitted to a conference with the General, who may be appointed to the command, and then, with the map of the country before us, I will submit, with great deference, my ideas on that head.

Before I quit the subject of the force necessary, I wish to observe that, in my first memorial, I have always said that the army, and especially the militia, would, I was satisfied, declare for their country, "*if they saw a reasonable prospect of support,*" by which I would be understood to mean an imposing

force in the first instance. I cannot commit myself as to what might be their conduct in case 5,000 men only were landed. I hope, and I believe, but I cannot positively affirm, that they would join the standard of their country ; but, even if they were, contrary to my expectations, to adhere to the British Government, the only difference would be, that, in that event, we should have a civil war, which I would most earnestly wish, if possible, to avoid. As to the people at large, I am perfectly satisfied that, whether there were 20 or 10, or even 5,000 men landed, it would, as to them, make no manner of difference. I know they would flock to the Republican standard in such numbers, as to embarrass the General-in-Chief. It would be just as easy in a month's time to have an army in Ireland of 200,000 men, as of 10,000, and, therefore, it is, that, reckoning on this disposition of the people, I say, and repeat, that I would not have a shadow of doubt of our ultimate success, provided we had a body of even 5,000 disciplined troops to commence with ; a smaller number would, I apprehend, be hardly able to maintain themselves until they could be joined by the people, as the Government of Ireland would be able instantly to turn against them such a body of troops (who, in that case, would, I fear, adhere to them.) as would swallow them up ; the consequence of which would be, besides the loss to France of the men and money, the bringing Ireland, even more than she is at present, under the yoke of British tyranny, the breaking for ever the hopes and spirits of her people, and the rendering all prospect of her emancipation, at any future period, utterly impracticable and desperate.

As to arms and ammunition, I can only say, that the more there is of both, the better. If the Republic can send to Ireland 100,000 stand of arms, there are double the number of hands ready to put them in. A large train of artillery, that is to say, field pieces, as we have no fortified places, is absolutely indispensable, together with a considerable proportion of experienced cannoniers ; engineers, used to field practice, are also highly necessary. As to money, I am at a loss to determine the sum. If 20,000 men were sent, I should say that pay for 40,000 for three months would be amply sufficient, as, before that time was expired, we should have all the resources of Ireland in our hands. If but 5,000 be sent, I submit the quantum necessary to the wisdom and liberality of the French Government, observ-

ing only that we could not, in that case, calculate at once on the immediate possessions of the funds, which, in the other instance, we could seize directly.

Very much would depend upon the manifesto, to be published on the first landing. I conceive the declaration of the object and intentions of the Republic should contain, among others, the following topics :

1st. An absolute disavowal of all idea of conquest, and a statement that the French came as friends and brothers, with no other view than to assist the people in throwing off the yoke of England. 2d. A declaration of perfect security and protection to the free exercise of all religions, without distinction or preference, and the perpetual abolition of all ascendancy, or connection, between church and state. 3d. A declaration of perfect security and protection of persons and property, to all who should demean themselves as good citizens, and friends to the liberty of their country, with strong denunciations against those who should support or countenance the cause of British tyranny and usurpation. 4th. An invitation to the people to join the Republican standard, and a promise to recommend to the future Legislature of their country every individual who should distinguish himself by his courage, zeal, and ability. 5th. An invitation to the people immediately to organize themselves, and form a national convention, for the purpose of framing a Government, and of administering the affairs of Ireland, until such Government could be framed and put in activity.

Other topics will naturally suggest themselves ; but these seem to me, from my knowledge of Ireland, to be among the most likely, as well to raise the people, as to remove the fears and anxieties, especially on the great heads of property and religion, of many who might otherwise be neutral, or perhaps adverse, but who would gladly support the independence of their country, when satisfied as to these points. It is with the most sincere pleasure that I can assure the French Government, that their singular moderation with regard to Holland, when that country lay at their mercy, had an inconceivable effect on the mind of every independent man in Ireland, and removed, almost entirely, the reluctance which many felt to put themselves to the hazard and uncertainty of a revolution.

To recapitulate: What I conceive would be indispensably necessary to be furnished, on the part of the French Republic, would be: 1st. *An armed force*, not exceeding 20,000 men, nor less than 5,000. If 20,000, to be landed as near Dublin as possible; if a smaller number, in the North of Ireland, near Belfast. 2d. A General whose name and character should be well known in Ireland. 3d. Arms and ammunition, as much as could be spared: a train of artillery, with an adequate number of experienced canoniers and engineers. 4th. Such a sum of money as the French Government might feel necessary, and could grant, consistently with their other arrangements.

On the part of the people of Ireland, the measures which I conceive would be most immediately necessary, to ensure success and establish our independence, would be as follow:

*First*, of course, to raise as many soldiers as we had arms to put into their hands, which would be the only limitation as to numbers.

*Secondly*, To call a national convention, for which a basis is laid in the General Committee of the Catholics, mentioned in my first memorial, who, when joined by Delegates from the Dissenters, would be actually the representatives of nine-tenths of the people. The first act of the Convention thus constituted should be, to declare themselves the representatives of the Irish people, free and independent, and, in that capacity to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the French Republic; stipulating, that neither party should make peace with England without the other, and until the two Republics were acknowledged, and also a treaty of commerce, on terms of mutual advantage. As the immediate formation of a national convention is of the last importance, I wish earnestly to press on the notice of the French Government the unspeakable advantage of having, if possible, an imposing force, in the first instance, for this reason; that the men of a certain rank in life, and situation, as to property, (for instance, the actual members of the Catholic Committee, who must be those who naturally would form the convention,) would, in that case, at once declare themselves, and begin to act, which I cannot venture to ensure that they would do, at least for some time, if they saw but a small force landed. For the great body of the people, whom I have mentioned as being organized under the name of Defenders, and a great proportion

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of the Dissenters, the number to be landed is of little consequence as to them ; for my firm belief is, that if but one thousand French were landed, it would be impossible to prevent the peasantry of Ireland from rising, as one man, to join them ; but then, we should lose the inestimable advantages which would result from the immediate organization of a body, which could call itself the Government of Ireland, and, as such, instantly assume the legislative and executive functions, raise money, grant commissions, and, especially, conclude the alliance with France, the éclat of which must naturally produce the most beneficial and important consequences. Without such an arrangement, our commencement would have more the air of an insurrection, than a Revolution ; and though, I again repeat, I would have no doubt of the ultimate success of the attempt, yet the difficulties, at first, would be multiplied, in proportion to the smallness of the force which might be landed. The measures which I am now about to mention, which can only be effectually executed by a body which can, with some appearance of justice, call itself the Irish Government, will show, at once, the indispensable necessity of a national convention being organized ; that not an hour should be lost in framing it ; and, of course, that every possible effort should be made, to send such force as would ensure its formation in the first instance.

The convention, being once formed, should proceed to publish, among others, the following proclamations ; from every one of which, I have no shadow of doubt, would result the most powerful effects.

1st. One to the people at large, notifying their independence and their alliance with the French Republic, forbidding all adherence to the British Government, under the penalty of high treason ; ordering all taxes and contributions to be paid only to such persons as should be appointed by the convention to receive them ; and, in the mean time, making all collectors and public officers responsible, with life and property, for all moneys in their hands. This would at once set the law of opinion on their side, and give a spirit to every individual embarked in the cause. It would then be a war, not an insurrection ; and even that circumstance, as operating on the minds of the soldiery, I consider as of great importance.

2d. One to the militia of Ireland, recalling them to the standard of their country, paying the value of their arms, and granting an immediate discharge to all who should demand it; and ensuring a preference in all military promotion, and a provision in land, or otherwise, at the end of the war, according to the rank and services of each. to those who should enter into the service of their country. I am convinced, as I am of my existence, that this single proclamation would bring over the entire militia of Ireland, which is, in fact, the only formidable force in the country; but I must add, at the same time, that this proclamation can only be published, with effect, by a National Government.

3d. One, addressed to all Irishmen now serving in the navy of England. recalling them directly from that service; reminding them that they are a majority. in the proportion of two to one, and, therefore, exhorting them to seize on the vessels, and bring them into the Irish ports; engaging the faith of the nation to purchase the ships at their value, as prizes, to give, as in the case of the militia, an immediate discharge to all who should desire it. ensuring promotion, in preference to all who should remain in the service; stating the hardships to which they are subject in the British service, into which they have been forced, either by hunger or the press-gang; dwelling particularly on the unjust distribution of their prize money, stating the enormous disproportion between the share of an admiral or a captain, and that of a common seaman: ensuring them an equitable rate in that respect, to be established in the future Irish navy, and reminding them of the immense wealth to be made by captures on the prodigious expanse of the British commerce, which now embraces that of the whole world. From such a proclamation, issuing from an Irish Government. I am sanguine enough to expect the most powerful effects. Let it never be forgotten, that two-thirds of the British seamen, as they are called, are in fact Irishmen. I will not say that this proclamation would bring one ship into the Irish harbors, but this I say, that if human nature be human nature, it would raise such a spirit of jealousy and distrust in the naval service of Great Britain, as must most materially serve the cause of the Republic. Will any English Admiral leave Portsmouth with confidence. with such a proclamation as that hanging over his

head ; against which, too, he has nothing to oppose but the mere force of discipline ? How much will that discipline be necessarily relaxed from the fear, lest, by enforcing it strictly, the majority of the crew should instantly mutiny and carry the ship where they would meet with protection and support, amongst their friends and connections, their wives and children—in one word, in their native country ? Will any English captain be found to tie up an Irish seaman for a trifling offence, and flog him before the face of the crew, two-thirds of whom are Irish, with the terror of such a proclamation before his eyes ? And, especially, what weapon has the English Government to oppose in return ? I supplicate the attention of the French Government to this point, which is, in my judgment, of the very highest importance. It would be in her navy that England would be, then, first found vulnerable. If there were no other object proposed but this single one, I affirm with confidence, it is of magnitude by itself, sufficient to decide the French Government to make every effort to obtain it ; which can only be effected through the medium of a national Government to be established in Ireland. It would be easy to add a thousand arguments on this topic, but I trust, knowing as I do the superior talents and information of those whom I address, that what I have said will be sufficient to open the subject ; and I do again most earnestly entreat them to follow in their own minds, the long chain of consequences which must flow, as to the naval power of England, from the measure which I have mentioned, supposing it to have that success, which I cannot myself for a moment doubt but it must.

4th. A proclamation recalling, in general terms, all Irishmen from the dominions of Great Britain, whether in the land or sea service, or otherwise, within a certain period, under pain of being treated as emigrants. The effect of this measure will be seen when I come to speak of the actual and casual resources of Ireland.

5th. An address to the people of England and Scotland, as distinguished from the Government, stating the grounds of the conduct of the Irish nation, and declaring their earnest desire to avoid the effusion of blood ; that they wish merely for the independence of their country, which, at all hazards, they are determined to maintain ; warning the English people, by the examples of the American and French Revolutions, how impossi-



ble it is to conquer a whole people determined to be free, demonstrating, by calculation, the expense of the war, and applying to their interests, as a commercial people, contrasted and opposed to the personal views of their King and Government; shewing them how little they could gain in the most prosperous event, how much blood and treasure they must necessarily expend, and, finally, pointing out the certain consequences to England, if she should fail in the contest. If this proclamation were published, I apprehend, as its principles are just, it might embarrass the British Minister considerably in his operations, so as, perhaps, to render it impossible for him to continue the war. But, as I do not at all calculate on the good sense or spirit of the British people, who seem to me for some years to have totally renounced that share of both which they once possessed, I will submit that, if it totally failed in its object, and the English nation were so infatuated as to support the Minister in the war, this proclamation should be followed by the next.

6th. The immediate confiscation of every shilling of English property in Ireland, of every species, moveable or fixed, and appropriating it to the national service, which would then be an act of strict justice, as the English people would have made themselves parties in the war. In this manner, I submit, one of two things must happen; either the English people would decidedly oppose the war; and, if so, peace, and the establishment of the independence of Ireland, would directly follow, or they would support the war; in which case they lose, at once, an immense property in Ireland, which is instantly transferred, and becomes a weapon against them, in the hands of their enemies; not to speak of the discontents, which the loss of such a vast property in land, in money lent on mortgages, in goods, and in debts, must produce amongst all ranks, and more especially amongst the merchants and traders in England.

I will not trespass longer on the time of the French Government, but hasten to give a brief sketch of the actual and casual resources of Ireland, and then conclude. First, her population, 4,500,000. It is necessary to state on what grounds I assert this: in 1788 there existed a tax on hearths in Ireland, by which means the number of houses was known with sufficient accuracy to those who administered the revenue. The number of people in Ireland, allowing six to a family, was, in that year, calcu-

lated by one of the commissioners, who, of course, had perfect information. at 4,100,000, and it was allowed to be under the truth, as well because some houses must necessarily have been omitted, as that the proportion of six to a family was less than what was usually found in Ireland. where the people are naturally prolific. I speak here from memory, but the calculation is to be found in the transactions of the Royal Academy of Ireland, which may, perhaps, be in the National Library, and it will justify my assertion that the people of Ireland amount to 4,500,000. But, though Ireland is populous, she is poor! We are, thanks to the ruinous connection with England, almost without trade or manufactures, and while that connection holds, we shall continue so, for this, among other reasons, that a wretched Irish peasant is tempted even by the scanty pay and subsistence of a foot soldier, from which a well fed and well clothed English artizan turns with contempt. The army of England is supported by the misery of Ireland.

Ireland would, however, in case of a revolution, possess, amongst others, the following resources: 1st. Her actual revenues, amounting, at present, to about £ 2,000,000 per annum, making 48,000,000 livres. 2d. The church, college, and chapter lands, whose exact value I do not know, but which are of vast amount. 3d. The property of absentees who never visit the country at all, amounting, at least, to £ 1,000,000 sterling, or 24,000,000 livres. 4th. The casual property of emigrants, which would amount to a very great sum, but which, as depending on circumstances, cannot be reduced to calculation. 5th. The property of Englishmen in Ireland, whether vested in land, mortgages on land, trade, manufactures, bonds, bills, book debts, or otherwise, to be confiscated, and applied to the discharge of the obligations incurred in the acquisition of the independence of Ireland; I cannot say what the amount of this might be, but it must be immense. One English nobleman, Earl Mansfield, formerly Ambassador at Paris, under the name of Lord Stormont, and an implacable enemy of France, has £ 300,000 sterling, or 7,200,000 livres, lent on mortgages in Ireland; another English gentleman, Mr. Taylor, has £ 150,000 sterling, or 3,600,000 livres, lent in like manner. I mention these instances to point out to the French Government what unspeakable confusion the measure I propose would be likely to produce in Eng-

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land. and what a staggering blow the separation of Ireland would be, in a commercial point of view, not to speak of the military, or, which is of far more consequence, the naval part of the question.

I have now done. I submit to the wisdom of the French Government, that England is the implacable, inveterate, irreconcilable enemy of the Republic, which never can be in perfect security whilst that nation retains the dominion of the sea : that, in consequence, every possible effort should be made to humble her pride, and to reduce her power ; that it is in Ireland, *and in Ireland only*, that she is vulnerable—a fact, of the truth of which the French Government cannot be too strongly impressed ; that, by establishing a free Republic in Ireland, they attach to France a grateful ally, whose cordial assistance, in peace and war, she might command, and who, from situation and produce, could most essentially serve her ; that, at the same time, they cut off from England her most firm support, in losing which, she is laid under insuperable difficulties in recruiting her army, and, especially, in equipping, victualling, and manning her navy, which, unless for the resources she drew from Ireland, she would be absolutely unable to do ; that, by these means, and suffer me to add, *by these means only*, her arrogance can be effectually humbled, and her enormous and increasing power at sea reduced within due bounds, an object essential, not only to France, but to all Europe ; that it is at least possible, by the measures mentioned, that not only her future resources, as to her navy, may be intercepted and cut off at the fountain head, but that a part of her fleet may be actually transferred to the Republic of Ireland ; that the Irish people are united and prepared, and want but the means to begin : that, not to speak of the policy or the pleasure of revenge, in humbling a haughty and implacable rival, it is, in itself, a great and splendid act of generosity and justice, worthy of the Republic, to rescue a whole nation from a slavery under which they have groaned for six hundred years ; that it is for the glory of France. after emancipating Holland, and receiving Belgium into her bosom, to establish one more free Republic in Europe ; that it is for her interest to cut off, for ever, as she now may do, one half of the resources of England, and lay her under extreme difficulties in the employment of the other. For all these reasons, in the name of

justice. of humanity, of liberty, of my own country, and of France herself, I supplicate the Directory to take into consideration the state of Ireland; and by granting her the powerful aid and protection of the Republic, to enable her at once to vindicate her liberty, to humble her tyrant, and to assume that independent station, among the nations of the earth, for which her soil, her productions and her position, her population and her spirit, have designed her.

## PART II.

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### JOURNAL OF 1796.

DURING THE PERIOD THAT GENERAL TONE WAS ATTACHED  
TO THE ARMY OF THE WEST.

*September 18, 19.* On the road—no adventures. Passed the second day through the country of the Chouans: it is delicious: as well wooded as New Jersey, of which it often put me in mind. The second night, for we travelled night and day, "*fear fell upon me.*" How if the Chouans were to stop the mail, as they have sometimes done? Looked at my sabre and pistols, and was consoled. Determined to die hard in case of a battle; for I knew there was no quarter with those brigands. Luckily, all quiet. Did not see a single Chouan: Huzza!—Travelling a bad business. I hate it; never made a tour completely to my satisfaction but with P. P. He is, indeed, an agreeable companion in a post chaise: I wish he were beside me in the mail instead of this beast of a Courier. Well, we may meet yet, and so, "'Tis but in vain," &c.

*September 20.* At three this morning arrived at Rennes, having passed three nights agreeably without sleep. "*A hundred and twenty miles in thirty-four hours is pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.*" I do not think that quotation any great things myself, but let it pass. "*Well, now I am in Ardenne; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place.*" Went to bed, and slept like a dragon till eleven. Rose and sent for my adjoint, Mac Sheehy, who has been here some days. He tells me all is going on, as he believes, prosperously. General Hoche is gone out fishing, and does not return till night. I am glad Hoche is a fisherman, because I am

one myself. Wrote a note to let him know I am arrived, and gave it to Mac Sheehy to deliver. Dined alone, deliciously, and drank a bottle of excellent claret, with divers patriotic and constitutional toasts. Thought of P. P. and my dearest love a thousand times. I am as pleased as Punch to find myself in quarters at last. "*Good apartments, Jack.*" Went in the evening to the Comedie: *bitter bad!* The piece was, to my great surprise, Addison's Drummer, very tolerably translated, and I was glad to see the French enjoy it extremely, especially Mr. Vellum. I remember Vellum used to be P. P.'s "*grand cheval de bataille,*" and furnished him with divers inimitable quotations. "*The gift is two fold,*" and "*A thundering dog.*" I delight to recal the nonsense that P. P. and I have vented together; and I would this night gladly give one half of the contents of my purse, which, indeed, to speak candidly, is no enormous sum, for the pleasure of his company. "*Ah! these were fine times, Mr. Rigmaroll!*" Well, I do love the dog dearly, that is the truth of it. I am tired now, so I will go to bed, and try to recover the arrears of sleep which are due to me.

September 21. Called on General Hoche, and sate with him for about a quarter of an hour; very civil, but no news as yet. I am to be for some time Mr. Smith, an American. He asked me about Duckett, who is here, it seems. I said I neither knew, nor intended to know him, and mentioned his prating at Paris to all his acquaintance, about his influence with General Clarke, and with Hoche himself. So now, if Hoche puts any confidence in this fellow, at least it is not my fault. Hoche spoke obscurely as if there were somebody here who knew and wished to see me, but I did not press him for an explanation, and he did not offer it. A few days may show more. Called on Colonel Shce, uncle to General Clarke, who is here. He tells me he was stopped on this side of Laval, at two o'clock in the day, by seven Chouans, who robbed him of every article of his property, except a box of papers relating to our business, which he was bringing to Hoche, and which escaped their search, as it were by miracle. It was most fortunate! This was but a few days since; so I have had a good escape. I doubt if I should be able, single handed, to conquer seven Chouans, armed with firelocks, as he tells me his lovers were. They offered him no personal injury, and he has learned since that the favor was not intended

for him, but for a Commissary, who was expected to pass, with money to pay the troops. Dined at head-quarters, with the staff, Hoche, Hédouville, Mërmet, &c. All very slovenly and soldier like, but nobody minds a dirty plate, or thing of that kind here. *A la guerre, comme a la guerre*, as the French say.

**September 22.** This being the first Vendemiaire, and, of course, the first day of the fifth year of the French Republic, *one, indivisible, and imperishable*, we had a grand review of the troops in the Champ de Mars, with horse racing, &c. and speeches from the constituted authorities. After the review, I met Hoche. He asked me, "Did I hear the cannonade?" I said I did. "Aye," said he, "you will soon hear enough of that." I answered, "The sooner the better." In the evening at the Comedie, to see a new piece, written by Privat, one of Hoche's Aids-de camp, on the termination of the war in La Vendee, in which he introduced some apposite and well timed compliments to the General and the Republic. The characters were filled by the young men of the Etat Major, and it went off very well. The Theatre was free for the ladies of the town, and, after the play, there was a grand ball at the *Hotel de Ville*, given by Hoche, for which I had a ticket. but, unluckily, I was not well, so instead of going to the ball, I came home and went to bed, which was a pity ; for,

"Wish my hat so well cock'd, and my hair so well curl'd,  
I look'd like a man of the very first world."

I believe that quotation is not correct ; but no matter, it is as good as one of P. P's quotations, at any rate.

**September 23.** At work all the morning with Colonel Shee, making an analysis of the distribution of the troops actually in Ireland. The General called in, and sate with us half an hour. Dined as usual with the Etat Major. I am now, to all intents, one of the family, and I like it of all things. (Sings) "*How merrily we live that soldiers be.*" &c. I have got rooms at head-quarters, and moved my kit accordingly. We are all lodged in the palace of the cidevant Bishop of Rennes, a superb mansion, but not much the better of the Revolution. The chapel, for example, is converted into a stable ; and divers other changes, of a like nature, have taken place. I do not know but I sleep to-night in his Lordship's bed chamber. Colonel Shee asked

me to-day, did I know *Duckett*? I said to him, as I had said to Hoche, that I neither knew him, nor desired to know him; for that I believed him to be a blackguard. Shee answered, it was exactly his own intention: that Duckett had made two or three sets at him, but that he had always avoided him. He added, that Duckett had told several people that he was sent here by the committee of nine, who manage the affairs of the Catholics, as their Plenipotentiary. The impudence of this last stroke did, to be sure, astonish me. I answered, that Duckett was a scoundrel, and if he were to tell so outrageous a lie in my presence, that I would knock him down on the spot. I also besought him to put Hoche on his guard, particularly as to this last story, offering, at the same time, to confront him before the General, and compel him to tell the truth. Shee answered, that was unnecessary, for that he was sure Hoche saw through him completely. But I am not yet satisfied; and I believe I will take an opportunity myself to set this matter on its right footing. Damn the impudence of the rascal! My brother Ambassador! Marry come up indeed! I'll *Duckett* him, the scoundrel, if I can catch him fairly in my grip.\*

*September 24.* Walked with Colonel Shee in the garden. He tells me that Hoche has selected the elite of the Army of the Ocean, which consisted of 117,000 men, for our expedition; that the arms and every thing were ready, and that we are waiting only on the marine. He also spoke as if in a fortnight or more we might put ourselves in motion; but I did not press him for specific information. The season is slipping away fast through our fingers. However, I believe they are doing their best.

*September 25.* Walked as usual in the garden with Col. Shee. I turned the discourse upon my own situation, and that which I had filled in Ireland. Shee told me that both the Executive Directory and General Hoche were perfectly satisfied as to who

\* I wonder my father did not record a laughable incident which occurred at one of these dinners, and which he often mentioned to my mother. The conversation was running on the great Lord Chatham, and the funeral honors which he received at the national expense, which my father was explaining to General Hoche. Duckett thrust himself between them, and observed, that, to receive such a recompense, had always been the highest object of his ambition. All stared at the modesty of the declaration, when Mr. Shee gravely observed, that he never saw any one who was more likely to be gratified in such a wish—(A pause ensued, and every eye was cast with wonder upon him)—“for, wherever you die, the parish will surely have to bury you.”



and what I was, through a channel which he was not at liberty to inform me of, but that I might be perfectly easy on the score of my credit. I answered that I was extremely glad they had satisfied themselves as to my veracity, and that I dreaded no investigation or scrutiny into my character or principles. I added that I was the better pleased at this, inasmuch as I did not know but I might appear to them in the same light with that scoundrel Duckett, who is here. He assured me again that they were perfectly assured that I had said nothing of myself but the strict truth. He added that he had spoken to Hoche about Duckett, and that Hoche said he would send him back to Paris instantly; but that he desired to keep the fellow here, until the last moment, and then despatch him. I was very glad to hear this, because I disliked exceedingly the idea of such a rascally adventurer thrusting himself into our business. However, he is now, I believe sufficiently known, and, of course, can do no mischief. We then spoke in general of our expedition, which is delayed entirely by the marine. The General sets off to-morrow for Brest to hurry them: and as he has extraordinary powers, I am in hope that he will work *Messieurs les Commissaires*. I collect from Shee's discourse, that we will have 1,000 cavalry ready to mount, but the Irish must find horses. I do not yet know the number of our infantry. At dinner, Privat, one of Hoche's aids-de-camp, and author of the piece which was played the other night, told me that Hoche and he were private soldiers in the Gardes Françaises, and were made corporals together on the same day. He also told me that Hoche's coup de sabre was received in a duel with a fellow soldier.

*September 26.* The General set off this morning for Brest. I hope in God he may hurry those fellows. I dread the equinoctial gales passing over and finding us unprepared. By Shee's discourse I fancy it is intended that we shall make a race for it. Happy go lucky in that case. I was in hopes the Spanish fleet would have joined us at Brest, but he tells me they are returned to Cadix, after escorting Richery to some unknown latitude.—Damn their foolish souls, they will be beaten, and the French also in detail; whereas, if they were instantly to join, their united fleets in the Channel would be stronger than any thing England could for some time oppose to them, and a week would be sufficient for our business. If they let this occasion escape them,

as I fear they will, they need never expect to meet such another. I am in the horrors to-day. Well, let us see what Hoche's expedition will produce. He will be absent five or six days. Brest is 180 miles from this. Time, time! At all events, for me the die is cast, and I am utterly desperate as to the event. Come what come may; I have done, and am doing my duty; and if I fall, I fall. I have not, on that score, the smallest burthen on my mind. A short time now must, I think, put me at least out of uncertainty; and I am sure that the worst that can befall, cannot be much more painful than the state of suspense and anxiety in which I have so long languished. Once again "*courage.*" Let us see what Hoche will say on his return.

*September 27.* The report is that Thomas Grenville is at Paris, with some proposition for peace. I do not mind it; it is a fetch of Pitt's, if it be at all true that he is there. Besides, Colonel Shce has letters to-day from General Clarke, which make no mention of his arrival, but assure us that every thing is going on as fast as possible. As fast as possible is, however, too slow for my impatience. My life hangs terribly on my hands. After all, however, I had rather stagnate at Rennes than at Paris.

*September 28, 29, 30.* Blank.

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OCTOBER, 1796.

*October 1, 2.* Blank! Blank!

*October 3.* The Journal des Defenseurs de la Patrie, published under the authority of the Directory, gives the lie, this day, to the arrival of Thomas Grenville. I did not much mind the report at the time, but I am much pleased with the spirit of the contradiction, which is by an official note. The Directory seems fully bent on humbling the pride of England; and lay down as a principle, that the peace to which they will consent must be one which will ravish from her, her maritime preponderance, restore the liberty of the ocean, give a spring to the Spanish, Dutch, and French marine, and carry to the highest degree of prosperity the industry and commerce of these nations, whom England has regarded as rivals and enemies, when they would no longer submit to be dupes. If the Directory act up with

**firmness** to those principles, and if Spain be not utterly besotted, I think it impossible but England must be reduced within her proper and natural limits ; the first step to which, be it ever kept in mind, is the independence of Ireland.

*October 4, 5.* I find great amusement in chatting with Colonel Shee, who is a very agreeable old man, and has served as a good officer of cavalry now thirty-six years. He told me last night, as I was sitting with him, that General Clarke had written to him that he might have full confidence in me ; nevertheless, he does not tell me much, if indeed he knows much himself ; that, however, gives me very little concern. I shall learn every thing time enough. I collect, however, that it is resolved, if possible, to turn in a gang of six or seven thousand desperadoes into England, who will live at free quarters, and commit all manner of devastation. If this takes effect, it will embarrass her extremely. She has never yet seen the smoke of an enemy's fire ; and I always remember, that 5,000 ragged, half starved Highlanders, forced their way to 100 miles distance of London, and might, perhaps, have achieved what remained, if the Pretender had not been a poltroon. It is, to be sure, a horrible mode of making war, but England showed the way, by disgorging so many hordes of emigrants into France, and the enormities which have been committed in consequence, in this country, are such as to justify France in adopting any means of revenge ; it is, in a word, but strict retaliation. I am curious to see how England will relish a war of Chouans in her own bowels. Colonel Shee and I were employed yesterday in digesting and arranging different routes from the several harbors, where we might land, to Dublin. I find him very reasonable. We agreed that our first object was to get ashore any where, and, of course, the nearest port to Brest was the best, as we could make any shift when we were once landed, our army being composed of veterans, who have been in service in La Vendee for years, and are steel-ed against every hardship ; having been well used to dispense with clothes, shoes, or even bread, at times. Supposing, however, we had a port to choose, we agreed it should be Belfast, or, at least, as near Belfast as possible ; if not, Waterford, or that neighborhood. The distance from Dublin is pretty nearly equal. We calculated, however, for, I believe, a dozen different landing places round the coast. He tells me Hoche has

a great magazine of clothing, which he took from the British, at the time of his famous victory at Quiberon; that is literally “tant de pris sur l'ennemi.” We talked a good deal of my affairs. I observed that, supposing our expedition was, by any unforeseen accident, prevented, I was a little anxious as to what the Directory might determine with regard to me; that I had almost utterly ruined myself, partly in their service; that since I came to France I had subsisted entirely on my own means, having drawn nothing from the Republic but my pay, which he knew was not sufficient to pay my washerwoman; that, on my journey and during my stay in Rennes, I had not drawn even my pay: nor did I intend it, as it was to my own country I looked for indemnification, in case we ever got there: but I again observed, if our expedition did not take place, I could hardly suppose the Directory would suffer me to be utterly ruined, which must be the case if I were not retained in their service. Shee answered that he had not the shadow of doubt but in that case I would be employed, as he did not think the Directory capable of acting dishonorably by a man who had such strong claims on them; and he added, that he was satisfied General Clarke would take effectual measures in my behalf. This was a considerable relief to my mind, on account of my wife and our dear little babies. We then began to build Chateaux en Irlande, as magnificent as any in Spain. Shee told me he had some notion, in case we succeeded, of selling what property he had in France and settling in Ireland. I answered, I, for one, should be heartily glad of it: and indeed I spoke but the truth. I added, that we should have occasion for his talents, and especially for his long experience as a military man, in arranging our army, and, in that case, I hoped we should find for him a situation which might recompense him for the services he should have rendered, and the sacrifice he made in quitting his family, and exposing his health, which is not very firm, and his person, to the fatigues of a voyage and the perils of a winter campaign. As he seemed very much to relish this discourse, I took the opportunity to throw in a word or two on my own situation and expectations. I reminded him that hitherto I had drawn nothing either from France or Ireland; but, on the contrary, had sacrificed time, labor, person, and property in the common cause of both countries; that I had no doubt, if we succeeded, of being amply

recompensed ; nevertheless, that the more attention was shown to me by the French Government, and by the General, on our arrival, the greater services it would be in my power to render to France, to Ireland, and to our friends embarked in the expedition. That I believed he knew my zeal and affection for the cause of the Republic, as well as my gratitude to the Directory ; and I left him to consider, whether, in framing our government in Ireland, it might not be desirable for France to have, in an efficient station, a man on whose principles and attachment she might safely count, a circumstance which might be materially forwarded and most probably secured by the attention on the part of the General, to which I alluded : an attention which both Catholics and Dissenters would consider as shown to themselves, much more than to me personally, as I could have no claim upon it, other than as I stood in the capacity of their agent, and possessing, as I would venture to say I did possess, their confidence. Shee heard me with great attention. and said he saw clearly the advantages resulting from what I proposed ; that every thing I said was perfectly reasonable, and he was satisfied the General would see it in the same light, and regulate his conduct accordingly. I desired him to think of all I had said, and that we would resume the subject once more before our departure.

*October 6, 7.* I like old Colonel Shee more and more ; his conversation is my sole resource against the ennui which devours me. He was Secretary to the late Duke of Orleans, for whose memory he cherishes the sincerest regard. He has amused me these two days with an infinity of anecdotes relating to that unfortunate Prince, who, I almost begin to believe, has been most grossly calumniated by all parties in the Revolution. The zeal and affection which Shee manifests for the honor of a man who can no longer serve or prejudice him, is, at least, a strong proof of the goodness of his own character. It is highly interesting to see the earnestness and warmth with which he labors to impress me with a good opinion of the Duke, and, indeed, from his reports, I am satisfied, not only of his innocence as to the accusation on which he was guillotined, but as to his general character as a man of honor, courage, and probity. I think I see that he has been the victim of a double cabal, of the court, and of the jacobins. *Mais parlons d'autre chose.* General Hédouville shewed the Colonel to-day a letter from Hoche, wherein

he says that he is moving heaven and earth to get things in readiness at Brest, and that he hopes in three weeks we may be getting aboard. The marine agents are scoundrels, and there is a scarcity of seamen, but orders have been this day expedited to all the military commanders along the coast, to make diligent search, secure, and send on to Brest all seafaring persons, and there is a reward of six livres a-head to the soldiers for all they can find, which will sharpen them up to the business. It will be November before we arrive, if we are so fortunate as to arrive at all; of course we shall have, in that case, a winter campaign of it. No matter, we are better able to stand it than those who will be opposed to us. The country gentlemen of Ireland, with their warm feather beds, their beef and claret, will make, I think, no great figure before our grenadiers, who have been seasoned these four years to all manner of hardships and privations, in this execrable war of La Vendee, which Hoche has had the glory of terminating. “*Damn it; we’re all militia captains, and who’s afraid of death?*” I have written out about thirty Irish airs for the band of my regiment, if I am to have one, which I doubt a little, whereby I must *insense* Hoche on his return, because “*when both house and lands are spent, then learning is most excellent.*” Good! good—hold! *I meant abominable!* That is a vile quotation, to tell the God’s truth of the matter.

October 8. I must change my apartment to-morrow to make room for General Debelle, brother-in-law to Hoche, who is just arrived. *A la bonne heure.* “*They talk of further alterations, which causes many speculations.*” My quotations latterly are as pert and as stupid as you please, but how can I quote when I am in this horrible suspense?

October 9, 10, 11, 12. The General returned last night at eight o’clock, having been absent since the 26th of last month. Colonel Shee saw him this morning for a quarter of an hour; he tells me Hoche is bent on going, *conte qui conte*, and that every thing is ready but seamen, whom he has given orders to press all along the coast, as far as Bordeaux. Oh! that we were aboard. Oh! that we were aboard! or rather, indeed, that we were ashore, after being aboard. “*I ’gin to be weary of the sun.*” He told Hoche that we had prepared diverse routes during his absence, and took that opportunity to speak of me, and

I suppose he was pleased to say something handsome, but what it was, of course, I did not inquire. I see an article in a French paper that thirty persons have been arrested in Dublin for high treason. Who can they be? Are any of my friends of the number, for there are no names mentioned? I hope in God we shall be in Ireland time enough to liberate them, be they who they may. I think General Hoche will be pretty security for their appearance, and I fancy that even my own bail would not, in this case, be refused. Colonel Shee and I have been reading over the American Ordonnance, and making our observations on it. If we arrive safe, I will propose adopting it, with a few necessary alterations. It is excellent, for an army that must be made in a hurry, being clear and concise.

*October 13, 14.* The General set off, unexpectedly, for Paris, this day at twelve o'clock. It seems, on his visit to Brest, he had reason to be discontented with the administration of the marine; however, they promised him fair, and he returned to Rennes, leaving orders with a confidential person to let him know how they were going on. This person has written him word, that since his departure all the preparations are slackened, and, in consequence, he is set off in a rage for Paris, and I trust will return in a few days with full powers to cashier a parcel of those scoundrelly agents of the marine. I have written, by Colonel Shee's desire, a short address to the peasantry of Ireland, explaining to them the great benefits which the Revolution has procured to the peasantry of France. This he has translated into French, and gave the copy to the General to read on his way to Paris. I see by two English papers of the 13th and 14th of last month, that they are importing daily, large quantities of arms, ammunition, and artillery, into Ireland. I am glad of it, for divers reasons. It is also said they are going to restore the fortifications of Derry, and to mount one hundred pieces of artillery on the walls. This I take to be a rhodomontade, for I cannot see to what end they should fortify Derry. I wish we were once in Ireland, and we would make short work with their fortifications. These eternal delays kill me; but then Hoche is a man of the greatest activity, and he is embarked, body and soul, in this business. I am sure he is as earnest to the full, as I am myself, and that is a great comfort to me. I suppose he will be about a fortnight absent.

*October 15. 16.* The General returned, unexpectedly, this morning at nine o'clock. It seems he met a courier on the road with despatches, which rendered his trip to Paris unnecessary. Colonel Shee tells me to-day, that it was intended, after landing us, to despatch the fleet with three thousand men to the East Indies : but, in consequence of a mutiny at the Mauritius, that scheme is given up, and we are to keep both ships and men. I mentioned to him a report I had heard, that we were waiting for cannoniers from the army of *Sambre et Meuse*, which I thought very odd if it were true : he assured me it was no such thing ; we have already three companies of cannoniers, and, in short, every thing is ready except the seamen, to procure whom the most positive and pressing orders have been given by the Minister of Marine, and Directory. He told me, also, that, perhaps, about the time of our landing, I would hear of some combustion in England, and that he hoped, before we had done, we might pay John Bull a visit. According to my laudable custom, I did not ask him to explain what this combustion was to be. It will, probably, explain itself time enough.

*October 17.* Our expedition, as well as the life of the General, has had a most providential escape. Last night, between nine and ten, as he was returning from the Comédie, with General Debelle, and Hedouville, a ruffian, who was posted at a corner, fired a pistol at him, within five or six yards, which fortunately missed, and the villain instantly ran off, but was stopped by two of the aids-de-camp, who happened to come that way, before he had run one hundred yards. The pistol was likewise found where he had dropt it. On his being seized and examined, he confessed that he was hired by a person, whom he described, to assassinate General Hoche, and was to have fifty louis for his reward. He threw himself on his knees before Hoche, who behaved incomparably well, and desired him to rise, as no man should kneel to him, and tell the whole truth ; assuring him that he had not himself the least resentment against him. The fellow then repeated his story exactly, and the two aid-de-camps set out with a guard in quest of the other villain, whom they found in bed, and brought to head-quarters. A magistrate being sent for, the two were confronted, and the latter denying every thing, they were both, after a long examination, committed to prison. It seems the fellow who fired the



shot is a workman employed in the arsenal, the other is lately from Paris, and says he is a horse dealer; in order to induce the former to commit the murder, he told him that he was a royalist, and that it was for the King's service to assassinate Hoche, which, together with the promise of the fifty louis, determined him. The name of the former is Moreau, and of the latter Teyssierd. Nothing could be better than the General's behavior through all this affair. For my part, I do not see what the royalists could promise themselves from his death, at the same time it is beyond all doubt that this villain, Teyssierd, has come down from Paris expressly to have him assassinated. I do not at all suspect the English of assassination, but certainly, at this moment, they are much more interested in Hoche's death, than that miserable Louis XVIII. In short, I know not what to think of the motives of this abominable affair; a few days may probably explain it further.

*October 18.* In consequence of the affair of yesterday, a search was made in the lodgings of Teyssierd, and a case of pistols, two fusils, and three air guns, were found, the two last articles buried in the garden; there were also among his papers the directions of several persons in Paris and *London*. I should be sorry, much as I detest the English nation, to suspect them of such vile and horrible means of effectuating their purposes. as that of assassination; yet they have already done several things in this war as bad, at Quiberon, and elsewhere. I am very much afraid the English cabinet is implicated in this infernal business, the more so as the General received notice a few days since, from the Minister of Justice at Paris, to be on his guard, as an attempt was intended to be made on his life by some English agents. Hoche is entirely too careless of his person, which, as he is circumstanced, though it may be very magnanimous, is not very wise. He was out till past ten o'clock last night.—Chatted a good deal to-day with Colonel Shee, who is my only companion here, and whose conversation I find extremely amusing and instructive. He tells me he expects we shall soon set off now; that the General has no confidence in the marine, but is determined, if we fall in with the English fleet, that fight they shall, for, as the military will be at least two to one on board, he will give it out in general orders, that the first man, officer or seaman, of whatever rank, that offers to flinch, shall be instantly

shot on the quarter-deck. That is stout of Hoche, or as P. P. would say, “*manly and decided.*” I had rather, however, that our valor was tried on *terra firma*. for I am of opinion with the Turks, “*that God has given the sea to the infidels, and the land to the true believers.*” A sea fight is our *pis aller*, nevertheless, if it must be, it must. Those damned Spaniards! why are they not this moment in Brest water? They have mortally offended the English by escorting Richery out of Cadiz, and now they are temporizing with half measures, which are always miserable policy; whereas, if they joined us instantly, we could strike our blow in security, and the navy of England, or I am utterly deceived, would be no longer formidable either to France or Spain. I wish I was at the head of the Spanish cabinet for one month.—Shee told me a good story to-day—The English had lodged fifty louis to pay the printer here for a copy of the proclamation, which they foresaw Hoche would publish, where-soever he was bound. He got wind of this, and, by Shee’s advice, prepared a proclamation for the Portuguese, and then began to search with great secrecy and diligence among the priests, for some one who understood Portuguese, in order to have it translated. (It was a pity Mr. Fitz Simons, of whose talents for the Portuguese I have already made honorable mention, was not here.) Having thus spread the report among these knaves, he sent off Shee, privately to Angiers, where there is a printer on whom he has reliance, and caused the proclamation to be printed there, taking every possible precaution that not a copy should escape. It was very well imagined of Colonel Shee, and I have no doubt but those rascally priests will take care the story of the Portuguese proclamation shall find its way to England. All fair! All fair! We talked a little of my affairs, and Colonel Shee, after saying handsome things of my services, assured me he would take care, if we arrived safe in Ireland, to state very fully, when and where it might be necessary, of what important consequence my exertions in France had been, &c. He spoke with great friendship and regard, and I have no doubt his representations may be of material use to me. I do not think there is any thing wrong or like intrigue in all this. Have I not sacrificed every thing to the cause? and have I not rendered some service, and I may say essential service, to my country? I assured Colonel Shee, in return, that if ever I found myself

in a situation which might enable me, he should see the sense I entertained of his kindness for me. There the matter rested, and there I will let it rest.

*October 19.* Since my arrival here, I have not had the least communication with the General ; we have scarcely even spoken at meals when we met, and I began in consequence to grow a little uneasy at it : for as there are two Irishmen here, M<sup>r</sup> Sheehy and Duckett, besides myself, and as the first is a blockhead and the last a scoundrel, I did not exactly know whether the General might not lump us all off together, in forming his opinion. I, therefore, hinted remotely to Colonel Shee, yesterday, my uneasiness at the great reserve of the General towards me, and in consequence of what I said, which was indeed but very little, he spoke to him of it at dinner. The General assured him that he by no means confounded me with the two others : but observed, which is the fact, that if he was to mark me by any particular attention, it would be immediately observed and set people on making inquiries, which would be very inconvenient, as it was absolutely necessary that I should remain *incognito* as much as possible : he added, that, in time and place, I should see how he wished to treat me. This has satisfied me entirely. Colonel Shee also told me, that it was a long time a moot point whether our expedition should be undertaken or not, as the Minister of the Marine, Truguet, was very much wedded to a scheme he had for India : but that, at last, with considerable difficulty, General Clarke had managed it so that our affair had the precedence. If we yet get to Ireland, it will be worth fifty of Truguet's schemes. (*At night.*) I have mentioned above what the General said yesterday, with regard to me. To-day, after dinner, he took Colonel Shee aside and repeated his reasons for not being more attentive to me, which he begged of him to explain to me. Colonel Shee told him he had done so, and that I was perfectly easy on that score. The General then told him he had appointed me to the rank of Adjutant General, which will give me, as a military man, very great advantages ; and he added, that one reason which kept him under restraint as to me, was the presence of that rascal Duckett, who had written him an impertinent letter, and whom he intended to cashier next morning. He added many other civilities, to which Colonel Shee made the proper acknowledgments on my

part. Certainly nothing can be handsomer than this conduct of the General. I am heartily glad, for divers reasons, that he is resolved to send Mr. Duckett to wander. Colonel Shee then told me that he expects we will set off in four or five days, and that he had requested of the General that we might travel together, and that the General had given orders to his aid-de-camp, Poiton, to that effect. The General has likewise read my address to the peasantry of Ireland, which he entirely approves : so all, as to me at least, is going on as well as I could desire. Huzza ! I am an Adjutant General ! Well, to be sure, but it is droll ! Shall I make a good officer ? Why not ? “ *It is a life I have desired ; I will thrive.* ” We read the King’s speech, in which he announces a desire to make peace, but I do not mind this. Shee told me that, perhaps at this very hour, there was something going on in England, which would embarrass them not a little, and that we might perchance hear of it in four or five days. This is, at least, the third time that he has spoken to me darkly on that subject ; but I make it a rule never to press him for explanations. We talked over the plan of an address to the people at large, in Ireland, inciting them to establish their independence, to be published on our landing ; and I sat down beside him, and wrote a few pages to begin. I think I will make it a flaming production : but I am tired now, it is late and so I will go to bed. I am a pretty fellow to be an Adjutant General ! “ *Mr. Klinker—Floyd, I would say, hi. hi. hi,—I suppose you are too great a man to acknowledge your old acquaintance, ho, ho, ho.* ” Well, that is a vile stupid quotation, to tell the truth of it, but a soldier is not obliged to quote like a pedant, “ *with their Novids, and Omars, and Blutracks, and stuff. By Gad, they don’t signify this pinch of snuff.* ” “ *Damn Homo, with all my heart. I am sure I have the marks of him sticking on my a—— yet.* ” Oh Lord ! Oh Lord ! witty quotations for an Adjutant General.

October 20. This day received my orders to set out for Brest the day after to-morrow, being the 1st Brumaire. Huzza ! Huzza ! I am to travel in General Debelle’s carriage, with Hoche’s cousin and Privat, his Aid-de-Camp. Settled all my affairs at Rennes instantly, and hove short. I am ready at a minute’s warning. I have been hard at work to-day on my pamphlet, which is scurrilous enough. Colonel Shee translates it as I go on, for

the inspection of the General, and I like it better in his French than in my own English. I think it will do tolerably well, when it is finished.

*October 21.* Last night I met the General in the Gallery alone. He immediately came up to me and asked me, had I occasion for any thing before my departure? I thanked him, and replied, I had not. He then continued, "Because, if you have, I desire you will apply to me, as to your friend, without any reserve." I again thanked him, and said, that if I was under any necessity, I would avail myself of his permission, but that at present I was not. He then said, "I am not a man to make professions, but I beg you will, on all occasions, look upon me as your friend, and treat me accordingly." I thanked him for the third time, and so we shook hands and parted. It was very civil of him, and I desired Colonel Shee to let him know again how sensible I was of his kindness.

*October 22.* Set out from Rennes, on my way to Brest, with Privat and Marie Hoche. Travelled very agreeably through a beautiful country, covered with wood, the very seat of Chouannerie. The farms beautiful; the towns, for the names whereof I refer to the map, mean, and the villages abominable. England far beyond France in that respect, but very inferior in all the other beauties of a landscape. Halted at Montauban. Our whole caravan amounts to eighteen officers, mostly of the Etat Major. Supped very pleasantly. A furious penury of beds. Privat and I, to show a good example, lay rough on a mattress on the floor. Lay awake half the night, laughing and making execrable puns. We were not much crowded, there being only nine of us in one small room. I like this life of all things. There is a gaiety, and a carelessness about military men, which interests me infinitely. We mess together. I pay nothing, as the General gave orders to that effect to his cousin, and also, as Marie Hoche told me, to treat me with all possible attention and respect; all which is highly agreeable. Once again, I like all this mightily!

*October 23.* As yesterday. Halted at Broon, where we slept. Mess pleasant, as usual, and good accommodations at the Auberge. Two very fine lads of the name of Dalton, nephews of Colonel Shee, and sons of an Irish officer, are of our party, and are particularly civil and attentive to me: for which, if we reach our destination, I will be civil and attentive to them. I

like them both. James and Alexander, very much. I wish they could speak English, which they do but very imperfectly.

*October 24.* Halted at Lamballe. I can see a very great difference in the behavior of my companions since we set out. Whilst we were at Rennes, nobody was uncivil, but nobody was attentive to me : now the case is different. I am placed in the seat of honor, lodged single, and in the best chamber, whilst the rest are obliged to fag. I hope I need not to say that I give myself no airs on all this : on the contrary, I endeavor to recommend myself as much as possible by a very modest and guarded behavior, and have the pleasure to see that my discretion, in that respect, does not pass unnoticed. The alteration in the behavior of my comrades is so striking, that I think it worth mentioning here, and I believe they like me as well as I like them. It is peculiarly incumbent on a foreigner, in the French service, to be delicate on all points ; and I am, at least, sensible of what I ought to do, whether or not I am able to execute it. I like the French more and more : their very foibles, of which they have plenty, amuse me, whilst the singularities of an Englishman are almost always offensive.

*October 25, 26, 27, 28.* As usual. Halted at St. Brieux, Guincamp, where we remained one day to repose. Belle Isle en terre and Morlaix. At Morlaix dined with General Harty, an Irishman, in the service of the Republic.

*October 29.* This morning before we set out, General Harty sent for me, and shewed me an English paper that he had just borrowed, the Morning Post, of September 24th, in which was an article copied from the Northern Star of the 16th precedent. By this unfortunate article, I see that what I have long expected, with the greatest anxiety, is come to pass. My dear friends Russell and Sam. Neilson, were arrested for high treason on that day, together with Rowley Osborne, Haslett, and a person, whom I do not know, of the name of Shanaghan. The persons who arrested them were the Marquis of Downshire, the Earl of Westmeath, and Lord Londonderry, together with that most infamous of all scoundrels, John Pollock. It is impossible to conceive the effect this heavy misfortune has upon my mind. If we are not in Ireland time enough to extricate them, they are gone : for the Government will move heaven, earth, and hell, to ensure their condemnation. Good God ! If they fall, where

shall I find two such men to replace them? My poor friend Russell with whom I have spent the happiest hours of my life, and whom I love with the affection of a brother, a man who would, I know, sacrifice his life for me or my family, if it were necessary; and Neilson, an honest, a brave, and worthy fellow, a good Irishman, a good republican; both of them men who have rendered such essential service to their country. My heart smites me now, for the levity with which I have spoken of my poor Russell in those memorandums, under the name of P. P. Well, that levity exists no longer; it is time now to think of other matters. I will not expend myself here in empty menaces, which as yet I have not the means to execute. God, I hope, has not so totally deserted me, but I may yet arrive in time to deliver my friends. If, to my unspeakable loss, I should arrive too late to rescue, at least I shall be able to revenge them, and, in that case, "wo to their persecutors!" I see that they have behaved in a manner worthy of themselves, and of the cause to which I fear they will fall victims. Neilson and Russell surrendered themselves voluntarily. Wm. Sampson acted with the greatest spirit, and particularly insulted Lord Westmeath, that contemptible cuckold, two or three times, in the grossest manner. This most unfortunate of all events, brings to my mind the death of my poor friend Sweetman, which I shall ever regret, and the arrestation of John Keogh. With regard to the latter, as I have seen the English papers pretty regularly ever since, and have found no further mention of that affair, I am in great hopes that he was immediately discharged, and that nothing disastrous ensued. If ever I return to Ireland, God only knows in what state I shall find the invaluable friends I left behind me, or how many of them may be in existence. I am in unspeakable distress at this moment, the more, as I can do nothing for their relief. I will go to Hoche the moment I reach Brest, and acquaint him with this unfortunate event. but, as to him, that is unnecessary, for I am sure he is doing his very best to hurry things forward. Good God! If I am so unhappy as to arrive too late, what shall I do? I cannot bear to think of it. If they conduct themselves well, they may postpone their trial for a considerable time, and, in that case, we may yet save them. It is but forty-five days since they were arrested. But, if, to my unspeakable misfortune, that should not happen, my only consolation

is the hope of revenge. Once again, I will not indulge in premature threatenings. If I arrive, and arrive too late, we shall see what is fit to be done.

*October 30.* After halting last night at Landerneau, arrived this day at one o'clock at Brest. having been just ten days on the road. Ran immediately to find the General, but he was gone out. Called on Colonel Shee, and informed him of the situation of our friends. He tells me if they manage to delay a little, he is in hopes we may arrive time enough to deliver them. God Almighty send ! He tells me a relation of his, a general officer in the service of the Republic, who was sent by the Executive Directory into Ireland, about four months since, is just arrived, and will probably be in Brest in about five or six days. He will of course bring us authentic intelligence of the state of the country.

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NOVEMBER, 1796.—(BREST.)

*November 1, 2.* I have been hard at work ever since my arrival, on an address to the Irish people, which is to be printed here and distributed on our landing. I have hardly time to eat, but I do not work with pleasure, from the reflection which recurs to me every instant, that the men whose approbation I could most covet, are, perhaps, at this moment on trial for their lives. Well, let me, if possible, not think of that longer. I have not yet seen the General. Colonel Shee tells me that General Quantin has been despatched from Flushing with 2,000 of the greatest reprobates in the French army, to land in England, and do as much mischief as possible, and that we have 3,000 of the same stamp, whom we are also to disgorge on the English coast. It is a horrible mode of making war, and such as nothing can possibly justify, but the manner in which England has persecuted the Republic. Much as I detest the inhumanity of punishing the inhabitants of a country for the crimes of their rulers, I cannot blame the French, when I recollect the treachery of England at Toulon, or the miseries which she has caused in that part of the Republic through which I have just passed, on her false assignats and counterfeit louis, but, especially, on her most atrocious and unheard-of system of starving



the whole French people, a measure so abominable, and which produced such dreadful suffering and misery in France, as justifies any measures of retaliation, however terrible. The English Ambassador is arrived at Paris; Spain has, at length, declared war against England, and begun, it is said, by taking a man of war of 56 guns. Damn them! why are they not to-day in Brest waters? Corsica is evacuated by the British; so all goes on pretty well.

*Evening.* I have just read, in the *Moniteur*, the memorial given in by Lord Malmesbury, the English Plenipotentiary in Paris. the memoir of Charles De la Croix, and the reply of the Directory, which is admirable. I have not time to abstract them, but the negotiation is at an end for the present. I never thought any thing would come of it, for I did not believe Pitt serious: and, apparently, the Directory is of the same opinion, for it is on that principle they have framed their answer. My Lord Malmesbury may now go back, if he pleases. I am curious to know the result of Quantin's expedition, which, I presume, is the business of which Colonel Shee spoke to me indirectly two or three times. I had rather it had followed than preceded ours: for if they commit, as doubtless they will, great enormities, it may alienate people's minds against us, who will make no distinction between one corps of French troops and another. The Spaniards are parading in the Mediterranean, to assist us in taking Corsica, after the English have evacuated it. This fashion of making war puts me in mind of the London Aldermen fox-hunting. I have worked this day like a horse, and I am as stupid to night as a horse, and in wretched low spirits; every hour that passes is like an age to my impatience: I do not even sleep.

*November 3.* At work at my pamphlet.

*November 4.* This morning, on the parade, I met Poitou, the General's first aid-de-camp, who whispered me that, by a vessel from Liverpool, which was brought in yesterday, intelligence was received that the revolution was effected in Ireland; that the people were up in arms, and had seized the arsenal in Dublin and driven 10,000 English troops, being all that were in the country, back to England. I was not a little astonished at this piece of news, and ran off immediately to Mr. Shee, who confirmed it to me, adding, that they had found thirty

thousand stand of arms in the arsenal ; that the news was certain, and that the General had written off to the Directory last night for positive orders to sail, on the return of the courier, with what force was ready, without waiting for the remainder. He told me further, that he expected every moment the captain of the prize, in order to examine him, in which he desired my assistance, as the General had written to Joyeuse, the Admiral, to have him sent up. All this I found very circumstantial, yet I felt I know not what presentiment, that it would turn out at least an exaggeration of the fact. On leaving Mr. Shee, I met the General himself, who embraced me after the manner of the French, kissing me on both cheeks, and wishing me joy of the event. I returned shortly after to Colonel Shee, whom I acquainted with my doubts as to the extent of this report, and mentioned the anecdote of a Liverpool captain, who seeing the Dublin volunteers parade, on this very day, in the year 1779, with their cannon, and their Colonel, the Duke of Leinster, at their head, immediately ran down to his ship in a fright, set sail for England, and, on his landing, swore before the Mayor of Liverpool, that all Ireland was up in arms, and that he had seen the Duke of Leinster proclaimed King, in College Green, which he himself certainly believed. Colonel Shee seemed a little taken back with this anecdote ; however, he told me he had great hopes the present news was true, for that, to his knowledge, 15,000 stand of arms had been lately introduced into Ireland. I asked him was he sure of that, as I did not see where money could be got to purchase them, without communicating with so many people, as must infallibly lead to a discovery of the affair. He replied they were purchased by one person, who was wealthy, who knew me, and whom I knew, and that in time and place I should learn who he was. I said that satisfied me. In the mean time I cannot form the least conjecture who this person is. 15,000 stand of arms would cost £30,000, and I do not see amongst my acquaintance a man who is at once able and willing to advance such a sum. Well, no matter who it is. At last the author of our intelligence arrived, with two other seamen, taken on their way from Newfoundland, about the same time, eight or nine days ago. A council was immediately held, consisting of the General, the Admiral, Colonel Shee, and myself. Our informer said he was

an American; that he sailed from Liverpool on a Wednesday; that, before his departure, news came by the packet that all Ireland was up for a Republic: that the Liberty Boys, and the Weavers were up, and the Clearway Men, and that he had seen 10,000 English troops embark at Liverpool, three or four days before he left it, in order to quell the insurrection. This was the sum of his information; he added, that after they were taken by the French, they had fallen in with two fleets, one he judged might be of twenty sail, and in the other he counted twelve sail of line of battle ships, and that he heard there was a third fleet below again. I was not disappointed in finding the news turn out so different from what it was at first reported, supposing even what the fellow said to be true, which it certainly was not, for, in the first place, he set out with a lie, in saying he was an American, for he was a Scotchman, with a broad accent. He could not tell the day of the month that he sailed, nor the burthen of his vessel. The 10,000 troops he spoke of, turned out to be one regiment of Scotch, one regiment of Welch, and a regiment of Irish, who were embarked, as he said, in four large vessels and five or six brigs. Altogether he lied, and prevaricated so much that I do not pay the least attention to his story; so there is an end of the insurrection. I am, however, heartily glad of this event, for I hope it will produce positive orders from the Directory to sail immediately. Dined at head-quarters, in state, with the Admirals and several Captains of the fleet, and the staff of the army—a grand affair. This dinner is to manifest to the public that there is a perfect harmony between the land and sea service, which I am very sorry to see is far from being the case. Sat late at dinner, and after dinner retired to Colonel Shee's room with the General, the Admiral, General DeBelle, and Colonel Shee. I did not come in for some time after the others, and on my entry found Hoche pressing Joyeuse, extremely, to be ready for the expedition, and Joyeuse starting every possible difficulty, particularly on the score of the transports. Hoche then said he would go with the men of war only, crowding as many men aboard as they could carry. Joyeuse then came down to five sail of the line and five frigates, the best sailors, who might, by dint of seamanship and quick sailing, escape from the English, who were, he said, in waiting for them off Cape Clear, and who had

also *eclaireurs* off Ushant, as every morning the report was that two large ships and three frigates were seen there. Colonel Shee asked him how many men, for a short passage, could he stow on the ships he mentioned ; he said 600 on each of the line of battle ships, and 300 on each of the frigates. That makes in all but 4,500 men. The General then said that his word was pledged to the Government and to his friends in Ireland : that the time was even elapsed for which he had engaged himself, that he would go in a single frigate, if the Admiral could give him no more, and he pressed him again and again in the strongest manner. Joyeuse still hung back, and I believe he was sorry, to judge by his manner, that he had spoken of even five ships of the line : at length he proposed, merely, as I think, to gain time, to send out a vessel to reconnoitre, and bring positive intelligence of the state of the country, and another to learn the actual position of the English fleet, and, upon this proposal, the meeting broke up. I augur the worst possible event from any business in which the marine of France is concerned. Joyeuse wants to prevent our expedition, in order to get out to India, where there is more money to be made, and, in consequence, is throwing every difficulty in our way. Attempts are even made to set the soldiers and seamen by the ears, but the General is determined to shoot the very first who fight, upon the spot. There has been one duel already between Rapatelle,\* an officer of the Etat Major, and a Lieutenant of the navy, in which the former was victorious, having wounded his adversary in two places. From all this I see, first, that if we arrive at all, which, is at this moment, very doubtful, we shall not arrive in force. No matter. With 5,000 men, our Artillerie legere, and Hoche, I have no doubt of success. Would to heaven we were, even with that force, on the Cave Hill, this fine morning ; I would soon have my dear and unfortunate friends out of jeopardy. I see, likewise, that there is no mention whatsoever of the Spanish fleet. Damn them ! They are now parading in the Mediterranean. To be sure, the folly of that is beyond all human endurance. The General told me last night, that, by this, there were five or six thousand French in England, playing “ le diable a quatre.” I suppose he spoke of Quantin’s expedition. This has been an eventful day. I have spent it with

\*The same who accompanied Moreau in 1813, and in whose arms he died. He was my father’s Adjutant in this expedition.

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celebrated men, and who will make hereafter a figure in history, and yet, God knows, I am, at this moment, far from being satisfied. Hoche is behaving incomparably, but for the Admiral—Well, “*what can't be cured, must be endured.*” Let us see what the Directory will say to us.

*November 5.* At work at my pamphlet. I have no stomach to that business. I dine every day with the General, by his orders, which is the greater favor, as there are never more than five or six of us; himself, his brother-in-law, General Debelle, Marie Hoche, Col. Shee, Poitou, and myself.

*November 6.* Chatting with Col. Shee. I am in great hopes, from something he said, that we shall turn out Villaret Joyeuse, and get an admiral of our own choosing; perhaps, in that case, we may get out. I asked him whether, when the General said that his word was pledged to his friends in Ireland, he spoke really the fact, or said it merely to spur on the Admiral. Mr. Shee assured me that Hoche had both seen and spoken with some of the leaders in Ireland.\* So, here are two plots running on at one and the same time, mine and theirs, whoever they are; no matter for that. I am not afraid of our interfering, for our object is, I see, precisely the same, and I am even better pleased to have those invisible co-operators, as it divides the responsibility, and does not leave any thing resting on my single assertion. I asked Col. Shee, supposing we gave up the transports, how many men could we carry in the men of war? He said in twelve sail of the line, we could carry 6,000, and in ten frigates, we might have 2,500; so I see our armament is to be of that force. He added, however, that we must not give up the transports, as with them we could land with 20,000, which would settle the business without bloodshed. I answered, that if it were possible, it would undoubtedly be best, and referred him to my memorials for proof: that it was my own opinion, nevertheless, if the bringing transports would endanger the success of the entire business, I thought it best to secure the men of war, supposing they could carry but 5,000 men, instead of 8,500, which he had calculated, as with that force we should be able to fight it out. He replied he hoped we would have the transports also, and so it rested. For my part, under present circumstances, I would prefer the men of war with 6 or 7,000 men, and with that force to begin with, I should have no doubt

\*Arthur O'Connor.

of success: however, the business is in better hands. Colonel Shee then told me that the General wished to find somebody who would go directly to Ireland, as he had a safe American who would sail at a minute's warning, and also bring back the person who might go, and he was very desirous of intelligence of the state of the country at this moment. I mentioned McSheehy, and he immediately went for the General, who came, and we agreed that if McSheehy had no objection, he should be despatched to-morrow. I went immediately and found McSheehy, to whom I opened the business, as from myself, and he agreed without difficulty to go, if the General desired it. I informed the General of his assent, at dinner, and he desired me to thank him in his name, and desire him to hold himself in readiness for to-morrow, which I did accordingly, and to-morrow we shall see what are his instructions. McSheehy has behaved very well in this business.

November 7. The General has been out on a boating party all day, until six o'clock in the evening. On his return, he desired me to find McSheehy, which I did accordingly, and he told him that he must sail that night, as every thing was ready, and gave him verbal instructions, which in my mind were very insufficient, and it is the first time I have had reason to find fault with Hoche. He desired him to go to such persons as I should name, and learn from them as much as he could, on the actual state of the country at this moment, the temper of the people, the number and disposition of the troops, whether the French were expected or desired, and if so, in what part particularly. I asked him was McSheehy to tell them nothing in return. He said he must go into no particulars, but tell them, in general, that the dispositions of France were highly favorable to Ireland, and that both Government and people were anxious for their emancipation. He then gave McSheehy twenty louis, and we parted. I brought McSheehy to my lodgings, and made him change his dress from head to foot, equipping him with shirts, boots, stockings, waistcoats, coat and cloak, all either Irish, or made after the Irish fashion. I then gave him the address of Oliver Bond and Richard McCormick. I desired him to call on the former first, and tell him he came from me at Brest, and to satisfy Bond, I desired him to tell him that when Jackson was seized, and Hamilton Rowan and Dr. Reynolds escaped, he advised me to do the same, and offered me money for that

purpose, if I wanted it. For McCormick, I desired him to tell him that a few days before I left Dublin for America, I took him alone into his garden, and acquainted him with my plan of pushing on, if possible, for France, and that I had also, about the middle of December last, written to him by my brother from Philadelphia, acquainting him with my progress. That I think will satisfy them that he has seen me. I desired him, in addition to the General's orders, to tell them that he had known me in Paris for some time; that I was now at Brest; that I had the rank of Adjutant General in the army of the Republic, and that I was in good repute with the General and Government. I desired him further to say that an expedition was in great forwardness at Brest; that I had read some months back with great concern, an account in a London paper, of the arrestation of John Keogh, and within these few days, a second account of the arrestation of Sam. Neilson, Russell, and my other friends at Belfast; that I would, on my part, move heaven and earth to procure their deliverance, and that I particularly recommended and entreated of them to profit of every possible delay which the forms of the law could give, in order to postpone their trial, and I desired him to press this particularly, as I had the strongest hopes, that, in a short time, we should be there to rescue them; finally, I desired him to collect as many newspapers as he could, for three or four months back, particularly the Northern Star, which Bond would furnish him with, as being agent for that paper in Dublin. I then walked with him down to the quay, where I saw him join the Captain, who was in waiting, it being 8 o'clock, and a fine moonlight night. If they have good weather and fair wind, they may be easily in Dublin in four days; two days will suffice for McSheehy's business, and four to return, makes ten; however, I will allow a fortnight, and attend the expiration of that term with the utmost impatience. In this business I chose Bond, from his honesty and his close connection with Belfast, and McCormick for a thousand reasons, especially his being secretary to the Catholics, and his perfect knowledge of the state of the public mind in Dublin. I hope McSheehy will acquit himself well; he has not much to do, and I encouraged him as much as I could. Here is a fortnight now dead loss! Damn it for me! I had like to forget an odd circumstance. The General desired McSheehy to learn



particularly who were the members in the new Parliament for the county Derry. I observed the new Parliament would not be called until next year. The General then said, "Well, learn who are the candidates, and for Derry, remember, not Kerry." I do not, for my part, understand this. In my mind, it is of mighty little importance, who are either members or candidates for one place or the other: perhaps Hoche has a mind to set up himself. Seriously I do not see the drift of his question at all. Well, I will even leave it, as I always do in similar cases, to explain itself, for "*Quod supra nos, nil ad nos.*"

*November 8.* Grmel, the merchant who procured the American vessel for the General, tells me that McSheehy was off last night by half past nine, so that business so far goes on well.

*November 9.* This day a young man was brought to headquarters, who had been taken on board an American, bound from Limerick to Portugal. His name is Barry St. Leger; he is an Irishman by birth, but has been bred at Charleston, S. C. where his father is a man of property. He left Limerick the 14th October, and the account he gives is perfectly satisfactory; a great part of it I know myself to be true. He says that every body in Ireland expects the French; that the gentry are making preparations to receive them; that every magistrate is raising twenty men, who are to preserve the peace in place of the militia, should these last be ordered to the coast; but he adds also, what I very well believe, that it is universally supposed that the militia would join the French immediately, and that a great majority of them are even sworn to do so; that every day persons are arrested, and that just before his departure, he heard that J. Bagwell, M. P. for the county Tipperary, had been taken up, and a Lord Dosforth, as he pronounced it, in the county Armagh. For this last circumstance, he must be mistaken. There is Lord Gosford, Governor of that county; but he, I am sure, is far from being an enemy to the Government. I rather suppose he is head of the Peep-o'-Day Boys, and in that case, so much the worse for him if we arrive. The result of this young man's account is, that Ireland is in a state of the highest fermentation, and that nothing but our presence is wanting to settle the affair at a blow. He spoke very rationally, and, in consequence, I begged of the General to have him released from prison, so that he has now the liberty of the



town. There is another remarkable circumstance. The officers of the navy are continually talking of the fleets that England has in the channel, and that lying Scotch rascal, whom we examined the other day, said that he saw three, (two with his eyes, and the third I suppose by the second sight.) Now, St. Leger, in coming from Limerick to Brest, has necessarily made the entire tour of the South of Ireland, the very station where the English fleet must necessarily be, and he saw nothing. The privateer that took him, on the 22d October, sounded the night before under Cape Clear, and he saw nothing. The two English sailors whom we examined with the Scotchman, and who came at the same time, and nearly in the same track, saw nothing, and almost every day, prizes arrive and enter Brest, without meeting a single vessel. Now, if the English be in force in the channel, how can all this possibly happen? And if they be not, what precious time are we losing here, and my poor friends in peril of their lives. Well, well! I am half mad with vexation, at these eternal delays.

*November 10.* Saw the Legion Noire reviewed; about 1,800 men. They are the banditti intended for England, and sad blackguards they are. They put me strongly in mind of the Green-boys of Dublin.

*November 11.* Blank.

*November 12.* Examined, at Mr. Shée's apartment, an American captain, who is only five or six days from London. He gives us no great encouragement. His account is, that Sir J. Jervis is off Ushant, as he heard, with eleven or twelve sail of the line, and he, himself, coming down channel, fell in with three different little squadrons, two of four ships and one of three, which were standing to the westward under easy sail, and were going, as he supposed, to join Admiral Jervis. If that be so, they will keep us here as long as they please, for, when united, they will make twenty-two sail of the line, and our expedition is but twelve. In that case, our only chance is to wait for the first hard gale of wind which may blow them off the coast, and then make a run for it.

*November 13.* Went, by order of the General, among the prisoners of war at Pontanezen, near Brest, and offered their liberty to as many as were willing to serve aboard the French fleet. Sixty accepted the offer, of whom fifty were Irish. I made

them drink heartily before they left the prison, and they were mustered and sent aboard the same evening. I never saw the national character stronger marked than in the careless gaiety of those poor fellows. Half naked and half starved as I found them, the moment that they saw the wine before them, all their cares were forgotten: the instant I made the proposal, they accepted it without hesitation: the Englishmen balanced, and several of them asked, in the true style of their country, “What would I give them?” It is but justice to others of them to observe, that they said nothing should ever tempt them to fight against their King and country. I told them they were perfectly at liberty to make their choice, as I put no constraint on any man. In the event, of about 100 English, ten men and boys offered themselves, and, of about sixty Irish, fifty, as I have observed; not one Scotchman, though there were several in the prison. When I called for the wine, my English recruits begged for something to eat at the same time, which I ordered for them. Poor Pat never thought of eating, but when his head was a little warm with the wine, he was very urgent to be permitted to go amongst the Englishmen, and flog those who refused to enter, which, of course, I prevented, though with some little difficulty. “*Arrah, blood an’ ounds, Captain dear, won’t you let me have one knock at the blackguards?*” I thought myself on Ormond quay once more. Oh, if we once arrive safe on the other side, what soldiers we will make of our poor fellows! They all said they hoped I was going with them, wherever it was. I answered, that I did not desire one man to go where I was not ready to show the way, and they replied with three cheers. It is to be observed, that I never mentioned the object of the expedition; they entered the service merely from the adventurous spirit of the nation and their hatred of the English, without any idea that they had a chance of seeing Ireland again.

November 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. I have made no memorandums these four or five days, for several reasons, one of which was that I had nothing material to insert, and another, that I have been indisposed with a slight cold in my head, which has made me more stupid than ordinary. Yesterday, as all the world is beginning to embark and arrange themselves, I desired Colonel Shoo to tell the General that my wish was to serve with the Grenadiers on the advanced guard, unless he had occasion for

me about his person. Mr. Shee replied, that the offer did credit to my zeal, but he must see who commanded the grenadiers, that I might not find myself placed under an inferior officer. I answered, that they were commanded by my friend Gatine, an Adjutant General: that, at any rate, my wish was to serve in the post of honor, where I could most improve myself, and that, as to the etiquette of rank, we could soon settle that, as I was willing to join as a volunteer. Mr. Shee promised to speak to the General, which he did last night. The General told him his intention was to keep me in his family, and that I should embark in the same vessel with himself, (*La Fraternité*, a frigate.) I am very glad of that, and I should be very glad also to serve with the grenadiers, but I cannot be in two places at once, "*without I was a bird.*" Col. Shee told me the General was very well pleased with my offer. Barry St. Leger, the young fellow whom we examined a few days ago, has very spiritedly desired to come with us as a volunteer, and I have, by means of Mr. Shee, fixed him in the General's own guards: they are a most noble company of grenadiers, commanded by Capt. Bloom, a German, as are almost all the privates, and have distinguished themselves singularly in La Vendee. Bloom has promised me to take care of St. Leger, and I hope he will do well. If I had Mat and Arthur here now, I could fix them both. Well, if we get safe to the other side. I shall perhaps be able to do it there. We will see. To-day I took occasion to disburthen my mind on the state of our expedition to Col. Shee. I told him the Spanish fleet was, as we knew officially, in Toulon, where, it was true, they might annoy the English commerce in the Mediterranean, which was the only good they could do, now that Corsica was restored to the Republic. That, instead of mitching in that idle manner at Toulon, they ought to be in Brest waters, which would secure the success of our expedition beyond the possibility of a miscarriage, and, by that means, cripple the naval power of England forever. That, it was true the French and Spanish navies have never co-operated long, successfully; nevertheless, this did not apply to our case, as our operation was simple, and required only a superiority in the channel for one week, which would settle the affair as well as a century; that, divided as our naval force was now, and watched as we were by the English, it was hardly possible to suppose that we

should reach Ireland without falling in with their fleet, and that, if they were superior, or even equal in numbers, I gave it as my opinion that they would *infallibly* beat us. That all this risque might be prevented, and the matter reduced to absolute certainty by the co-operation of the Spanish fleet, and that, consequently, their absence proved to me either that the French Government had little influence in Spain, or that the Spanish Government was infatuated to a degree I could not conceive, and, at the reflection of which, I lost all temper. That England would never forgive them the insult of escorting Richery out of Cadiz ; that the consequence of this mode of making war, in detail, would be that England would beat us first, and then send a fleet into the Mediterranean, which would beat them soundly, and, in this manner, destroy us separately. Finally, I said, that as I hoped that in the worst event, they would not take us all, such as escaped would push on for Ireland, and make a desperate plunge into the country. To all this long harangue, which I have detailed here very immethodically, Col. Shee had nothing comfortable or substantial to offer in reply. After heartily damning the Spaniards, in which I was not behind him, he said, he had reason to hope we might still get over. I said I hoped it as much as he, but hardly expected it. He then said, we must not suffer ourselves to see things in too gloomy a light. I replied, that my manner of seeing things should not influence my conduct, or prevent my doing my duty in the action, if we were forced into one, but that, at the same time, I thought it right to give him my opinion at full length before our departure. The conversation then ended with a second volley of imprecations from both of us, on the inconceivable madness of the Spanish Government. If they do not pay dear for this system which they have adopted, there is not a drop of water in Brest harbor. Oh, if we had their twenty-five sail of the line, now idling in Toulon, (damn them sempiternally) with Richery's four or five, who have got safe into Rochefort, and our own twelve, that would make forty sail of the line, and then, indeed, our business would be a party of pleasure. But now, see how it is ; the English, from the best information which we can collect, are watching us, with twenty-five sail of the line, in three divisions ; it is hardly possible but we must fall in with one of them, and they will delay us, in spite of us, until the others come up, and

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then they will flog us completely, and give the finishing blow to the French marine; and, as for the Spaniards, afterwards, they will give them no trouble. How terrible to think of all this; and, at the same time, how simply and easily it might be prevented, and our common adversary humbled forever. Well, what I cannot remedy, it does not signify my grieving at; but, if I were King of Spain for six weeks. I think I would settle this affair. Damn them! I think I could spend this whole night in cursing them. One good thing, however, has happened within these five days: Villaret Joyeuse, the Admiral, is cashiered, and we have got another in his place. Joyeuse was giving, underhand, all possible impediment to our expedition. He made the Directory believe we were at a stand for want of seamen, and, since his departure, we have found out that there is more than enough; and, as the chiefs always give the *ton*, we find already a better spirit rising in the marine. But, what can we do with twelve ships?

*November* 19, 20, 21, 22. I have been hard at work these three or four days, recruiting and writing. I have picked up about twenty very stout hands, which makes eighty in all, and cost me five louis, which the Republic owes me. I have finished my address to the Irish people, one to the militia, and one to the Irish seamen. They are all in the printer's hands, and, to speak honestly, not one of them is any great things. I think I have lost the little facility in writing that I once had. The fact is, my mind is so anxious about our business, that I cannot write. I do not sleep at nights. The General has been ill, with a severe pain in his bowels, these three days; we were afraid at first he was poisoned, but it proved to be a false alarm; he was at the Comedie last night.

*November* 23. I cannot imagine what delays us now, unless it be waiting for Richery, who is said to be coming up from Rochefort. Though I have the strongest apprehensions we shall be intercepted by the English, still I wish we were at sea. There is nothing so terrible to me as suspense; and besides, the lives of my poor friends in Ireland are in extreme peril. God send we may be in time to save them, but I much fear it. Well, let me not think of that. If we fall in with the English, we must fight them at close quarters, and crowd our tops, poops, and quarter deck with musketry. It is our only chance, but against

superior numbers that will not do. Those infernal Spaniards! They will pay dear for their folly; but what satisfaction is that to us? I was thinking last night of my poor little family till I was as melancholy as a cat. God knows whether we shall ever meet again. If I reach Ireland in safety, and any thing befalls me after, I have not the least doubt but my country will take care of them, and my boys will find a father in every good Irishman; but if I should happen to be killed at sea, and the expedition should not succeed, I dread to think on what may become of them. It is terrible! I rely on the goodness of Providence, which has often interposed to save us, on the courage and prudence of my wife, and on the friendship of my brother to protect them. My darling babies! I doat on them. I feel the tears gush into my eyes whenever I think on them. I repeat to myself a thousand times the last words I heard from their innocent little mouths. God Almighty bless and protect them. I must leave this subject. I have taken a little boy, whom I found among the prisoners of war, as my servant. He is so young that he will not be of much use to me; but he was an orphan, and half naked. He was born in Dorsetshire, and his father was an Irish Quartermaster of dragoons. He is a natural son. I have rigged him out handsomely; and if he brushes my coat and takes care of my portmanteau, with the baggage, it is all I require. His name is William White.

*November 24, 25.* Colonel Shee tells me to-day that he has it from Bruix, one of our Admirals, that we shall sail in six days. Would to God it were to-night. There is a fine steady breeze, blowing right out of the harbor. In six days it will be the first December. The first of January I left Sandy Hook. The first of February I arrived at Havre, and, if we arrive safe at our destination, it is possible that on the first January next I may be once more in Dublin. *Quanquam, oh!* General Clarke set off nine days ago, at a minute's warning, for Vienna, by way of Italy. That looks like peace with the Emperor; but, thank God, I see no signs as yet of peace with England; on the contrary, Lord Malmesbury and my old lover, Charles De la Croix, are keeping up a very snappish correspondence, which the Directory publishes regularly. I have been hard at work half this day translating orders and instructions for a Colonel Tate, an American officer, who offered his services,

and to whom the General has given the rank of Chef de Brigade, and 1,050 men of the Legion Noire, in order to go on a bucaniering party into England. Excepting some little errors in the locality, which, after all, may seem errors to me from my own ignorance, the instructions are incomparably well drawn; they are done, or at least corrected, by the General himself, and if Tate be a dashing fellow, with military talents, he may play the devil in England, before he is caught. His object is Liverpool. and I have some reason to think that the scheme has resulted from a conversation which I had a few days since with Colonel Shee, wherein I told him that if we were once settled in Ireland, I thought we might make a piratical visit in that quarter. and, in fact, I wish it was we that should have the credit and profit of it. I should like, for example, to pay a visit to Liverpool myself, with some of the gentlemen from Ormond quay, though I must say the citizens of the Legion Noire are very little behind my countrymen, either in appearance or morality, which last has been prodigiously cultivated by three or four campaigns in Bretagne and La Vendee. A thousand of these desperadoes, in their black jackets, will edify John Bull exceedingly, if they get safe into Lancashire. Every day I walk for an hour alone on the ramparts, and look down on the fleet which rides below. There are about fifty sail of ships of war, of all sizes, of which, perhaps twenty are of the line. It is a most magnificent coup d'œil, but my satisfaction is always damped by two reflections: first, that my wife and our darling little babies, one of whom I have never seen, and perhaps may never see, are most probably at this moment on the ocean, exposed to all the perils of a winter passage. The remembrance of the vessel which was wrecked last February, at Havre, I may say before my eyes, and of the unfortunate French woman, who was drowned, with her two infants, shoots across my mind a thousand times a day. And I lie awake, regularly, half the night, listening to the wind, every puff of which makes me shudder. Oh, my babies! my babies! God Almighty will, I hope, preserve you and your mother, whatever becomes of me. I doat upon you, you little things. Well, I am at work for you here, and I am going to fight for you, and, if all goes well, there will not be on earth so happy a being as I shall be, when I have you all once more in my arms. My other



reflection, which also torments me, is the uncertainty of our arrival in Ireland, on account of the English fleet. Sometimes I wish for a storm of five or six days, to blow them off Brest; but then I think of my poor little family, and check myself directly. At other times, I wish to wait for those damned infernal blockheads, the Spaniards; if we could get them up from Toulon; but then I think of my friends who are now in prison, and whose lives may be sacrificed by our delay. Altogether, I scarcely know what to wish, and my mind is ten times more troubled and tempestuous than the ocean on which I am gazing. Fortunately, the measure does not depend upon me. I wait my orders like every one else, and, of course, I have no responsibility, but for my own personal conduct; and I hope I shall acquit myself at least without discredit. If I could command events, and were sure that Russell and the others could afford the time, what I would wish would be to delay the expedition until the arrival of the Spanish fleet, which I would instantly order up from Toulon; that operation might require, at soonest, six weeks, and our success would then be certain. But what signifies my tormenting myself about what I cannot remedy. The Spaniards won't come, and be damned to them, and we shall be beat first, and they after, and the liberty of Ireland, the lives of my best friends, and all my own expectations, will be all sacrificed! Well, I do not care! My mind is getting hardened now, just as it was in Ireland, when I expected every day to be seized and hanged.

*November 26.* To-day, by the General's orders, I have made a fair copy of Col. Tate's instructions, with some alterations, from the rough draft of yesterday, particularly with regard to his first destination, which is now fixed to be Bristol. If he arrives safe, it will be very possible to carry it by a *coup de main*, in which case he is to burn it to the ground. I cannot but observe here, that I transcribed with the greatest sang froid, the orders to reduce to ashes the third city of the British dominions, in which there is, perhaps, property to the amount of £5,000,000. But such a thing is war! The British burned without mercy in America; they endeavored to starve 25,000,000 of souls in France, and, above all, they are keeping, at this moment, my country in slavery, my friends in prison, myself in exile. It is these considerations which steel me against horrors which I



should otherwise shudder to think of. Yet I cannot but remark what misery the execution of the orders which I have transcribed, and assisted in framing, may produce, and how quietly Col. Shee and myself sate by the fire discussing how we might do the greatest possible mischief to the unfortunate wretches on whom our plans are intended to operate. Well, they may thank themselves ; they are accomplices with their execrable Government, which has shown us the way in all those direful extremities, and there is not a man of them but would willingly exterminate both the French and Irish. Yet once again ! The conflagration of such a city as Bristol ! It is no slight affair ; thousands and thousands of families, if the attempt succeeds, will be reduced to beggary. I cannot help it ! If it must be, it must, and I will never blame the French for any degree of misery which they may inflict on the people of England. I do not think my morality or feeling is much improved by my promotion to the rank of Adjutant General. The truth is, I hate the very name of England ; I hated her before my exile ; I hate her since, and I will hate her always.

*November 27, 28, 29.* I have no memorandums to make that are worth a farthing ; always writing and writing. I declare I am tired of my life, or, as the French say, *je m'ennuye de ma personne*. Yesterday, at dinner, the General was mentioning several deputies, who, having been in the army before the Revolution, had profited of the advantages which their situation in the legislative body gave them, to promote themselves to high rank, and he added, " Well, there is Carnot, of whom they say so much, both good and evil. He was a Captain of Engineers before the Revolution, and he is a Captain of Engineers yet." It is highly honorable to Carnot—apropos of the General. There is a charming little aristocrat, with whom he is perfectly well, although all her relations are Chouans. In all the hurry of our expedition, he contrived to steal off, and spend two days and nights with her. Mr. Shee and I were in a mortal fright at his absence, for, knowing where he was gone, and on what business, we apprehended some of the Chouans might waylay and assassinate him. When they attempted it in the middle of Rennes, they might well execute it in a by-road, and, if any thing happened Hoche, there is an end of our business. It was damned indiscreet in him, but God forbid I should be the man to accuse

him, for I have been buffeted myself so often by the foul fiend, that it would be rather indecent in me to censure him. (Sings.) "*'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.*" I do not think, however, (but God knows,) that, under the present circumstances, I would have gone catterwauling for two days among the Chouans. Hoche has all the right in the world (and why not ?) to do as he pleases with his own life, but not to knock our expedition in the head. I was very angry with him, which, as I never did a foolish thing myself in my life for the sake of a woman, was but reasonable. It is all nonsense : for they do what they please with us, and it is in vain talking about it ; however, I hope he may stop here whilst he is well.—I learn to-day that the Etat Major, myself included, does not embark in the same frigate with the General, and I am sorry for it, for diverse excellent reasons. I should be very glad to have gone with him, but if I cannot, I must submit, though it vexes me confoundedly ; however, I will say nothing of it, but keep my mind to myself, though I think the General ought to have taken me with him. I do not know now on what vessel I am to embark, and I am plaguy angry, if any body cared. Well, I must take to my old remedy, patience ; it is not the first mortification I have met with in the business, and it certainly will not be the last. How if I should be taken by the English, for example. Damn it for me, but I can't help myself, so let the matter be. To-day the officers of the Etat Major gave a grand dinner to four or five of the Captains of the fleet ; we were about twenty at dinner, and very pleasant. All the Captains seemed satisfied that, with the number of soldiers we have embarked, we shall be a match for the English, but what they fear is to meet them on their return, after landing us. Would to God we were once landed ; what difference does it make to the French ; they may as well be blocked up in Cork as in Brest harbor ; and, if we get safe, that is the worst which can happen them. I cannot express the anxiety of my mind on this circumstance, but I believe it will be easily conceived that nothing can exceed it. Only think of how deep a stake I have engaged, when one of the last considerations is my life. Once for all: I dislike mortally the idea of a sea-fight ; for, in the first place, I expect we shall be worsted, and perhaps the expedition frustrated, and, in the next place, I may be killed, and then my poor little babies will reap no advantage

from my death, whereas if it was my lot to fall after our landing, I should have the consolation of being assured that my country would provide for them, and I can safely say that their future establishment is an object which occupies my mind at this important moment, much more than any concern about my personal safety: not that I wish at all to make the idle rhodomontade of saying that I am indifferent about my life; very far from it; I wish to live and to be happy with my dearest love, and my friends, and to educate my darling babies; but if it should happen that I should fall in the contest, at least I wish that it should be in my own country. If I have my wish, I may say, in the words of my poor friend Russell,

“ If we meet with a privateer, or lofty man of war,

“ We will not stay to wrangle, nor to chatter, nor to jar.”

Poor fellow! His situation at this moment is one of my principal concerns. I trust in God we shall, after all, be yet in time, in spite of the English fleet, to rescue him and the rest of his fellow-sufferers. Well, let me change the subject. Mr. Shee showed me to-day the proclamation of the General, which is a great favor, as the second in command, General Grouchy, has not seen it yet. I need not detail the contents here, as I will take care to have a copy amongst my papers. It is very incorrectly printed, which is a pity, and I found here and there some expressions which put me in mind of my old friend, Captain Poitier.

*November 30.* To-day Col. Shee, who has been alarmed with some symptoms of the gout, to which he is a martyr, resolved to go on board the *Fraternité*, whilst he is yet able to move about. He is near sixty, and with a broken constitution, as may well be supposed after thirty-six years service, yet he is as bold and eager in the business as if he were but five and twenty. I went aboard with him, and dined with the Admiral Morard de Galles, who has succeeded Villaret Joyeuse, and two other Admirals, Bouvet and Bruix. When I was about to leave him, I took him aside for an instant, and told him, that, as we embarked on different vessels, I might, perhaps, not have another occasion to speak to him, and, therefore, I availed myself of this to observe, that, as it was likely we might fall in with the English, and, of course, have an action, I had to entreat of him, in case any thing should happen to me, and that he got safe to Ireland, to exert himself in behalf of my family, by making such

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a report of my services as he thought just, and as they merited. He assured me, in case of any accident, I might rely upon his zeal and friendship, and he requested, at the same time, that if a similar circumstance befel him, I would render his family the same service, which I assured him, with great truth and sincerity. I would not fail to do, and so we parted. I have a sincere regard for him, and the very best opinion both of his zeal and talents. Well, now that he is aboard, there is one step gained. It seems we (the Etat Major) embark aboard the Indomptable, an 80 gun ship, and the finest vessel in the squadron, that is some comfort however. A young Frenchman, Adjoint to Crublier, an Adjutant General, applied to me to-day to be my Adjoint, for Crublier, who was a great favorite with the General, has fallen. I apprehend, into some disgrace, and does not come with us. This young man's name is Dorsan, but I do not know him, and he does not speak English, so I told him I left all that to the General, and would speak to him about it, which I did accordingly, mentioning my own opinion, on which he left me at liberty to do as I pleased ; so I will not take him. At night, Rapatelle, another young lad, told me he was nominated to be my Adjoint, and I like him a great deal better than the other ; so I told him I would take to-night to consider of it, and let him know to-morrow the result. I like Rapatelle well enough, but he does not speak English neither, so I shall still be in a difficulty. If I had Matt here now, I could fix him in a minute, Captain and Adjoint. Well, if I get to Ireland, I must have Aid-de-camps there, and then I will see what can be done. I am now Adjutant General, and, of course, I will not be put back, if I am not promoted in my own country. Called in the evening at Grinell's, where all the Generals generally go to play cards and trictrac. General Grouchy, who is second in command, got hold of me, and we had a long talk about Ireland. He begged me to call to-morrow at the Printer of the Marine, and see if I could not find any thing geographical relating to that country, and, at all events, to call on him to-morrow at eleven, which I promised to do. General Cherin, Chef de l'Etat Major, told me to-night that I shall embark the day after to-morrow. So I came up stairs, and packed up my trunk, and I am now at single anchor, and this business will, at last, be brought

to a decision. I have been in France exactly ten months to-night. Well, it has not been time misspent. We will see now in a few days what will come of it. At all events, I have done my best.

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## DECEMBER, 1796.

(*Bantry Bay Expedition—on board.*)

*December 1, 2.* Received my order to embark on board the *Indomptable* of 80 guns. Capt. Bedout. Packed up directly, and wrote a long letter of directions to my wife, in which I detailed every thing I thought necessary, and advised her, in case of any thing happening me, to return to America, and settle in Georgia or Carolina. I enclosed this under cover to Madgett, and, at two o'clock, arrived on board. We have a most magnificent vessel. To-day I command the troops, as the highest in rank, but to-morrow I shall be superseded, I expect, by the arrival of the whole *Etat Major*. I hope in God we are about to set out at last. I see, by a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant, that the north of Ireland is in a flame; if we arrive safe, we shall not do much to extinguish it. Well, we shall see.

*December 3, 4.* As it is now pretty certain that the English are in force off Ushant to the number of sixteen ships of the line and ten frigates, it seems hardly possible that we can make our way to Ireland without falling in with them; and, as even the most successful action must be attended with damages in our masts and rigging, so that, even if victorious, which I do not expect, we may yet be prevented from proceeding on the expedition, considering the stormy season of the year. I have been devising a scheme, which, I think, in the present state of things in Ireland, can hardly fail of success. It is this: That three, or, at most, four sail of the fastest going ships should take advantage of the first favorable moment, as a dark night and a strong gale from the northeast, and slip out with as many troops as they can carry, including at least a company of the *Artillerie legere*, and steering such a course as, though somewhat longer, should be most out of the way of the English fleet; that they should proceed round the coast of Ireland, keeping a good offing for fear of accidents, and land the men in the North, as near Bel-

fast as possible. If we could land 2.000 men in this manner, with as many stand of arms as we could carry beside, I have no doubt but in a week we would have possession of the entire North of Ireland, and we could certainly maintain ourselves there for a considerable time, against all the force which could be sent against us ; the consequence of which would be, 1st, That the whole South would be disfurnished of troops, which would, of course, be sent against us ; and I also am almost certain that the British fleet would directly quit its station off Brest, where they have been now cruizing ten weeks, according to our accounts, as thinking that the mischief was already done, and that they were watching the stable when the steed was stolen ; in which case, the main embarkation might immediately set off, and, landing in the South, put the enemy between two fires, and so settle the business almost without a blow. If this scheme be adopted, it is absolutely necessary that no mortal should hear of it but Morard de Galles, Hoche, and Col. Shee. The reason of my wishing not to lose an instant, and, likewise, to make the attempt with 2.000 men, contrary to the opinion I have given elsewhere in these memorandums, is, that I have seen articles within these few days in the French papers, including, among others, a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant, dated November 9th, by which I see that the insurrection is ready every instant to explode in the North, and that they have gone so far as to break open the magazine in Belfast, and take by force ten barrels of powder. I dread, in consequence, their committing themselves before they are properly supported. If we were there, with almost any number of troops, provided we had arms and artillery. I should have no doubt of success. After deliberating these two days, which I have spent on board, and examining my scheme in all possible lights, I went to-day at two o'clock on board the Fraternité to state it to Col. Shee, who is confined to his hammock with the gout, as he expected. I explained it to him at length, and he seemed to relish it a good deal, and, as the General dines to-day on board with the Admiral, he promised he would mention it to him, and have his opinion. I should have observed, that I begged, in case it was adopted, to be permitted to go with the first embarkation. We then fixed to meet to-morrow, when he will let me know the result, and so we parted. He is a noble old fellow, at this time of

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life, and with that terrible malady, the gout, to expose himself with so much spirit as he manifests on this occasion. Apropos of spirit, my captain, citizen Bedout, has fought like a lion in this war; he commanded the *Tigre*, which was taken by the English on the 27th June, 1795. and was wounded in four places before he struck to three three-deckers, which were on him at once. I mentioned to Col. Shee that if my plan was adopted, I thought he should be named Commodore, which is his rank, especially as the *Indomptable* is a remarkably fast sailing ship, and he seems heartily bent on our expedition, which is far from being the case with most of the marine. I must now wait till to-morrow, and, I hope in God, my scheme may be adopted, as I am sure it is our best course under the circumstances. I fear it, however, the more so, as, if it succeeds, it will undoubtedly lessen, in some degree, the eclat which would attend Hoche, if he were the first to land, but I hope he is above such weakness as to sacrifice the success of the measure to his own reputation. We shall see. To-day the Admiral has given orders that after to-morrow no one will be allowed to go on shore, which is what the French call “*lever la planche*.” The General sleeps aboard that night, so every thing now seems to “*give dreadful note of preparation*.” I wish, however, my scheme may be adopted. I am exceedingly well off aboard, and Captain Bedout is remarkably civil and attentive, he is a Canadian, and speaks very good English.

*December 5, 6, 7, 8.* The uniformity of my life, at anchor in the road of Brest, does not furnish much matter for observation. I saw Mr. Shee yesterday, who is still in bed with the gout. He tells me that he spoke of my plan to the General, who said at once it was impossible, and that he durst not take on himself the responsibility it would induce. His reasons are good. First, if our little squadron fell in with the enemy, we must, to a moral certainty, be taken. Next, if we got even clear, and that the remainder of the squadron fell in with the enemy and was beaten, which would, most probably, be the case, the whole fault would be laid on him, as having weakened the main force by the detachment: and, lastly, that from the state of our preparations, being victualled and furnished but for a short period, we must speedily sail, *coute qui coute*, so that the advantage I proposed in drawing off the English fleet would be use-

as, as we could not afford to wait the time necessary to suffer that circumstance to operate. This last is the best of his reasons, but I remain firmly of opinion that my scheme is, under all the circumstances, infinitely the best. If we were able to go in force, *à la bonne heure*, but as we are not, and as I have no expectation but that we shall be well beaten, and the whole expedition miscarry, I look upon my proposal as the best means to save so much out of the fire, and perhaps, with the force I speak of, we might succeed, even though the main body might miscarry. I say perhaps, though in fact I do not doubt it. As to the General's objection on the score of the hazard, undoubtedly there is great hazard, but, in the first place, I look upon the actual hazard to be much greater on his plan; inasmuch as four ships have an infinitely better chance of escaping the vigilance of Admiral Gardner, who is watching us without with eighteen sail of the line, than fifteen, of which our squadron consists, (not including frigates on either side :) and as to fighting, they will beat us as surely with our fifteen sail as with four, and the consequence will be, of course, the failure of our expedition. In the next place, as to the hazard, there is no possibility of executing so great a measure as that which we have in hand, without infinite hazard: and, as we are, undoubtedly, the weaker at sea, we are to choose that party which offers us the least risque, and, in that respect, I have no doubt of the superiority of my plan. However, it is decided otherwise, and I must submit. Our force is of fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, and seven or eight transports; that makes upwards of thirty sail, a force which can never escape the vigilance of the English, unless there should come a furious storm for two or three days, without remission, which would blow them up the channel. And even so, by all I can see of our preparations, we are not ready to avail ourselves instantly of that circumstance, so that, in all probability, if a storm were to come to our relief, the enemy would have time to be back again to block us up, or, at least to intercept us: besides, the elements seem to conspire against us. In the memory of man there has not been known, at Br so long a succession of fine weather in this season; and we had now three weeks of favorable winds, of which, for obvious reasons, we have not been able to profit. Of course, when weather changes, we must look for the wind in the op

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quarter, which is the prevailing wind in winter, and will block us up as effectually as the English. I am absolutely weary of my life. If the wind sets in to the westward, and continues there for any time, as is highly probable, the troops will get sickly and impatient, and what is worse, our provisions of all sorts will be exhausted; and so we shall be obliged to give up the expedition from downright poverty. Want of money is the great stumbling block of the French Government. These are sad croaking memorandums, but, unfortunately, they are all too true.—Those damned Spaniards! Well, they will lose their American colonies; that is some revenge, and Mr. Pitt may profit now of my scheme for the Sandwich Islands. I have now done with my scheme, which is, undoubtedly, liable to the objections made by the General, but when we have but a choice of difficulties, what is the scheme which is without them?—We had a grand exercise to-day of great guns and small arms, and both troops and seamen went through their business with great activity. I should like to see the same on board of an English man-of-war. We did not fire, but two other ships, the Nestor, and the Eole, did; it was a beautiful sight.—I saw Mr. Shee for half an hour this evening. the gout had got into his left hand, and he was dreadfully out of spirits, I think for the first time. He tells me the General thinks the marine are trifling with him, on purpose to gain time, until the bad weather sets in; when, if it holds any time, as is highly probable, our stores of all sorts will be exhausted, and the business must be given up from pure necessity. 'This I apprehended myself. He also says that Bruix, a rear admiral, who is charged with the execution of the naval department, and in whose zeal the General had great confidence, has cooled exceedingly within these few days, so much, that to-day, when the General called on him, and was pressing him on our affair, Bruix, instead of answering him, was dandling one of his little children. The excuse now is, that we are waiting for some charts or plans, which must be washed in water-colors, and will take two days; a worthy subject for delay in the present stage of the business! I begin more and more to think that we shall not get out in force. It is true the General may order us out at his peril, but it is a dreadful responsibility to take on himself, for if any accident happened us, he would have the whole marine on his back, and, by what I see of those

gentlemen. I think they would rather that all should fail, than their prophecy not be verified. and, by-the-by, it is always in their power to make us miscarry. so I think it can hardly be expected that Hoche will go these lengths. A man's own scheme is always lovely in his eyes. but I cannot help wishing that we were out safe with even four ships, according to my plan, and it seems not impossible but we may come to that at length. Our whole business now, not to speak of the English, turns on a change of the wind. In the mean time, the troops keep up their health and spirits, and are, at this moment, as well as possible, and every evening dancing on the quarter-deck. Would to God we were all in Ireland, but when will that be? We are thirteen thousand five hundred strong.

*December 9. 10. 11.* Went ashore yesterday to take my leave of Brest. Four of our frigates stood out of the Goulet that evening, so there are, at least, symptoms of movement. This morning went on board the *Fraternité* to see Colonel Shce, and, to my infinite satisfaction, saw Richery in the offing, standing in for the road, where he anchored safely in an hour after. He brings with him five ships of the line and two frigates, of which we shall have three of the line, and the crews of the two others, which are foul. It is a reinforcement of the most infinite consequence to us, and, perhaps, may enable us to force our way out at last. I am astonished how Richery, with his squadron, has been able to elude the vigilance of the English: he must be an excellent officer, and, I presume, we shall have him, of course, with us. The General comes aboard to-day, and it is not impossible, if the weather is favorable, but we may sail to-night. God send! whatever may be the event, for I am tired of this suspense.

*December 12.* The *Etat Major* came aboard last night; we are seven in the great cabin, including a lady in boy's clothes, the wife of a Commissaire, one Ragoneau. By what I see we have a little army of Commissaries, who are going to Ireland to make their fortunes. If we arrive safe, I think I will keep my eye a little upon these gentlemen. In consequence of the arrival of Richery, our squadron will be augmented with two if not three ships, and the army with 1,700 men, which, with 13,400 already on board, will make 15,100—a force more than suffi-

cient for our purpose, if, as I am always obliged to add, we have the good fortune to reach our destination in safety.

*December 13, 14.* To-day the signal is made to heave short and be ready to put to sea: the report is, we shall make sail at 4 o'clock. I am truly rejoiced at it. "*I do agnize a natural and prompt alacrity.*" Called on my friend Shee, who is better: he is able to-day to write a little. Recommended my wife and family to his friendship and protection, in case of any thing happening to me. He promised me heartily to exert himself in their behalf: and I have no doubt he will keep his word; so I have done all that is now in my power to do. Saw Richery this morning, which I am glad of, as I like to observe the countenance of men who have distinguished themselves. (*Evening.*) Having nothing better to employ me, I amuse myself scribbling these foolish memorandums. In the first place, I must remark, the infinite power of female society over our minds, which I see every moment exemplified, in the effect which the presence of Madame Ragoneau has on our manners; not that she has any claim to respect, other than as she is a woman, for she is not very handsome, she has no talents, and (between friends) she was originally a *fille de joye* at Paris. Yet we are all attentive and studious to please her; and I am glad, in short, she is aboard, as I am satisfied she humanizes us not a little. General Watrin paid us a visit this evening, with the band of his regiment, and I went down into the great cabin, where all the officers mess, and where the music was playing. I was delighted with the effect it seemed to have on them. The cabin was ceiled with the firelocks intended for the expedition, the candlesticks were bayonets, stuck in the table, the officers were in their jackets and bonnets de police; some playing cards, others singing to the music; others conversing, and all in the highest spirits—once again I was delighted with the scene. At length Watrin and his band went off, and, as it was a beautiful moonlight night, the effect of the music on the water, diminishing as they receded from our vessel, was delicious. We are still at anchor—bad! bad!

*December 15.* At 11 o'clock this morning the signal was made to heave short, and I believe we are now going to sail in downright earnest. There is a signal also at the point for four sail of enemies in the offing; it is most delicious weather, and

tions for his conduct in case of separation, which order him to cruise for five days off Mizen Head, and, at the end of that time, proceed to the mouth of the Shannon, where he is to remain three more, at the end of which time, if he does not see the fleet, or receive further orders by a frigate, he is to make the best of his way back to Brest. But we must see in that case, whether Bouvet and Grouchy may not take on themselves to land the troops, I am glad to see that Cherin is bent on that plan, notwithstanding the interference of his Aid-de-camp Fairin, who put in his word, I thought, impertinently enough.

*December 19.* This morning, at eight, signal of a fleet in the offing; Branlebas General; rose directly and made my toilet, so now I am ready, *ou pour les Anglais, ou pour les Anglaises*. I see about a dozen sail, but whether they are friends or enemies God knows. It is a stark calm, so that we do not move an inch even with our studding sails; but here we lie rolling like so many logs on the water. It is most inconceivably provoking; two frigates that were ordered to reconnoitre, have not advanced one hundred yards in an hour, with all their canvass out; it is now nine o'clock; damn it to hell for a calm, and in the middle of December. Well, it cannot last long. If this fleet prove to be our comrades, it will be famous news; if it be the English, let them come, we will do our best, and I think the Indomptable will not be the worst fought ship in the squadron. This calm! this calm! it is most terribly vexatious. At half-past ten we floated near enough to recognize the signals, and, to my infinite satisfaction, the strange fleet proves to be our comrades, so now *nous en sommes quittes pour la peur*, as the French say; counted sixteen sail, including the Admiral's frigate, so the General is safe. The wind, which favored us thus far, is chopped about, and is now right in our teeth; that is provoking enough. If we had a fair wind we should be in Bantry Bay to-morrow morning. At half-past one, hailed by a lugger, which informed us of the loss of the *Seduisant*, a seventy-four of our squadron, the first night of our departure, with five hundred and fifty men of the ninety-fourth Demi-brigade, of whom she saved thirty-three. It happened near the same spot where we were in such imminent danger. I was mistaken above in saying that the *Fraternité* was with the squadron which joined us; it is Admiral Nielly's frigate, and we know nothing of the other, which has thrown us all into the greatest anxiety. Adm. Mo-

rard de Galles, General Hoche, General Debelle, and Colonel Shee, are aboard the *Fraternité*, and God knows what is become of them. The wind, too, continues against us, and, altogether, I am in terrible low spirits. How if these damned English should catch us at last, after having gone on successfully thus far. Our force leaving Brest water, was as follows: *Indomptable*, 80 guns: *Nestor*, *Cassard*, *Droits de l'Homme*, *Tourville*, *Eole*, *Fougueux*, *Mucius*, *Redoubtable*, *Patriote*, *Pluton*, *Constitution*, *Trajan*, *Watigny*, *Pegaze*, *Revolution*, and the unfortunate *Seduisant*, of 74 guns, (17 sail of the line;) *La Corcarde*, *Bravoure*, *Immortalité*, *Bellone*, *Coquille*, *Romaine*, *Sirene*, *Impatiente*, *Surveillante*, *Charente*, *Resolue*, *Tartare*, and *Fraternité*, frigates of 36 guns, (13 frigates;) *Scevola* and *Fidèle armés en flutes*, *Mutine*, *Renard*, *Atalante*, *Voltigeur*, and *Affronteur*, corvettes, and *Nicodeme*, *Justine*, *Ville d'Orient*, *Suffren*, *Experiment*, and *Alegre*, transports, making, in all, 43 sail. Of these there are missing, this day, at three o'clock, the *Nestor* and *Seduisant*, of 74; the *Fraternité*, *Corcarde*, and *Romaine* frigates, the *Mutine* and *Voltigeur*, corvettes, and three other transports.

December 20. Last night, in moderate weather, we contrived to separate again, and this morning, at eight o'clock, we are but fifteen sail in company, with a foul wind, and hazy. I am in horrible ill humor, and it is no wonder. We shall lie beating about here, within thirty leagues of Cape Clear, until the English come and catch us, which will be truly agreeable. Let me not think; I amuse myself at night, when the rest are at cards, walking alone in the gallery, and singing the airs that my poor love used to be fond of:

"The wandering tar, that not for years has prest  
The widow'd partner of his day of rest,  
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,  
Still hums the ditty that his Susan lov'd."

I feel now the truth of these beautiful lines. Well, hang sorrow! At ten, several sail in sight to windward; I suppose they are our stray sheep. It is scandalous to part company twice in four days in such moderate weather, as we have had, but sea affairs I see are not our *fort*. Captain Bedout is a seaman, which I fancy is more than can be said for nine-tenths of his confreres.

December 21. Last night, just at sunset, signal for seven sail in the offing; all in high spirits, in hopes that it is our com-

will inevitably run foul of each other, unless one of them prefers driving on shore. We lie in this disorder, expecting a visit from the English every hour, without taking a single step for our defence, even to the common one of having a frigate in the harbor's mouth, to give us notice of their approach; to judge by appearances, we have less to dread here, than in Brest water, for when we were there, we had four corvettes stationed off the *goulet*, besides the signal posts. I confess this degree of security passes my comprehension. The day has passed without the appearance of one vessel, friend or enemy, the wind rather more moderate, but still ahead. To night, on examining the returns with Wandré, Chef d'Etat Major of the Artillery, I find our means so reduced by the absence of the missing, that I think it hardly possible to make an attempt here, with any prospect of success: in consequence, I took Cherin into the Captain's room, and told him frankly my opinion of our actual state, and that I thought it our duty, since we must look upon the main object as now unattainable, unless the whole of our friends returned to-morrow, and the English gave us our own time, which was hardly to be expected, to see what could be best done for the honor and interest of the Republic, with the force which remained in our hands, and I proposed to him to give me the Legion des Francs, a company of the Artillerie legere, and as many officers as desired to come volunteers in the expedition, with what arms and stores remained, which are now reduced, by our separation, to four field pieces, 20,000 firelocks at most, 1,000 lb. of powder, and 3,000,000 cartridges, and to land us in Sligo Bay, and let us make the best of our way; if we succeeded, the Republic would gain infinitely in reputation and interest, and, if we failed, the loss would be trifling, as the expense was already incurred, and as for the legion, he knew what kind of desperadoes it was composed of, and for what purpose: consequently, in the worst event, the Republic would be well rid of them: finally, I added that though I asked the command, it was on the supposition that none of the Generals would risque their reputation on such a desperate enterprise, and that if another was found, I would be content to go as a simple volunteer. This was the outline of my proposal, which I pressed on him with such arguments as occurred to me, concluding by observing that, as a foreigner in the French service, my situation was a delicate one, and if I

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Twenty pieces of field artillery, and nine of siege, including mortars and howitzers; 61,200 barrels of powder, 7,000,000 musket cartridges, and 700,000 flints, besides an infinite variety of articles belonging to the train, but we have neither sabres nor pistols for the cavalry; however, we have nearly three regiments of hussars embarked, so that we can dispense with them. Messieurs of the Etat Major continue in the horrors; I find Simon the stoutest of them, and Fairin, Cherin's Aid-de-camp, the worst; he puts me in mind of David in the Rivals, "*But I am fighting Bob, and damn it, I won't be afraid.*" I continue very discreetly to say little or nothing, as my situation just now is rather a delicate one; if we were once ashore, and things turn out to my mind, I shall soon be out of my trammels, and, perhaps, in that respect, I may be better off with Grouchy than with Hoche. If the people act with spirit, as I hope they will, it is no matter who is General, and, if they do not, all the talents of Hoche would not save us, so it comes to the same thing at last. At half-past six, cast anchor off Beer Island, being still four leagues from our landing place; at work with General Cherin, writing and translating proclamations, &c. all our printed papers, including my two pamphlets, being on board the *Fraternité*, which is pleasant.

*December 23.* Last night it blew a heavy gale from the eastward with snow, so that the mountains are covered this morning, which will render our bivouacs extremely amusing. It is to be observed, that of the thirty-two points of the compass, the E. is precisely the most unfavorable to us. In consequence, we are this morning separated for the fourth time; sixteen sail, including nine or ten of the line, with Bouvet and Grouchy, are at anchor with us, and about twenty are blown to sea; luckily the gale set from the shore, so I am in hopes no mischief will ensue. The wind is still high, and, as usual, right ahead; and I dread a visit from the English, and altogether I am in great uneasiness. Oh! that we were once ashore, let what might ensue after; I am sick to the very soul of this suspense. It is curious to see how things are managed in this best of all possible worlds. We are here, sixteen sail, great and small, scattered up and down in a noble bay, and so dispersed that there are not two together in any spot, save one, and there they are now so close, that if it blows to night as it did last night, they

will inevitably run foul of each other, unless one of them prefers driving on shore. We lie in this disorder, expecting a visit from the English every hour, without taking a single step for our defence, even to the common one of having a frigate in the harbor's mouth, to give us notice of their approach; to judge by appearances, we have less to dread here, than in Brest water, for when we were there, we had four corvettes stationed off the *goulet*, besides the signal posts. I confess this degree of security passes my comprehension. The day has passed without the appearance of one vessel, friend or enemy, the wind rather more moderate, but still ahead. To night, on examining the returns with Waudré, Chef d'Etat Major of the Artillery, I find our means so reduced by the absence of the missing, that I think it hardly possible to make an attempt here, with any prospect of success; in consequence, I took Cherin into the Captain's room, and told him frankly my opinion of our actual state, and that I thought it our duty, since we must look upon the main object as now unattainable, unless the whole of our friends returned to-morrow, and the English gave us our own time, which was hardly to be expected, to see what could be best done for the honor and interest of the Republic, with the force which remained in our hands, and I proposed to him to give me the Legion des Francs, a company of the Artillerie legere, and as many officers as desired to come volunteers in the expedition, with what arms and stores remained, which are now reduced, by our separation, to four field pieces, 20,000 firelocks at most, 1,000 lb. of powder, and 3,000,000 cartridges, and to land us in Sligo Bay, and let us make the best of our way; if we succeeded, the Republic would gain infinitely in reputation and interest, and, if we failed, the loss would be trifling, as the expense was already incurred, and as for the legion, he knew what kind of desperadoes it was composed of, and for what purpose; consequently, in the worst event, the Republic would be well rid of them; finally, I added that though I asked the command, it was on the supposition that none of the Generals would risque their reputation on such a desperate enterprise, and that if another was found, I would be content to go as a simple volunteer. This was the outline of my proposal, which I pressed on him with such arguments as occurred to me, concluding by observing that, as a foreigner in the French service, my situation was a delicate one, and if I

were simply an officer, I would obey in silence the orders of my superiors, but, from my connexions in Ireland, having obtained the confidence of the Directory, so far as to induce them to appoint me to the rank of Chef de Brigade, and of General Hoche, who had nominated me Adjutant General, I thought it my duty, both to France and Ireland, to speak on this occasion, and that I only offered my plan as a *pis aller*, in case nothing better suggested itself. Cherin answered that I did very right to give my opinion, and that as he expected a council of war would be called to-morrow, he would bring me with him, and I should have an opportunity to press it. The discourse rested there, and to-morrow we shall see more, if we are not agreeably surprised. early in the morning, by a visit from the English, which is highly probable. I am now so near the shore, that I can in a manner touch the sides of Bantry Bay with my right and left hand, yet God knows whether I shall ever tread again on Irish ground. There is one thing which I am surprised at, which is the extreme sang froid with which I view the coast. I expected I should have been violently affected, yet I look at it as if it were the coast of Japan; I do not, however, love my country the less, for not having romantic feelings with regard to her. Another thing, we are now three days in Bantry Bay; if we do not land immediately, the enemy will collect a superior force, and perhaps repay us our victory of Quiberon. In an enterprise like ours, every thing depends upon the promptitude and audacity of our first movements, and we are here, I am sorry to say it, most pitifully languid. It is mortifying, but that is too poor a word; I could tear my flesh with rage and vexation, but that advances nothing, and so I hold my tongue in general, and devour my melancholy as I can. To come so near, and then to fail, if we are to fail! And every one aboard seems now to have given up all hopes.

*December 24.* This morning the whole Etat Major has been miraculously converted, and it was agreed, in full council, that General Cherin, Colonel Waudré, Chef d'Etat Major of the Artillery, and myself, should go aboard the *Immortalité*, and press General Grouchy in the strongest manner, to proceed on the expedition, with the ruins of our scattered army. Accordingly, we made a signal to speak with the Admiral, and in about an hour we were aboard. I must do Grouchy the justice to say,

that the moment we gave our opinion in favor of proceeding, he took his part decidedly, and like a man of spirit; he instantly set about preparing the *ordre de bataille*, and we finished it without delay. We are not more than 6,500 strong, but they are tried soldiers, who have seen fire, and I have the strongest hopes that, after all, we shall bring our enterprise to a glorious termination. It is a bold attempt, and truly original. All the time we were preparing the *ordre de bataille*, we were laughing most immoderately at the poverty of our means, and I believe, under the circumstances, it was the merriest council of war that was ever held; but "*Des Chevaliers francais tel est le caractere.*" Grouchy, the commander in chief, never had so few men under his orders since he was Adjutant General; Waudré, who is Lieutenant Colonel, finds himself now at the head of the artillery, which is a furious park, consisting of one piece of eight, one of four, and two six inch howitzers; when he was a Captain, he never commanded fewer than ten pieces, but now that he is in fact General of the artillery, he prefers taking the field with four. He is a gallant fellow, and offered, on my proposal last night, to remain with me and command his company, in case General Grouchy had agreed to the proposal I made to Cherin. It is altogether an enterprise truly *unique*; we have not one guinea; we have not a tent; we have not a horse to draw our four pieces of artillery; the General in chief marches on foot; we leave all our baggage behind us; we have nothing but the arms in our hands, the clothes on our backs, and a good courage, but that is sufficient. With all these original circumstances, such as I believe never were found united in an expedition of such magnitude as that we are about to attempt, we are all as gay as larks. I never saw the French character better exemplified, than in this morning's business. Well, at last I believe we are about to disembark; God knows how I long for it. But this infernal easterly wind continues without remorse, and though we have been under weigh three or four hours, and made I believe three hundred tacks, we do not seem to my eyes to have gained one hundred yards in a straight line. One hour and a half of good wind would carry us up, and perhaps we may be yet two days. Damn it! damn it! I learn from a pilot whom I found aboard the Admiral, that my friend Hutchins lives within two miles of Bantry, and is now at home, so per-

haps I may see him to-morrow; I wonder what kind of a meeting we shall have? When I saw him last, he was a right good fellow, but so many changes happen in twenty months! At all events, he will be, I dare say, not a little surprised to see me with a blue coat on my back, and a national cockade in my hat. At six, cast anchor, having gained I think not less than fifty yards, to speak within bounds. The rapidity of our progress is the more amazing, when it is considered that we have been not much more than eight hours in covering that space of ground, and besides, we have a cool refreshing breeze from the east, which is truly delightful. Well, time and tide wait for no man. I may now say with the Probationary odes, "*sometimes it blows, sometimes it freezes, just as it pleases.*" Well, let it blow and be hanged! I do not wonder to night at Xerxes whipping the sea; for I find myself pretty much in the mood to commit some such rational action. To return to our expedition; the more I think of it, the more I find it amusing; as Johnson says, "*the negative catalogue of our means is extremely copious.*" In addition to what I have mentioned already, we have no horses for our cavalry. Huzza! I apprehend we are to night 6,000 of the most careless fellows in Europe, for every body is in the most extravagant spirits on the eve of an enterprise, which, considering our means, would make many people serious. I never liked the French half so well as to night, and I can scarcely persuade myself that the loungers of the Boulevards, and the soldiers I see about me, are of the same hemisphere. To judge the French rightly, or at least to see the bright part of their character, you must see them not in Paris, but in the camp. It is in the armies that the Republic exists. My enemy, the wind, seems just now, at eight o'clock, to relent a little, so we may reach Bantry by to-morrow. The enemy has now had four days to recover from his panic, and prepare to receive us; so much the worse, but I do not mind it. We purpose to make a race for Cork, as if the devil were in our bodies, and when we are fairly there, we will stop for a day or two to take breath, and look about us. From Bantry to Cork is about forty-five miles, which, with all our efforts, will take us three days, and I suppose we may have a brush by the way, but I think we are able to deal with any force that can, at a week's notice, be brought against us. We are not the best dressed body of men in Europe. I

think I have seen a Captain of the Guards in St. James's Park, who would burn for as much as one of our demi brigades. "*There's not a rag of feather in our army, good argument, I hope we will not fly.*" *Apropos*, of that quotation. It is inconceivable how well that most inconceivable of all writers, Shakespeare, has hit off the French character in his play of Henry V. I have been struck with it fifty times this evening; yet it is highly probable he never saw a French officer in his life. Well, I have worked hard to-day, not to speak of my boating party aboard the Admiral, against wind and tide, and in a rough sea. I have written and copied fifteen letters, besides these memorandums; pretty well for one day. I think I will stop here. I have but one observation to add; there is not, I will venture to say, one grenadier in the Compagnie Bloom, that will not sleep to night in his hammock more contentedly than the Archbishop of Dublin, in a down bed. I presume our arrival has put several respectable characters in no small fuss, but time will show more of that.

*December 25.* These memorandums are a strange mixture. Sometimes I am in preposterously high spirits, and at other times I am as dejected, according to the posture of our affairs. Last night I had the strongest expectations that to-day we should debark, but at two this morning I was awakened by the wind. I rose immediately, and, wrapping myself in my great coat, walked for an hour in the gallery, devoured by the most gloomy reflections. The wind continues right a head, so that it is absolutely impossible to work up to the landing place, and God knows when it will change. The same wind is exactly favorable to bring the English upon us, and these cruel delays give the enemy time to assemble his entire force in this neighborhood, and perhaps (it is, unfortunately, more than perhaps) by his superiority in numbers, in cavalry, in artillery, in money, in provisions, in short in every thing we want, to crush us, supposing we are even able to effectuate a landing at last, at the same time that the fleet will be caught as in a trap. Had we been able to land the first day and march directly to Cork, we should have infallibly carried it by a coup de main; and then we should have a footing in the country, but as it is—if we are taken, my fate will not be a mild one; the best I can expect is to be shot as an *émigré rentré*, unless I have the good fortune to be killed in the action: for most assuredly if

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the enemy will have us, he must fight for us. Perhaps I may be reserved for a trial, for the sake of striking terror into others, in which case I shall be hanged as a traitor, and embowelled, &c. As to the embowelling, "*je m'en fiche*" if ever they hang me, they are welcome to embowel me if they please. These are pleasant prospects! Nothing on earth could sustain me now, but the consciousness that I am engaged in a just and righteous cause. For my family, I have, by a desperate effort, surmounted my natural feelings so far, that I do not think of them at this moment. This day, at 12 the wind blows a gale, still from the east, and our situation is now as critical as possible, for it is morally certain that this day or to-morrow on the morning, the English fleet will be in the harbor's mouth, and then adieu to every thing. In this desperate state of affairs, I proposed to Cherin to sally out with all our forces, to mount to the Shannon, and, disembarking the troops, make a forced march to Limerick, which is probably unguarded, the garrison being, I am pretty certain, on its march to oppose us here: to pass the river at Limerick, and, by forced marches, push to the North. I detailed all this on a paper which I will keep, and showed it to Captain Bedout, and all the Generals on board, Cherin, Simon, and Chassecloup. They all agreed as to the advantages of the plan, but after settling it, we find it impossible to communicate with the General and Admiral, who are in the *Invincible*, nearly two leagues ahead, and the wind is now so high and foul, and the sea so rough, that no boat can live, so all communication is impracticable, and to-morrow morning it will, most probably, be too late: and on this circumstance perhaps the fate of the expedition and the liberty of Ireland depends. I cannot conceive for what reason the two commanders on board are shut up together in a frigate. Surely they should be on board the flag ship. But that is not the first misfortune resulting from that arrangement. Had General Hoche remained as he ought, on board the *Indomptable*, with his *Etat Major*, he would not have been separated and taken by the English, as he most probably is: nor should we be in the difficulties we now find ourselves in, and which most probably to-morrow will render insurmountable. Well, it does not signify complaining. Our first capital error was in setting sail too late from the bay of Biscay, in which manner we were obliged to pass the Raz de May, which caused the loss of the *Seduisant*, the separa-



tion of the fleet, the capture of the General, and above all, the loss of time resulting from all this, and which is never to be recovered. Our second error was in losing an entire day in cruising off the bay, when we might have entered and effected a landing with thirty-five sail, which would have secured every thing, and now our third error is having our Commander in Chief separated from the Etat Major, which renders all communication utterly impossible. My prospects at this hour are as gloomy as possible. I see nothing before me, unless a miracle be wrought in our favor, but the ruin of the expedition, the slavery of my country, and my own destruction. Well, if I am to fall, at least I will sell my life as dear as individual resistance can make it. So now I have made up my mind. I have a merry Christmas of it to-day.

*December 26.* Last night, at half after six o'clock, in a heavy gale of wind still from the east, we were surprised by the Admiral's frigate running under our quarter, and hailing the Indomptable, with orders to cut our cable and put to sea instantly; the frigate then pursued her course, leaving us all in the utmost astonishment. Our first idea was that it might be an English frigate, lurking in the bottom of the bay, which took advantage of the storm and darkness of the night to make her escape, and wished to separate our squadron by this stratagem: for it seems utterly incredible, that an Admiral should cut and run in this manner, without any previous signal of any kind to warn the fleet, and that the first notice we should have of his intention, should be his hailing us in this extraordinary manner, with such unexpected and peremptory orders. After a short consultation with his officers, (considering the storm, the darkness of the night, that we have two anchors out, and only one spare one in the hold,) Captain Bedout resolved to wait, at all events, till to-morrow morning, in order to ascertain whether it was really the Admiral who hailed us. The morning is now come, the gale continues, and the fog is so thick that we cannot see a ship's length ahead: so here we lie in the utmost uncertainty and anxiety. In all probability we are now left without Admiral or General: if so, Cherin will command the troops, and Bedout the fleet, but, at all events, there is an end of the expedition. Certainly we have been persecuted by a strange fatality, from the very night of our departure, to this hour. We have



lost two commanders in chief; of four admirals not one remains; we have lost one ship of the line, that we know of, and probably many others of which we know nothing; we have been now six days in Bantry Bay, within five hundred yards of the shore, without being able to effectuate a landing; we have been dispersed four times in four days, and, at this moment, of forty-three sail, of which the expedition consisted, we can muster of all sizes but fourteen. There only wants our falling in with the English, to complete our destruction; and, to judge of the future by the past, there is every probability that that will not be wanting. All our hopes are now reduced to get back in safety to Brest, and I believe we will set sail for that port the instant the weather will permit. I confess, myself, I now look on the expedition as impracticable. The enemy has had seven days to prepare for us, and three, or perhaps four days more before we could arrive at Cork; and we are now too much reduced, in all respects, to make the attempt with any prospect of success—so, all is over! It is hard, after having forced my way thus far, to be obliged to turn back; but it is my fate, and I must submit. Notwithstanding all our blunders, it is the dreadful stormy weather and easterly winds, which have been blowing furiously, and without intermission, since we made Bantry Bay, that have ruined us. Well, England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada, and that expedition, like ours, was defeated by the weather; the elements fight against us, and courage is here of no avail. Well, let me think no more about it; it is lost, and let it go! I am now a Frenchman, and must regulate my future plans accordingly. I hope the Directory will not dismiss me the service for this unhappy failure, in which, certainly, I have nothing personally to reproach myself with; and, in that case, I shall be rich enough to live as a peasant. If God Almighty sends me my dearest love and darling babies in safety, I will buy or rent a little spot, and have done with the world forever. I shall neither be great, nor famous, nor powerful, but I may be happy. God knows whether I shall ever reach France myself, and, in that case, what will become of my family? It is horrible to me to think of. Oh! my life and soul, my darling babies, shall I ever see you again? This infernal wind continues without intermission, and now that all is lost, I am as eager to get back to France, as I was to come to Ireland.

*December 27.* Yesterday several vessels, including the *Indomptable*, dragged their anchors several times, and it was with great difficulty they rode out the gale. At two o'clock, the *Revolution*, a seventy-four, made signal that she could hold no longer, and, in consequence of the Commodore's permission, who now commands our little squadron, cut her only cable and put to sea. In the night, the *Patriote* and *Pluton*, of 74 each, were forced to put to sea, with the *Nicomede* flute, so that this morning we are reduced to seven sail of the line and one frigate. Any attempt here is now desperate, but I still think, if we were debarked at the mouth of the Shannon, we might yet recover all. At ten o'clock, the Commodore made signal to get under way, which was delayed by one of the ships, which required an hour to get ready. This hour we availed ourselves of to hold a council of war, at which were present, Generals Cherin, and Harty, and Humbert, who came from their ships for that purpose; Adjutant Generals Simon, Chasseloup, and myself; Lieut. Col. Waudré, commanding the artillery, and Favory, Captain of Engineers, together with Commodore Bedout, who was invited to assist; General Harty, as senior officer, being President. It was agreed, that, our force being now reduced to 4,168 men, our artillery to two four-pounders, our ammunition to 1,500,000 cartridges and 500 rounds for the artillery, with 500 pounds of powder—this part of the country being utterly wild and savage, furnishing neither provisions nor horses, and especially as the enemy, having seven days' notice, together with three more which it would require to reach Cork, supposing we even met with no obstacle, had time more than sufficient to assemble his forces in numbers sufficient to crush our little army; considering, moreover, that this province is the only one of the four which has testified no disposition to revolt; that it is the most remote from the party which is ready for insurrection; and, finally, Captain Bedout having communicated his instructions, which are, to mount as high as the Shannon, and cruize there five days; it was unanimously agreed to quit Bantry Bay directly, and proceed for the mouth of the Shannon, in hopes to rejoin some of our scattered companions; and when we are there, we will determine, according to the means in our hands, what part we shall take. I am the more content with this determination, as it is substantially



## 18 DECEMBER, 1796.

... which I read to General Cherin and ... The wind, at last, has come ... and the signal is now flying to get un- ... there being every appearance of ... vessels cut their cables and put to sea ... having with great difficulty weighed our ... at length, to cut the cable of the other ... of our way out of the bay, being followed by ... our little squadron, now reduced to ten sail, of ... one frigate, and two corvettes or

*December 28.* Last night it blew a perfect hurricane. At one morning, a dreadful sea took the ship in the quarter, stove the quarter gallery, and one of the dead-lights in the great room, which was instantly filled with water to the depth of three feet. The cots of the officers were almost all torn down, and themselves and their trunks floated about the cabin. For my part, I had just fallen asleep when awakened by the shock, of which I at first did not comprehend the meaning; but hearing the water distinctly rolling in the cabin beneath me, and two or three of the officers mounting in their shirts, as wet as if they had risen from the bottom of the sea, I concluded instantly that the ship had struck and was filling with water, and that she would sink directly. As the movements of the mind are as quick as lightning in such perilous moments, it is impossible to describe the infinity of ideas which shot across my mind in an instant. As I knew all notion of saving my life was in vain, in such a stormy sea, I took my part instantly, and lay down in my hammock, expecting every instant to go to the bottom; but I was soon relieved by the appearance of one of the officers, Baudin, who explained to us the accident. I can safely say that I had perfect command of myself during the few terrible minutes which I passed in this situation, and I was not, I believe, more afraid than any of those about me. I resigned myself to my fate, which I verily thought was inevitable, and I could have died like a man. Immediately after this blow, the wind abated, and, at day-light, having run nine knots an hour under one jib only, during the hurricane, we found ourselves at the rendezvous, having parted company with three ships of the line and the frigate, which makes our sixth separation. The frigate Coquille

joined us in the course of the day, which we spent standing off and on the shore, without being joined by any of our missing companions.

*December 29.* At four this morning, the Commodore made the signal to steer for France : so, there is an end of our expedition for the present ; perhaps for ever. I spent all yesterday in my hammock, partly through sea-sickness, and much more through vexation. At ten, we made prize of an unfortunate brig, bound from Lisbon to Cork, laden with salt, which we sunk.

*December 30, 31.* On our way to Brest. It will be well supposed I am in no great humor to make memorandums. This is the last day of the year 1796, which has been a very remarkable one in my history.

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*January 1, 1797.* At eight this morning made the island of Ushant, and at twelve opened the *Goulet*. We arrive seven sail : the *Indomptable*, of 80 ; the *Watigny*, *Cassard*, and *Eole*, 74 ; the *Coquille*, 36 ; the *Atalante*, 20, and the *Vautour* lugger of 14. We left Brest forty-three sail, of which seventeen were of the line. I am utterly astonished that we did not see a single English ship of war, going nor coming back. They must have taken their measures very ill, not to intercept us, but perhaps they have picked up some of our missing ships. Well, this evening will explain all, and we shall see now what is become of our four Admirals. and of our two Generals in Chief.



## APPENDIX

### TO PART II.—JOURNAL OF 1796.

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#### A L'ARMÉE FRANÇAISE, DESTINÉE À OPÉRER LA RÉVOLUTION D'IRLANDE.

*Républicains:* Fier de vous avoir fait vaincre en plusieurs occasions, j'ai obtenu du Gouvernement la permission de vous conduire à de nouveaux succès. Vous commander, c'est être assuré du triomphe.

Jaloux de rendre à la liberté un peuple digne d'elle, et mûr pour une révolution, le Directoire nous envoie en Irlande, à l'effet d'y faciliter la révolution que d'excellents Républicains viennent d'y entreprendre. Il sera beau pour nous, qui avons vaincu les satellites des Rois armés contre la République, de lui aider à recouvrer ses droits usurpés par l'odieux Gouvernement Anglais.

Vous n'oublierez jamais, braves et fidèles Compagnons, que le peuple, chez lequel nous allons, est l'ami de notre Patrie, que nous devons le traiter comme tel, et non comme un peuple conquis.

En arrivant en Irlande, vous trouverez l'hospitalité, la fraternité ; bientôt des milliers de ses habitans viendront grossir nos phalanges. Gardons-nous donc bien de jamais traiter aucuns d'eux en ennemis. Ainsi que nous, ils ont à se venger des perfides Anglais ; ces derniers sont les seuls dont nous ayons à tirer une vengeance éclatante. Croyez que les Irlandais ne soupirent pas moins que vous après le moment où, de concert, nous irons à Londres rappeler, à Pitt et à ses amis, ce qu'ils ont fait contre notre liberté.

not, in fact, framed for that submission, to which we have been bent by the pressure of so many centuries of hard, unremitting, unrelenting tyranny.

But, if the judgments of Providence be slow, they are certain. The villain must not hope to walk in credit to his grave, nor the tyrant to insult forever with impunity the misery he has caused. The pride and arrogance of England have at length called down upon her head the tardy and lingering justice which her manifold crimes have so long provoked ; the sufferings of Ireland, prostrate and humbled as she has been, even to the dust, seem to have awakened the attention of Him who rules the destiny of nations ; in his goodness and compassion he has at length regarded us, and placed in our hands the means, if we have the courage to be free.

Without being too much of an enthusiastic visionary, I think I may say I see a new order of things commencing in Europe. The stupendous Revolution which has taken place in France ; the unparalleled succession of events which have, in defiance of the united efforts of all the despots of Europe, established that mighty Republic on the broad and firm basis of equal rights, liberties, and laws ; the abasement, contrary to all human probability, of her enemies, every one of whom has, in his turn, been forced to yield to her ascendant genius, with the exception thus far, of Austria, and especially of England, whose fall has only been delayed to make her degradation more terrible, and the triumph of her victorious rival the more complete ; all this I say, has satisfied my mind, that the ancient system of tyranny must fall. In many nations it is already extinct, in others, it has received its death wound, and though it may for some time train a feeble and lingering existence, its duration is ascertained, and its days already numbered. I do not look upon the French Revolution as a question subject to the ordinary calculation of politics ; *it is a thing which is to be* ; and, as all human experience has verified that the new doctrine ever finally subverts the old ; as the Mosaic law subverted idolatry ; as Christianity subverted the Jewish dispensation ; as the Reformation subverted Popery ; so, I am firmly convinced, the doctrine of Republicanism will finally subvert that of Monarchy, and establish a system of just and rational liberty, on the ruins of the thrones of the despots of Europe.

But whether this opinion be well or ill founded, the question I mean to examine will not be affected by the result. Fortunately, or unfortunately, for Ireland, her cause is independent of the theory. The object for her immediate consideration is not whether she shall adopt this or that form of government, but whether she shall be independent under any. She has too many solid, substantial, heavy, existing grievances, to require much ingenuity, or subtle argument to convince her of her interest and her duty, and the question on which we must take an instant determination, will, if I mistake not, be decided as soon as it is stated.

The alternative which is now submitted to your choice, with regard to England, is, in one word, *union or separation!* You must determine, and that instantly, between slavery and independence; there is no third way. I will not insult you, by doubting what will be your decision. I anticipate your immediate and unanimous declaration, which establishes forever liberty to yourselves, and independence to your country.

To a magnanimous people it is unnecessary to prove, that it is *base*, to an enlightened people it is unnecessary to prove, that it is *ruinous*, to exist in dependence on the will of a foreign power, and that power an ambitious rival. To you this is not matter of mere speculation. You feel it in your Government, in your laws, in your manners, in your principles, in your education; with all the great moral and physical advantages of which you are possessed, you are unnoticed and unknown as a nation in Europe; your bodies and your minds are bent down by the incumbent pressure of your tyrant; she, to maintain whose avarice and ambition you are daily forced to spill your best blood, in whose cause you fight without glory and without profit, where victory but rivets your chains the faster, and where defeat adds to slavery, mortification, and disgrace. In vain are you placed in the most advantageous position for unlimited commerce; in vain are you blessed with a fruitful soil, with every requisite for trade and manufactures, with inexhaustible mines, with navigable rivers, and with the noblest harbors in Europe. All these advantages are blasted by the contagious presence of your imperious rival, before whose influence your strength is withered, your resources crushed, and the rising spirit of emulation strangled in the birth. It is England who debauches and



degrades your gentry ; it is England who starves your manufacturers, to drive them into her fleets and armies ; it is England who keeps your wretched peasantry half-fed, half-clothed, miserable and despised, defrauded of their just rights as human beings, and reduced, if the innate spirit of your country did not support them, as it were, by miracle, below the level of the beasts of the field ; it is England who buys your legislators to betray you, and pays you with the money levied on yourselves ; it is England who foment and perpetuates, as far as in her lies, the spirit of religious dissension among you, and that labors to keep asunder Irishman from Irishman, because, that, in your cordial union among yourselves, she sees clearly the downfall of her usurpation, and the establishment of your liberties ; it is England who supports and nourishes that rotten, aristocratic faction among you, which, though not the tenth part of your population, has arrogated to itself five-sixths of the property, and the whole of the patronage and power of your nation ; a faction, which, to maintain itself by the power of England, is ready to sacrifice, and does daily sacrifice your dearest rights to her insatiable lust of gold and power.

Look to the origin of your connection with Britain, that proud and selfish nation, and see what is the foundation of the authority of your oppressors ! Six hundred years ago the Pope,\* *an Englishman*, thought proper to confer the crown of Ireland on Henry II, King of England ; and the King of England was pleased, in return, to guarantee to his countryman, the Pope, the payment of a certain tax, *to be levied on the people of Ireland* ; but were the people consulted, whose liberties and properties were thus bartered away between these two Englishmen ? No such thing. Their independence was sold by one foreigner to the other, without their privity or concurrence, and to consummate the injustice of this most infamous and audacious bargain, they were compelled themselves to raise the purchase money of their disgrace, *and to pay for being enslaved*. Such was the commencement of the British monarchy in Ireland, and what have been its fruits ? Six hundred years of continued intestine wars, marked with every circumstance of horror and barbarity, with the desolation of whole provinces, with massacres and con-

\* Nicholas Breakspear, Pope, under the name of Adrian VII.

fiscation and plunder. with fire, famine and pestilence, with murder, to that horrible extent, that, at length, it was decreed, even by your own legislature, to be no crime in an Englishman to kill *a mere Irishman*. When, by these multiplied abominations, your strength was exhausted and your spirit broken, when your oppressors made it their boast that you were *brayed, as it were, in a mortar*, this execrable tyranny of the sword was succeeded by the still more execrable tyranny of the laws, framed with a diabolical sagacity to impoverish and degrade and brutalize you ; laws, even yet but imperfectly removed, and for whose partial repeal, extorted from your reluctant oppressors, you are indebted to the recent union among yourselves, to your consequent spirit, and to the combination of events produced by the French Revolution.

But, to compensate you for the loss of your independent existence as a nation, for the destruction of your trade and manufactures, the plunder of your property, the interdiction of education to three-fourths of your people, and their absolute exclusion from a state of political existence, you have been gravely told that you participated in what is called, in the cant of your enemies, *the inestimable blessings of the British Constitution!*

I will not here enter into a discussion on the merits or demerits of that constitution. You have, all of you, read the productions which have appeared on that subject, and it is, therefore, unnecessary for me to repeat them ; on him who is not convinced by the arguments of Paine, of the absurdity of hereditary monarchs, and hereditary legislatures, where no man would admit of hereditary cobblers, who wished to have his shoes well mended, I despair of making any impression. I will, therefore, for the sake of argument, suppose, though I will by no means admit, that this constitution is really as excellent as it is represented to be by its warmest panegyrists, who, by-the-by, will ever be found amongst those who exist by its daily destruction, and I will answer, in the first place, that you may, if you choose, adopt that constitution as your own, when your independence is once recognised, and you come to organize your government ; but, to quit this, which I look upon as a wild and idle supposition, I say, in the second place, that you do not possess this most excellent and happy constitution ! That, even in England, it is disfigured and distorted, but that in Ireland it is so smothered

behold a mass of corruption, as to be, in effect, no more the constitution of England, as it exists in theory, than it is the constitution of Constantinople or Japan.

In the first place, what is your King? Your King is a foreigner, an Englishman, a native of a country that holds you in utter contempt: whom you never see, nor expect to see; who never deigns to visit Ireland: who, with all the ignorant prejudices and illiberal passions of his nation, distributes from his throne at St. James's, by the advice of his British Cabinet, the honors and rewards of your country, either among English sycophants or more despicable Irish apostates, whose strongest recommendation to his royal favor, is, that they are ready at all times and without scruple, to sacrifice the interest and independence of their native land, to the avarice or the ambition of England. Is there a man of you, that is not convinced, and that has not felt, that even the meanest Englishman considers himself as your superior, and despises an Irishman in his heart? and have you not had a thousand occasions, to know that the King of England looks as rank and vulgar prejudices on that score, as the basest and most ignorant of his vassals? that he regards you not as a nation of valuable subjects, but as a rabble of wretched slaves, and that your whole realm is not of as much importance in his eyes, as any one manufacturing town in England. People of Ireland, this is your absentee Monarch! This is the idol, before whom you are to fall down, and to worship, like another Moloch, with the sacrifice of your blood; to pamper whose pride and folly and ambition, you are daily called upon to devote your treasures and your lives, your individual liberties, and the glory and independence of your native land; and this is the sentiment which is called loyalty, by those who wish to deceive and to mislead, in order that they may plunder and oppress you.

But, perhaps, you find in the national spirit, in the patriotism and virtue of the other two estates of your legislature, the Lords and the Commons, a protection from the ruinous effects of an executive power, deposited in a foreign country, connected with you by no ties of interest or of glory, actuated solely by selfish motives, and illiberal prejudices, and who is represented by a sagacious personage, bound by no responsibility, and amenable to no tribunal.

See then the redoubtable barrier against oppression, which you have in your House of Lords ! In the very first instance, one half of them are Englishmen, who never saw Ireland, who have not a foot of property there : who do not think it worth their while even to visit the country, from which they derive their titles, but who would of themselves be sufficient to stifle all opposition by their numbers, if those noble Lords, who are in the habit of attending Parliament, were to be found, miraculously, in opposition to the mandate of the British Minister. The means by which a Peerage is obtained in Ireland, and the motives which determine the King of England, *the fountain of honor*, to raise his faithful subjects to that high rank, are of sufficient notoriety. It is well known, and has been asserted even in your Parliament, that the honors of the Peerage are prostituted to the most infamous purposes of corruption ; that they are bought and sold, in open market, and at a stated price, or made a subject of a more ruinous, though less disgraceful commerce, in debauching the other branch of the legislature ; that sometimes a man is made a Peer, because he can command two votes in the House of Commons, and sometimes, because he can command five thousand pounds in money ; sometimes, because he has been obedient as a judge in trials, when the Crown has been concerned, and sometimes, because he has been refractory in Parliament, and it is necessary to appease him. If there were any reason to expect a possibility of patriotism or public virtue, from a body thus constituted ; there are six and twenty Bishops, many of them Englishmen, and all of them, expectants of the English Government, for promotion or translation, ready to strangle it in the birth. Such are the hereditary counsellors of the Crown in Ireland, the Judges in the last resort, the impartial and incorruptible guardians of the Constitution. against the encroachments of the people on one side, and the King on the other ; the people with whom they have no common interest, and the King who names the Peerage and the Episcopacy, who distributes ribbands and stars, and mitres, and places, and pensions, at his pleasure.

The Crown and the Lords, being thus organized against you, and having confessedly their own distinct and separate interests to consult, at least, it is to be hoped that the third estate, the Commons, your representatives, emanating from yourselves. de-

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giving their existence from the choice of the people, of which, they make a part. surely, they at least will take care of your rights, your liberties, and your interest, which are their own; proud of the sacred deposit, which you have confided in their hands, they will magnanimously resist any attempt of the other two estates, should any such be made, to invade the inalienable privileges of their constituents: amenable to the tribunal of your opinion, they will dread the disgrace which inevitably attaches upon corruption in a legislator, even more than death; should any courtly pander be found, hardy enough to risque the attempt to debauch their stern integrity, they will turn aside from his presence with horror and disgust, if indeed, the first emotion of insulted virtue does not rather prompt them instantly to seize the villain, to drag him from his den to public view, and denounce him to the nation, as the most atrocious of all parricides, the assassin of his country.

I cannot continue this irony! The subject is too sorrowful to excite any other feeling than indignation. Who are those abominable slaves, so impudently miscalled your representatives? How are they chosen? Who are their constituents? Is it not so notorious as no longer to excite surprise, or scarcely resentment, that the most inestimable of your privileges, from which all others depend, the right to choose your legislators, is made a daily subject of a base and villainous traffic? That a station, the most honorable to which man can aspire, that of representing his fellow citizens in the great Council of the nation, is bought and sold, and that seats in Parliament are become a subject of dirty commercial speculation: so that any fellow, even of the most infamous character, provided he can raise three thousand pounds, may, in defiance of the public indignation and contempt, place himself triumphantly on the benches of your Legislature, and make laws to bind millions of men, any one of whom would scarcely trust himself alone in his company, or suffer him to enter his house, without previously locking up his spoons. The temple of your liberties is filled with buyers and sellers, with money changers and thieves; with placemen and pensioners, those unclean and ominous harpies, gorged with the public spoil, and sucking still, like insatiable vampires, the last drainings of the vital blood of their country; with fraudulent bankrupts, who take shelter in Parliament from the prosecution of

their creditors, and purchase, with a part of their plunder, the privilege to retain the rest in security ; with speculating lawyers, who, without principle and without practice, and destitute of talents to rise in their own profession, take up the more gainful trade of making in the Legislature those laws, which, in the Courts, they are unable to expound, force on their way, with inveterate perseverance, a servility that knows no scruple, and impudence incapable of a blush, repel their abler and honester brethren, who cannot bend to those vile means of advancement, and make a short cut through Parliament to the judgment seat : with those miserable automatons, the humble dependants of great men, who place them as their puppets in the House of Commons, and whose condition is, I know not whether more to be pitied or despised ; with young coxcombs of fortune, who think *a seat in the House*, like their whores, their horses, and their hounds, a necessary appendage to their rank and dignity ; even the members for your counties, where, if at all, the public voice might be supposed to have some little influence, even in their elections a system of corruption universally prevails, less compendious, indeed, than that which exists in your boroughs, but more scandalous and destructive. I do not fear that any one man in Ireland, even on your treasury bench, will be found with a forehead hard enough to deny one syllable of what I have here advanced, or even to assert that the picture is overcharged. Your Parliament has long lost all character, as it has lost all decency ; every honest man despises it ; the prostitutes who compose it, know this and tremble ; in vain do they multiply laws for their protection, and persecute, without remorse, the slightest invasion of what they are pleased to vote to be their privileges ; the sanction of character is wanting ; the public opinion is pronounced against them, and nothing but the pressure of an incumbent force has prevented the indignant spirit of Ireland from bursting forth long since and levelling with the dust the edifice of her oppression.

From a Legislature constituted as yours is, no good can flow. Those who compose it have no common interest with the people ; they feel that they are but a foreign colony, depending entirely for their existence on the connection with England, whose power alone secures them in possession of their usurpations. If they had the inclination, (of which I am far from sus-

pecting them,) they have not the courage to be honest. The fact and truth is, that the great bulk of the aristocracy of Ireland, conscious that their estates were originally acquired by the most unjustifiable means, either by open robbery, sword in hand, or by the more infamous pillage of the laws, dare not oppose the will of the British Minister, from the apprehension lest he should withdraw his protection from their party, and leave them to the mercy of the majority of their countrymen. It is vain to argue with men under the influence of so extreme a fear. Those of them who are more enlightened, and who, of course, do not dread a resumption of property which the lapse of time and change of circumstances have rendered impossible, yet affect a terror they do not feel, to confirm the delusion of the rest, and profit of the panic, which, in a great degree, they have themselves caused and diligently cultivated, to govern their party, and to perpetuate their monopoly in every department of the state. By these means they are enabled to make their bargain with the British Minister, and nothing can be imagined less difficult than the negotiation. Their language is simply this: “ Maintain us in our places, our pensions, and our power ; “ suffer us to support our mistresses, our dependants, and ourselves at the public expense : surrender to us, in a word, the “ entire patronage of the crown : in return, we engage to surrender to you the commerce, the manufactures, the liberty, “ and the independence of Ireland : we will support you in “ every measure which you may devise to impoverish, to divide, “ and to weaken our country ; we will abet you in every mad “ and ruinous war in which you may think proper to embark ; “ we will squander the blood of Ireland, without limitation or “ reserve : *we will stand and fall with England* ; suffer us “ only, in return, to appropriate to ourselves such portion of “ the public treasure as the sacrifices we make to you may appear to deserve.”

To a proposition so just and reasonable in itself, it is not to be supposed the English Minister can be so captious as to raise the least objection. He purchases, in fact, for England every advantage she can possibly derive from the connection between the countries, without putting her to the expense of six pence ; for Ireland, who is sold, is also forced to raise the purchase money ; and herein lies the essential difference between the politi-

cal situation of England and Ireland. In the former, undoubtedly the constitution is depraved and degraded, and corruption carried on to an enormous extent; the liberty of the people is, beyond contradiction, sacrificed to the arbitrary will and pleasure of the King: but, at the same time, their essential interests are, in all other respects, carefully consulted by the Government. The Minister there, studies to advance their trade and manufactures by all possible means, justifiable and unjustifiable, upon the same principle that the farmer manures the soil he means to cultivate, and feeds the beasts he destines for labor. Under this point of view, I have no hesitation to admit that England is essentially well and wisely governed, and a mere merchant or manufacturer who looks no further than his warehouse or his shop, has no reason to wish for a change. But do you, my countrymen, lay your hands on your hearts, and ask yourselves, *is all this so with us?* I do not fear contradiction when I answer for you, that the direct contrary is the fact, and that your legislators are *hired and paid* by the English Minister, (paid with your own money, I beseech you to keep ever in memory) to destroy and smother your arts, manufactures, and commerce, in the cradle, lest they might, by possibility, interfere with the interest of England, who will be ever undoubtedly better pleased to see you a colony of idlers to consume her manufactures, and to recruit her fleets and armies, than to meet you in the markets of the world, an active, enterprising, and industrious rival. No English Minister would have the folly or the impudence to propose to the most corrupt and profligate of his dependants a measure subversive of the interests of the nation, or if he were so utterly infatuated, which is indeed impossible, he would not be Minister for four and twenty hours after. When a member of Parliament in England sells himself, it is always with a saving clause: there are things he will not do, and which he never will be asked to do; but a member of Parliament in Ireland who sells himself (as they all do, or wish to do) is, politically speaking, damned without reserve; the condition of his bargain is to surrender his country for ever to the mercy of England. I do not here speak of your liberties, for, in that respect, the people of England are nearly as badly off as yourselves; but in the name of God, consider how this connection affects your interests, and see how absolutely and utterly



different your condition is from theirs in that respect. The commerce of England is protected and cherished and fostered by the Government. On a question of trade, all consideration of party vanish; every man, whatever be his political delinquency, is alike eager to forward any measure which promises to be beneficial, and even the most abject slaves in the English House of Commons are honest upon that score. But how is it with the prostitutes of the Irish House of Commons? The indispensable requisite, the fundamental principle of their bargain, I repeat it, is the sacrifice of their country to the avarice and ambition of England. I appeal with confidence to your own unvarying experience to determine whether, in Ireland, there be any road to preferment other than an implicit deference to the will of the English Minister. Is any man promoted, or will any man ever be promoted to power or station, at least while the connection holds, because he is, or is even suspected to be the friend of his country? Would not such a suspicion operate infallibly to his exclusion? And hence it is, that it is impossible, under the present system, that you ever can have an honest Government, because the English Minister, who names your rulers, will be sure to exact from them such conditions and engagements as no honest Irishman can by possibility submit to, and consequently none but knaves and sycophants, who are ready, without scruple, to take this abominable covenant, can fill place or office; it is not so in England, because there, as I have already said, the essential interests of the nation are equally the object of all parties, and a man may accept a situation in the Government without sacrificing his integrity or his reputation; but I defy any man to take a share in the measures of the Irish Government, without a total surrender of all principle and character as an Irishman. Number, I beseech you, your tyrants; consider the most virulent of your oppressors, man by man; review the whole of their political career, and see what are the means whereby they have become your rulers. Have they any other merit than that of blind submission to the will of England, and a profligate eagerness to sacrifice the very existence of Ireland to her arbitrary will and pleasure? Turn then to those who call themselves your patriots, and see whether they are not essentially as much your enemies, and as ready to prostrate you and themselves at the feet of your tyrant, as the most impudent

and abandoned of her acknowledged hirelings. Do you not go to your legislature, as to a comedy, to be amused by the talents of the actors, well knowing the part which each is to play, and what is to be the catastrophe of the piece? Can you not, on every question of importance, determine before hand with precision how every individual will vote, and upon what motives? Do you believe, on your honor and conscience, that you could find ten men in your entire Legislature who act upon conviction or principle? Is not making your laws, as much a trade as making your shoes, and not the thousandth part so honest or respectable? And if all this be so, what kind of administration is that under which you groan, for a brave, a sagacious, and an enlightened people with warm hearts, with quick feelings, and with strong resentments?

But I waste time in dwelling on grievances and abuses which you all know and feel. The difficulty in enumerating the sufferings of Ireland, is not what to choose, but what to reject; so many abominations crowd at once upon my mind, and every one more atrocious than the other. Let me turn from a subject so disgusting in all points of view, as your actual Government, and contemplate the brilliant prospect which lies before us, the promised land of liberty and happiness, to secure the possession of which, we have but to act with the spirit of men, and to profit of the great occasion which Providence has at length afforded us. We have now the means, in the first place, to break that execrable slavery, by which, under the more plausible name of connection, we have been chained for six hundred years at the feet of England; we have in our hands independence for our country, the first blessing of nations, and liberty for ourselves, without which life is not worth preserving: we shall no longer be dragged perpetually from the line of our obvious interests by the overbearing attraction of our tyrant, nor forced to run and prostrate ourselves at the feet of an English Minister, to obtain his permission to regulate the concerns of our country. The aristocracy of Ireland, which exists only by our slavery, and is maintained in its pomp and splendor by the sale of our lives, liberties, and properties, will tumble in the dust; the people will be no longer mocked with a vain appearance of a Parliament, over which they have neither influence nor control. Instead of a King representing himself, a House of Lords repre-

senting themselves, and a House of Commons representing themselves, we shall have a wise and honest Legislature, chosen by the people, whom they will indeed represent, and whose interest, even for their own sakes, they will most strenuously support. Our commerce will be free, our arts encouraged, our manufactures protected : for our enemies will be no longer our law-makers. The benches of our Legislature will no longer groan under the load of placemen and pensioners, the hirelings of foreign power, and the betrayers of our country : we shall have upright judges to administer the laws, for the road to the judgment seat will no longer be through the mire of Parliamentary corruption : we shall have honest juries to determine on our liberties, properties, and lives, for the Crown will no longer nominate our sheriffs on the recommendation of this or that grandee : the host of useless offices, multiplied without end, for the purposes of corruption, will be annihilated, and men will be made hereafter for places, and not places for men : the burdens of the people will be lightened, for it will be no longer the custom to buy majorities in Parliament : the taxes which will be hereafter levied, will be honestly applied to the exigencies of the state, the regulation of commerce, the support of a constitutional army, the formation of a navy, the making of roads, the cutting canals, the opening mines, the deepening our harbors, and calling into activity the native energy of the land. Instead of the state of daily suicide wherein Ireland now exists, her resources will at length be actively employed for her interest and her glory. Admission to the Legislature will be no longer to be purchased by money, and the execrable system of jobbing, so long our disgrace and ruin, will be forever destroyed. The trade of Parliament will fail, and your boroughmongers become bankrupts. Your peasantry will be no longer seen in rags and misery ; their complaints will be examined, and their sufferings removed ; instead of the barbarous policy which has so long kept them in want and ignorance, it will be the interest, as well as the duty of a national Government, to redress their grievances, and to enlighten their minds. The unnatural union between church and state, which has degraded religion into an engine of policy, will be dissolved. Tythes, the pest of agriculture, will be abolished ; the memory of religious dissensions will be lost, when no sect shall have an exclusive right to govern

their fellow citizens. Each sect will maintain its own clergy, and no citizen will be disfranchised for worshipping God according to his conscience. To say all in one word, *Ireland shall be independent*. We shall be a nation, not a province; citizens, not slaves. Every man shall rank in the state according to his merit and his talents. Our commerce shall extend into the four quarters of the globe; our flag shall be seen on the ocean; our name shall be known among the nations; and we shall at length assume that station, for which God and nature have designed us.

I feel that I am proving an axiom. Can any honest man for a moment doubt that an independent nation will better regulate her own concerns, than if she were subjugated to another country whose interest it is to oppress her? I will, therefore, assume as a fact, that independence is an object of the highest possible advantage to Ireland, and I will briefly consider what are the weighty motives, for weighty, indeed, they must be, which have thus long induced her to forego so great a blessing and to remain in humble subjection to England. The first and most striking, and, in fact, the true reason, is the dread of risking a contest with a power which we are habituated to look upon as our superior. Every man agrees that independence is a good thing, if it could be had, but dreads to hazard the little he enjoys in surety for the speculation of a greater benefit, the acquisition of which is remote, and attended with uncertainty and danger.

Not to dwell upon the pusillanimity of this mode of reasoning, the first answer I have to give, is conclusive. It is no longer a matter of choice; we must take our party on the instant and decidedly; we have now all we wanted: allies, arms, and ammunition; stores, artillery, disciplined troops, the best and bravest in Europe, besides the countless thousands of our own brave and hardy peasantry who will flock to the standard of their country. The sword is drawn, the Rubicon is passed, and we have no retreat; there remains now no alternative; if we were even inclined, we could not return to the state in which we were three months ago. We must conquer England and her adherents, if any yet she has among ourselves, or they will conquer us, and then *vae victis*! To the brave and honest majority of my countrymen, who are ready to sacrifice their lives

for the independence of Ireland. I do not now address myself ; but to those timid and cautious speculators who may hang back, and wait upon contingencies, and fluctuate and balance, before they choose their party. To such men, and I hope at this glorious period few such will be found. I appeal : and I desire them, even for their own sakes, to consider, that, in a war like that wherein we are now engaged, there is no neutrality ; we fight for our liberties, dearer far than life. and, in such a contest, he that is not with the people, is against them ; him we do not find in the ranks we must hold as an enemy, and an enemy in the highest degree, a deserter and a traitor to his country. If any man dreads the issue of the contest, it is, notwithstanding, the interest, as it is the duty, of even that man to come forward in the defence of the common cause ; for it is only in the possibility of disunion among ourselves, that England can form the slightest hope of success in the contest.

If she sees all ranks and description of Irishmen united and determined, she will balance, after the experience of America and France, before she will engage in a third crusade against the liberties of an entire nation. The sure way to avert the calamities of war from our country, is, to show we are to a man resolved to face them with courage ; or, if war must be, the infallible means to ensure its speedy and glorious termination, is to bring to bear on our enemy the consolidated force of the entire nation. In the present crisis it is, therefore, the interest, even of the most cautious man, to step forward in the cause of his country, unless he prefers to sacrifice his property, his honor, perhaps his existence, to his fears : for, I again repeat it, *in a war for our liberties, we can admit of no neutrality.*

A generous mind is not deterred from a glorious pursuit because it is attended with danger. It is our duty to hazard every thing when the object is the independence of our native land, were our enemy even more powerful than she has been described, or we have been used to conceive her. But let us approach this gigantic figure by which we have been so long kept in awe, and see whether our own apprehensions, as well as the artifices of our oppressors, have not magnified the object of our fears. The English fleet is very formidable, but we have little commerce, and, during the short continuance of the war, we can  
use with it ; a shot from a ship will not kill a man a quarter-

ter of a mile from the shore, and we have no occasion to go upon the seas to meet them. But either I am much deceived or it will be found that, so far from England being formidable by her fleet, it is there she will be found most vulnerable. Who are they that man their vessels? Two-thirds of them are Irishmen; and will those brave and gallant fellows, thousands of whom have been pressed, and the rest driven by famine into her service, will they, I say, be ready to turn their arms against their native land, against their fathers, their brothers, their wives, their children, and their friends? It is not to be supposed; besides that, we have in our hands the means to secure their co-operation in the glorious contest wherein we are engaged, and in due season, it will be seen that we want neither the skill nor the spirit to employ them.

What I have said of the navy, applies, in a great degree, to the army of England; if she is determined to make war upon us she will not venture to do it with native troops, for there are too many Irish in the ranks; she must, therefore, do it with foreign mercenaries, if she can find the means to land them: but those mercenaries are not to be had without money, and I entreat you to consider what will be the effect of a war with Ireland upon her finances. Four hundred millions of debt is no slight burden, and the Minister may not always find lenders. It is no secret that he is, at this moment, in considerable difficulty, and I take it for granted we shall not be so mad as to part with a shilling of English property until our liberty is established; but supposing he can even find money, money will not do every thing; the gold of Carthage did not save her from the iron of Rome, and I doubt whether, in the present contest, the bank paper of England will be found more efficacious.

But granting she is formidable; so are we; if she is near us, we are near her; our people are brave, and hardy, and poor; we are not debauched by luxury and sloth; we are used to toil and fatigue, and scanty living; our miseries, for which we have to thank England, have well prepared us to throw off her yoke. We can dispense with feather beds, with roast beef, and strong beer; war, if it makes any change in the diet of our peasants, must change it for the better; they may, in that case, taste meat and bread, delicacies to them, and which a great majority of them seldom see; our soil and our climate we can well support;

we can sleep in our bogs, where our enemies will rot, and subsist on our mountains, where they will starve. We fight upon principle and for our liberties : they fight because they are ordered to do so : we are at home ; they are in an enemy's country. Under these circumstances, and especially with a just and righteous cause, he must be timid indeed who could doubt of success.

England, with Ireland at her back, is undoubtedly formidable : England, with Ireland neuter, is still respectable ; but England, with Ireland in arms against her, I do not despair of seeing humbled with the dust. Add to what I have said, the discontents which exist even in her own bosom, and which every year's continuance of the war will increase ; remember the state of Scotland two years since, and judge whether she may not seize the present great occasion, and, like ourselves, assert her ancient independence ; see the mighty French Republic, Spain, and Holland, united against her, and friendly to Ireland, and then decide which of us has most to dread from the other.

I leave this point, the discussion of which is only necessary for timid souls, and I come to another, addressed to those of a more generous stamp. It may be said that we are indebted to England for protection from our enemies, and that we are, of course, bound, in gratitude and honor, not to desert her in the hour of difficulty. If this argument were founded in fact, I should be ashamed to offer a syllable against it, for, with nations, as with individuals, I esteem honor the first of all objects, and no consideration of convenience or interest should be suffered, for an instant, to stand against it. But, in God's name, who are the enemies against whom we are protected by England ? With what one nation on earth have we a shadow of difference ? Of what people existing have we reason to complain, except England herself ? It is true, indeed, that, by this baneful connection, which, in a thousand shapes, presents itself for the destruction of our interests, we are dragged, as reluctant parties, into every war wherein her ambition or her avarice induces her to embark ; we are forced to forego, for the time, the modicum of commerce we possess ; we are loaded with taxes ; our people are pressed for seamen, or listed for soldiers, to fight the battles of England, in the event of which we have no possible interest, unless, indeed, it be our interest to be defeated, for the prosperity of

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England has ever been the depression of Ireland. In this very war, which she has, in her pride and folly, waged against the French Republic, we have supplied not less than two hundred thousand of our gallant countrymen to combat against our most essential interests ; and this is the protection for which we are to be grateful ! If a man sets my house on fire first, even though he should afterwards succeed in extinguishing it, am I to be grateful to such a man ? If a man drags me into a quarrel for his interests, wherein I have nothing to do, am I to thank him, even though, by our joint exertions, I escape with my life, after receiving a sound beating, and losing a great part of my property ? See, then, whether the protection of England differs, in any respect, from the cases I have just mentioned. The truth and fact is, it is we that protect England ; it is our provisions that victual her navy ; it is our seamen who man her fleets, and our soldiers who fill her armies ; this is solid, substantial protection, and now that we are at last about to separate from her forever, she will soon experimentally feel, to her irrecoverable loss, which of the two nations it is that has thus long protected the other.

Independent of the consideration that this argument is a cowardly one, (for, what Irishman, what Irishwoman would, in the hour of danger, seek shelter under the arm of an Englishman ?) it involves a gross fallacy, inasmuch as it presumes that, without the protection of England, we could not exist. It is true that, at this hour, we have not a navy ; neither should we ever have one to the end of time, if the connection with England were so long to continue ; but the moment that our independence is established, and the resources of our country applied, not to debauch and corrupt our rulers to sacrifice our dearest interests, but to cherish and bring out the inborn energy of the land, we shall soon see an Irish navy on the ocean ; we shall look for protection only to God, and our own courage. We have means far beyond those of half the independent states of Europe, of Denmark, of Sweden, of Portugal, of Naples, of Sardinia. Who at this hour protects America ? Who protects Switzerland ? The common interest of Europe protects the one, the valor of her people the other. We unite, in our case, both circumstances. When we have once broken the yoke of England, do not believe that the maritime powers will ever see us return to our bondage ;



if even our means were insufficient for our protection, (which I will never admit.) we should speedily find allies; and, I presume, there is hardly to be found an Irishman who so little respects his country, or himself. as to doubt that, with her own resources, and the assistance of France, Spain, and Holland, Ireland is abundantly competent to her own protection.

There is only one argument more which suggests itself to my mind, in support of our dependance upon England, and that is, that the condition of Ireland is, latterly, much improved, and, therefore, we should not desire a change.

I admit our condition is improved, and why? In 1779, when England was embarrassed by her frantic crusade against America, we extorted from her necessities the extension of our trade; this was a great improvement, but is it the connection with England we are to thank for that? So far from it, that the first improvement in our condition was the step we then made towards independence. In 1782, we broke another, and a weighty link of the chain which bound us to England, by establishing our exclusive right to legislate for ourselves; this was also a great improvement in our condition, inasmuch as it placed us a step farther from England, we had then the means to be honest, if our legislators had had the inclination, and if we have not profited of the advantage we then obtained, to its full extent, it is because we yet remained too near our enemy, and one end of our chain was still in the hands of the despot of England. In 1793, when she was on the point of embarking in her second crusade against France, the union of the Dissenters and Catholics took place, and three millions of Irishmen were restored, in a great degree, to their just rights; this was the last great improvement in our condition, and of the very highest importance, for, by making us at length one people, it has enabled us, if it be not our own fault, to throw off the yoke forever. Thus it appears, that every step that we have made towards independence, has, in the same degree, bettered our condition; that we have become prosperous, as we have become free; that while we were bound close to England, we were poor and oppressed; that, in proportion as we have receded from her baneful influence, we have risen nearer to our proper level. I am ready, therefore, to allow this argument of the increasing prosperity of Ireland its full force, but I draw therefrom a conclusion very

different from those who advance it as a reason for our remaining in subjection to England. For, I say, that, if the imperfect shadow of independence we have enjoyed for the last seventeen years has produced, as all parties will acknowledge it has, such beneficial effects, what may we not expect from a full and complete enjoyment of actual, national independence, when the pressure of our ancient tyrant is once removed, and we are left at liberty to regulate our own concerns, to study our own interests, to cultivate our means, to augment our resources, to profit of our natural advantages, in a word, to bring into play all the latent energy of our country. *“that noble and neglected island, “for which God has done so much, and man so little?”*

Look, I beseech you, to America! see the improvement in her condition, since she so nobly asserted her independence, on a provocation which, when set beside your grievances, is not even worthy to be named. Before the struggle, she too was flourishing in a degree far beyond what you have ever experienced; England, too, was then infinitely more formidable, in every point of view, than at this hour; but neither the fear of risking the enjoyments she actually possessed, nor the terror of the power of her oppressors, prevented America from putting all to the hazard, and despising every consideration of convenience or of danger where her liberty was at stake. She humbled her tyrant at her feet, and see how she has been rewarded! contemplate the situation of America before and since her independence, and see whether every motive which actuated her in the contest, does not apply to you with tenfold force; compare her laws, compare her Government with yours, if I must call that a Government which is, indeed, a subversion of all just principle, and a total destruction of the ends for which men submit to be controlled, and see whether it is not worth the struggle to place yourselves in a situation equally happy as hers, for yourselves, and your friends, and ten times more formidable for your enemies.

I have now done, my countrymen, and I do most earnestly beseech you, as Irishmen, as citizens, as husbands, as fathers, by every thing most dear to you, to consider the sacred obligation that you are called upon to discharge, to emancipate your country from a foreign yoke, and to restore to liberty yourselves and your children; look to your own resources, look to

those of your friends, look to those of your enemies; remember that you must instantly decide; remember that you have no alternative between liberty and independence, or slavery and submission; remember the wrongs you have sustained from England for six hundred years, and the implacable hatred, or still more insufferable contempt, which, even at this moment, she feels for you: look to the nations of the earth emancipating themselves around you. If all this does not rouse you, then are you, indeed, what your enemies have long called you, **A BESOTTED PEOPLE!** You have now arms in your hands, turn them instantly on your tyrants: remember, if this great crisis escapes you, you are lost forever, and Ireland will go down to posterity branded with that infamy of which the history of the world has, hitherto, for the honor of human nature, furnished but *one instance*. The Cappadocians had once the offer of liberty; they rejected it, and returned to their chains. Irishmen, shall it be said that you furnish the second, and more disgraceful instance? No, my countrymen, you will embrace your liberty with transport, and, for your chains, you will “*break them on the heads of your oppressors;*” you will shew, for the honor of Ireland, that you have both sensibility to feel, and courage to resent, and means to revenge your wrongs: one short, one glorious effort, and your liberty is established. **NOW, OR NEVER! NOW, AND FOREVER!**

## ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

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**PEOPLE OF IRELAND :** With a most fertile soil, rich in population, and in every natural blessing which can give happiness, and ought to diffuse wealth, your country has, for ages, been plunged into all the wretchedness of poverty, at the contemplation of which, humanity shudders.

To what malignant influence can this be ascribed, if not to the tyrannical dominion of a country which avails itself of a pretended relationship, in order to monopolize your trade, and whose Government with respect to you, has always proved the most flagrant despotism?

From the first invasion of your island by the English, till the epocha of their Revolution, when they changed one despot for another, let its circumstances alter as they would, you were ever marked out as the devoted victims of its ambitious system. When you remained attached to the family of the Stuarts, how were you treated by the English Republican faction? and when it pleased the English to restore that family to the crown, how was the fidelity of the Irish recompensed? Did not the son establish the very persons who had pursued his father to death, in the possession of the property of those who had died in his service? When England dismissed the second James, a more just conception of their own interest than has ever yet guided Irish politics, seems to have been adopted; for they gave him an asylum; and, notwithstanding the care of the English to destroy every record of the Parliament held by him in Dublin, enough still exists to prove that their object was, *the independence of Ireland*. This Parliament was composed of Catholics, and dearly has their overthrow cost the nation. A timid King,

leading a disunited people, still sore with mutual injustice, sell an easy sacrifice to Britain: and every year has added to the weight of those penal laws, which enslaved the people almost to brutality. The Catholics, however, were not the only sufferers. The Presbyterians were also included in several disqualifying statutes, because their sentiments were free, and their race Republican. They were, therefore, held up as scarecrows against republicanism to the loyal Catholics, whilst the monarchial Catholic was exhibited to the Dissenter as the advocate of despotism. Thus mutual hatred and distrust were excited to keep them both more easily under subjection: and the reign of superstition and fanaticism prolonged, to foment divisions.

Engrossed then by intestine broils, the Irish did not think of opposing their common enemy, till at length the radiance of the French Revolution dispelled the cloud, and each party viewing the other through a new medium, the Catholic became the friend of the Presbyterian; and the Presbyterian, more accustomed to political discussion, the steady advocate for the rights of the Catholic, on the broad basis of natural justice. The people began to be enlightened by these forcible appeals to common sense; and tyranny trembled on its throne, until corruption came to its assistance. Great praise has been given, particularly at this period, where very little was merited, on account of the relaxation of the penal code; as if it were a benefit done to the people to repeal laws so disgraceful to humanity, that there were very few of them which the softened spirit of the times would permit to be mentioned, much less executed, according to the letter: but in what respect has this relaxation, produced by the natural melioration of manners, which directs the progress of public opinion, benefitted the peasant? Does he find the Catholic landlord more easy to deal with, and less exorbitant in his demands than he found the Protestant? or, does the Catholic magistrate distribute justice more impartially for being of the same persuasion? Have tythes been abolished or regulated? Has the hearth money collector passed by the poor man's cottage, where there was not the luxury of a chimney to demand his entrance? Have the manufactures of the country been encouraged and protected? Where then are the vaunted favors yielded by the English to damp the enthusiasm for liberty, that is spreading itself throughout Europe?

Is not their present conduct, on the contrary, only a continuation of the system adopted by the British faction that presides in Ireland, the annihilation of which is necessary to save a people, whose talents and spirit have ever been bowed down by the short-sighted policy of an invidious neighbor. Always thrown into the back ground as subordinate, your very individual value as men has only been known when you fought the battles of England, and conquered for your task masters, or when your unfortunate outcast sons, fell covered with wounds in the ranks of foreign armies?

Liberty, equality, and independence, are within your reach. Lose not the golden moment. Seize upon independence, and every good will follow. Let every man, rich and poor, possess his rights by equal laws, and be obliged to perform the duties of a citizen: then will commence the reign of true equality, and talents and industry having fair scope, the aristocracy fostered by English tyranny will insensibly be undermined. Roused by the voice of reason, that is making itself heard in the world, will the mass of the Irish nation still bear the yoke which is dragging their friends and neighbors to America, in search of a spot of uncultivated land and freedom, when, by a little exertion, they may become free and prosperous at home? No! it cannot be; Irishmen are brave, generous, and determined. Courage and prudence will establish independence, liberty, and equality, in their native soil, under the shade of their own mountains.

The French Republic has risen above still greater difficulties. Despots have attempted its overthrow; but, disappointed in their views, now tremble at its strength. France, in declaring war to tyrants, offers you alliance and assistance, for where could it find a more oppressed people? And will you still remain the slave of a power, that for seven centuries has availed itself of all your vigor, to man its fleets and to recruit its armies, to protect a commerce in which you are not permitted to share? Will you not rather raise your drooping head, and enable your country to rank again as a nation, amongst the nations of Europe? Rescue it from oblivion or contempt. Assert the rights of man, and secure the possession of those rights, by establishing a *representative legislature*, the only legitimate Government;

and form an alliance with the Republic of France, to promote your commercial interest, whilst confirming your independence.

To lead you to form this resolution, it is only necessary to turn your attention towards your wrongs, and to arouse you from the stupor that perpetuates them, and unmans yourselves: it is sufficient to appeal to reason, bringing forward truths that are felt, to enforce its arguments. From the time of the descent of the English, during the reign of Henry the Second, until the present moment, it has ever been the policy of Britain, to excite animosities and encourage jealousies amongst the inhabitants of Ireland, in order more effectually to secure to itself the enjoyment of all your natural advantages. Not allowed to live under the protection of the laws of the country, which assumed a dominion over you, your very existence has been undervalued. The accidental killing of an Englishman was punished by death, on the Irish culprit; whilst the penalty incurred by the murder of an Irishman, by an Englishman, was only the fine of a few shillings. The crime of the one, was high treason against the state; and the other, merely a petty misdemeanor.

In a later period, when humanity began by degrees to draw man to man, and it was observed, that several of the English had mixed with the Irish, preferring the justice and simplicity of the old Brehon law, to the despotic Government of their co-settlers, severe penalties were enacted against all those who should, by marriage, or otherwise, connect themselves with the Irish families, and, as recreant Britons, they became liable to numerous disqualifications: nay, even those Irishmen who lived within what it pleased the English to denominate their pale, were obliged to drop their native distinctive names, and to adopt some common English appellation, as Carpenter, Smith, Black, Brown, Bush.

At length, Ireland was permitted to partake of the benefit of the British constitution: and the English Monarch changed the name of Lord for that of King of Ireland.

The family of the Stuarts, and particularly Charles the Second, exercised the prerogative of the crown, and erected several corporations, to which was granted the privilege of sending members to Parliament. But these grants were generally made to some English minion, under the pretext of encouraging new settlers, and of civilizing the country, though they were in reali-

ty enacted, in order to secure to Great Britain a legislative dominion over that nation; it became, consequently, the interest of the proprietor of each district, to which the privilege was annexed, to prevent the increase of population, to secure more completely to himself the nomination of the members sent to Parliament, as the representation of the people. This abuse, being favorable to the mistaken sinister policy of England, has always been countenanced by it. Man was never the object of improvement in Ireland; on the contrary, every talent which gives dignity to the human species, has been not only disregarded, but discouraged, as destructive to the interest of Britain: and even nature herself has been made to take retrograde steps to prevent the advance of civilization, which must necessarily have led them to struggle for independence. That the country might be entirely devoted to the raising of flocks and herds, every effort in favor of the agriculture or commerce of Ireland has been opposed by England; nay, even that branch of trade which consists of the manufactory of the raw materials produced on her own soil, is denied to Ireland, and absorbed by England. Her raw hides, and her wool, in the state of yarn, which part of the labor demands many hands, and is not paid one hundredth part of the profit, can only be sent to the English gulph. Death is the penalty attending the exportation of wool elsewhere. England is, of course, their only market, and, therefore, it fixes its own price. In pursuance of the system, above animadverted upon, a vote of Parliament was procured, by British influence, which declared, that any person who demanded tythe for agistment, or grazing cattle, was an enemy to his country; though, when the poor farmer applied to the Parliament to be exempted from tythe, during the short period of three years, for such barren ground as he should reclaim into tillage, the bill was thrown out without a division.

The British Revolution of 1688, which is said to have given a constitution, and restored liberty to England, had indisputably a contrary effect in Ireland, and plunged that people into a state of misery and suffering, scarcely to be imagined.

At the epoch of the Reformation, the Irish Catholics had indeed been cruelly treated; but it was the tyranny of a haughty conqueror, chasing a whole people from their home and property, in order to recompense his followers with their spoil. The



expulsion of the inhabitants of the five northern counties, and the driving them over the Shannon, in the reign of Elizabeth, was not so intolerably arbitrary as that infernal system of the penal code, which was introduced into Ireland, after the Revolution.

A few instances will give some faint idea of the sufferings of the Catholics under that accumulation of legal injury : deprived of all the blessings of freedom, they were denied the possession of arms ; they had no right, civil, political, or religious, to defend ; arms were, therefore, unnecessary, and might become dangerous to their masters, should they aim at regaining them. They were also debarred of education, and thus, as it were, systematically brutalized.

Did a Catholic ride a horse of more than five pounds value, if a Church of England man, who had perhaps taken a fancy to it, offered him that sum, he was obliged to dismount and yield it to this authorized robber. In like manner, if a man of the same description, a favored son of the religion wedded to the crown, wished to dispossess him of his farm, the iniquity of the law was such that he could be ejected, and his lease become void to prevent the growth of Popery. With still greater refinement of cruelty, the ingratitude of children was stimulated and rewarded. If the son recanted the errors of Popery, and embraced those of the established church, the property of the father devolved immediately to him ; and this, not once, but as often as, by succession or industry, it should have accumulated, so often the father was obliged to be accountable for it to his child.

If it did not favor of ridicule, though it will serve to show the wanton sportings of tyranny, the proposal might be cited, made by the famous Harrington, in Cromwell's time, of selling Ireland and its inhabitants to the Jews ; and the bill which was proposed in Parliament as a means to prevent the growth of Popery, to castrate all the Catholic clergy. Besides, an act was really passed to regulate the conduct of judges and magistrates, which directed, that whenever any doubts should arise respecting the expressions used in any of the laws against the Catholics, the most rigorous construction should be adopted ; an injunction directly opposite to the principles, and even the practice of Great Britain, in the enforcing of any penal statute.

Let us now follow the Irish peasant to his hut, and calculate his resources. Let the average of his wages through the year be fixed at sixpence per day, which is a high rate ; deduct Sundays, holidays, wet days\*, and the time he is occupied in his own garden, and his annual gain will not amount to more, if as much, as six pounds per annum. Let us afterwards examine his disbursements: if he be happy enough to get a cottage, and half an acre of bad ground†, for which he is charged two pounds per annum, he generally, to make up the rent, works through the year for the person from whom he holds it ; and, as he holds it at will, he is, in a manner, an indentured servant. If his industry has procured him a cow, his obligation to his landlord is increased, by his permitting it to graze on the outskirts of the farm, at the rate of two pounds per annum more‡. A rood of potatoe ground, for which we suppose him to have the necessary manure, will cost him sixteen shillings ; and half an acre of what are called corn acres, that is, some spot which the farmer has nearly run out by tillage, and is now to be laid down with grass seed, will cost him for seed, ploughing, &c. at least thirty shillings more. Rate his taxes and tythe at ten shillings, and it will be found that his disbursements exceed his annual receipt fifteen shillings per annum, not reckoning the clothing of his family, his firing, and other incidental expenses. How is this overplus to be furnished? The cow produces a calf, which is fattened to make veal ; whilst the calf is feeding, the family are starving, for they are deprived entirely of their milk and butter ; potatoes and water become then their only support. By this parsimonious economy, however, and the sale of his calf, his butter, his eggs, his poultry, and a hog, which has been not only his inmate, but his messmate, he is enabled to make good his en-

\* It is the custom in Ireland, when the day's work is broken by the inclemency of the weather, to discharge the laborers, and to allow them for only half a day's work.

† In general, those angles of great farms, which are made by intersecting roads, or marshy unprofitable, and unhealthy spots, are marked out by the proprietor for the purpose of erecting cabins on. The building, roofing, &c. of some of these huts may cost about twelve pounds.

‡ I have known a person of the first, and formerly most opulent, family of Ireland, turned from the squire's office, and pursued with the lashes of a horsewhip across her bare legs, already swollen by the cold, in so inhuman a manner as to carry the scars with her to the grave, merely because there was a deficiency of a few shillings of the rent she ought to have paid for the grazing of a cow, the sole property and support of herself and two orphans.

gagements, and to drag on an existence from year to year. I have here pictured the peasant in his most favorable situation, where he can find a ready sale for every thing his industry and frugality enables him to take to market, and when his daily wages are paid to him in cash.

Now let the haughty and self-sufficient Englishman, or the more despicable character, the renegade Irishman, look at this picture ; and if they cannot prove that it is overcharged, surely they must blush at recollecting that they have represented the Irish peasant as idle, dissolute, and dishonest ; nay, if a spark of humanity remain alive in their hearts, they must feel some remorse for having dared to make what is the effect of oppression, a plea to perpetuate it.

Such being the situation of the Irish peasant in his prosperity, let us cast our eyes on him whose habitation is reared against some high bank, whose dwelling is the ditch, whose roof is covered with sods taken from the margin of the road, whose bed is potatoe stalks, and nightly covering only an old cast off horse rug from the squire's stable ; while the mantle that barely covers the mother of the family, and the tattered remnant of a frieze great coat, which hangs reluctantly on the shoulders of the father, sufficiently apologize for the nakedness of the children: the only thing of value which the eye can trace is an iron pot, from which the family are fed: and how often has the hearth money collector seized this single necessary, and sold it at the door, under its value, to pay the tax of two shillings for a hearth that did not exist! It may appear like exaggeration to say, that for want of the trifling sum of two shillings, he is reduced to this necessity: but the fact is notorious ; and the well known cause is, that instead of paying him for his labor, his master furnishes him with potatoes, turf, grain, &c. and contrives to keep the wretched object forever in his debt.

It will rather seem astonishing that the Irish peasant, thus superlatively miserable and oppressed, can value his existence, or preserve any attachment to his native soil. The slaves in the West Indies are clothed and fed by those who benefit by their labors ; and the expense attending the replacing of them, makes their lives valuable to their masters. Some of the planters who reside on their own estates, we are told, render their old age comfortable: whether this be the fact or not, in Ireland

it is certainly the contrary ; a laborer is seldom employed, unless he be in his prime ; and if illness and premature old age overtake him, he depends upon the charity of his fellow laborers for relief. whose own wants are so pressing, and he sinks into the grave from extreme misery, perhaps on the very estate where his ancestors have lived in feudal pomp, and on which he had himself been reduced to daily labor at five pence per day.

Under such circumstances, is it to be wondered at, that the Irish peasantry exhibit the most wretched appearance of any people, where civilization has made the smallest advances ; or that the ferocity called forth by cruelty, and rendered characteristic by ignorance, should produce acts of barbarity, which furnish their tyrants with a fresh pretext to depress them below the level of improvement?

The situation of the Irish Catholic farmer is not much more enviable than that of the peasant: exorbitant rents, short tenures, and high taxes, are not his only grievances. A Catholic does not go to market upon equal footing with his Anglican neighbor : nothing is more common than for a person who has land to let, to say to the Catholic, “ I can have as much from a Protestant, and a vote into the bargain ;” or to see advertised, “ a tract of ground to be let to a Protestant tenant only,” and a *nota bene*, “ that no preference will be given ;” meaning that the person whose improvements, and the benefit of whose labor has now fallen into the Lord, shall certainly be turned out, if another will offer a trifle more. Add to this, the usually adopted mode of letting grounds, which is to receive written proposals, and, on a certain day, to name the tenant.

The number of absentee landlords is also most severely felt by all descriptions of Irish farmers ; and it is not merely the absence of the Lord, but the extravagance occasioned by his residing at a foreign court, which makes it generally necessary for him to employ that agent who can remit him the most money. The man who does not reside on his own estate, having no social duties to exercise, easily forgets, in the search of pleasure to vary his idle existence, that reciprocal duties ought to bind him to his tenantry, or he becomes the leech of industry. But instead of making this obvious reflection, he chooses some needy country gentleman, or shrewd attorney, to be his agent, who generally emulates the state of the proprietor. without having

the same resource to support the expence : partly by power, partly by selling, as favor, indulgencies which the proprietor would not, and indeed could not, refuse to grant : and partly by holding a farm, in the cultivation of which he calls for the assistance of the tenantry, and perhaps employs them in saving his harvest, or drawing his turf, whilst their own lies rotting in the field, he contrives to maintain his hounds, to drink, game, and partake of all the vices and extravagance of his titled neighbors. At last, if either his dissipation, or his dishonesty, occasion his removal, it frequently happens that a whole tenantry are ruined by being called upon by his successor, or the proprietor of the estate, to settle accounts and pay off arrears, which have been already, at least partly, discharged, but for which they have not received any regular receipts, and did not dare to demand them, lest they should incur the resentment of their petty tyrant, against whose injustice they had no appeal.

The system, indeed, of a well known character in Ireland, was, as landlord, still more infamous : for, whenever a farm fell into his hands, he cultivated it to the highest degree of perfection : a farmer, dazzled with the prospect of immediate profit, consented to give an exorbitant rent for it : he brought his flock upon the farm, which, in the course of a few years, was seized and sold for an arrear of rent, and the farmer and his family, who had in vain implored to be released from the inconsiderate bargain, thrown upon the world without a penny, whilst the baronet put the farm again into a condition to allure and ruin some new adventurer. What name can we give to such a man?

The mercantile then appears to be the only line in which the Catholic is so nearly on a par with the merchant of the established church, as to hope that his exertions may produce some degree of independence : but does this proceed from British justice or benevolence? Surely not : on the contrary, the Protestant and Dissenter have to lament in common with the Catholic, that selfish British system which has prevented Ireland from enjoying any share of the prosperous English commerce, and has ever cramped her internal industry, so much as to render the situation of a trader always precarious, and too frequently ruinous.

But had this order of men the full liberty of cultivating every advantage which nature has lavished on our country, in the

spontaneous fertility of her soil, her numerous and well situated harbors, how inconsiderable would the number of persons thus benefited be, when compared with the mass of the Irish nation beaten down by the British selfishness, whether acting through English absentee proprietors, or the more despicable willing slaves to England, of the established church who inhabit Ireland, and call themselves Irishmen; but whose short-sighted policy makes them assist in the depression of their country, lest others should participate in those emoluments and dignities which England now bestows exclusively on the Anglo-Irish aristocrats.

It is true, that, within these fourteen years, not only no statutes have been enacted against the Catholics alone; but they have, in appearance, obtained from Government some alleviation of their former restrictions. Apparent favors have been granted to them with that dexterous, or rather sinister policy which has served to raise the jealousy of their fellow-sufferers, the Presbyterians, and excite the hatred of their lordly masters of the established church. The free exercise of their religion, and a permission to purchase estates for any term not exceeding nine hundred and ninety-nine years, were granted to the Catholics as favors of the greatest magnitude; but to estimate these at their proper value, it will be but reasonable to examine the grants themselves, as well as their natural tendency; and it will then be found, that, instead of conferring favors on them, the English Government has increased their duties, and added to their grievances.

The penalty formerly incurred by those who assisted, or those who celebrated the rites and ceremonies of the Romish church, were abrogated, and the permission of possessing places allotted for the worship of the Deity according to their own manner, necessarily implied the permitting a clergy to perform the rites and ceremonies which had been thus legalized, and, consequently, the Romish clergy were then authorized to demand subsistence from the state. But by whom was this provision to be supplied? By the Catholics undoubtedly, as the persons who benefited by their appointment; and on them alone the burthen ought to fall. But, by a parity of reason, that sect ought to have been relieved from the payment of any other clergy than their own; so that during the existence of that most burthensome and

arbitrary tax of tythe, the Catholic priest ought at least to have shared the pillage of the farmer with the church of England clergyman, instead of which the Catholic finds himself obliged to pay both; and is thus reduced exactly to the same situation as the French farmer was in before their glorious Revolution, when the pressure of *corvées*, *gabelles*, *mortmains*, and all the extortions attending an avowed despotic Government with feudal tenure, left him for himself just one-twentieth share of the crop to stimulate and reward his industry.

It may be urged that the English Catholic is in a similar or worse situation, as he pays a double land tax. The individual hardship is certainly the same in both cases; but the number of the sufferers, in proportion to those of Ireland, is so inconsiderable, as to render the grievance almost imperceptible; besides, the established is indisputably the national church; the increase of the land tax being a stated sum, is little felt, and the tythes in England materially differ from those in Ireland, both in the sums assessed, and in the mode of assessing. In England, the tythe is commonly settled by a *modus* or ancient custom, still, even there, it is most severely felt, though paid by Englishmen to Englishmen of the same persuasion.

But the mode of levying tythes in Ireland is still more oppressive than the tythes themselves; the crop is no sooner ripe, than the proctor enters the field, surveys the crop, and sets an imaginary value upon it, and then demands a certain sum as an equivalent to the tythe. It may be said, that if the sum demanded be extravagant, the farmer at the worst may give the tythe in kind, which has, nevertheless, been calculated to amount to one-third of the profit of the whole crop; but this cannot be done in Ireland. Independent of the trouble, vexation, and expense, which it is in the power of the tythe proctor to give the farmer, the latter has calculated the quantity of hay, grain, and straw, which is necessary for his consumption, and if any part of this be taken from him, he has no market to recur to; each of his neighbors is in the same predicament; his wants, therefore, if urgent, must be supplied from the haggart of the rich, at an exorbitant rate, and not having the command of money, this rate becomes double from being paid in service.

It has been before observed, that the impost of tythe paid to the clergymen of the established church, is not so severely felt

in England as in Ireland, not only from the different mode of collecting it, but, likewise, on account of the majority of the people, belonging to that church whose ministers receive the imposition ; and it may be very fairly inferred, that the grievance is greatly aggravated in Ireland by another circumstance: the whole Episcopalian clergy of that country may be said to be Englishmen, or at least they are persons appointed by their interest, who have no natural relation with the community on whom the imposition falls.

In general, the Irish bishoprics are filled up by the private tutor, the domestic chaplain, or, perhaps, the profligate pander to some *viceroi*, sent to revel on the spoil of the people he corrupts. Following the example of his patron, therefore, the only object of the bishop is to drain as much money as he can from the see to which he is appointed. He fills up the vacant benefices, either with his needy relations, or, perhaps, sells them at a half public sale, through the medium of his lady's maid, or his own valet. Even a virtuous man, when he knows that he is presenting a clergyman to a living, where all the inhabitants are of a different religious opinion, may be led to look upon it as naming to a sinecure, and that it is not so necessary to scrutinize the morals or the manners of the person whom he installs, as if he was to become the confidential adviser, as well as spiritual father of the parishioners from whom he draws his support, and who are thus constructively committed to his care.

The second concession made by Great Britain to the Irish Catholics, that of being enabled to possess property for any term not exceeding nine hundred and ninety-nine years, is not, perhaps, liable to equal objections with the former ; but, evidently, it can only prove favorable to the rich, and must increase the market price of land, by inducing many who have realized money in trade, to become purchasers ; and owing to the depression of the manufactures, the proportion of farmers is already greater than it ought to be in a well regulated state.

At the approach of the present war with France, when every thing was to be dreaded by the English, from the desperate situation of the Irish peasantry, should that island be attacked by those who professed to be the harbingers of independence and equality, of liberty and peace ; and whose conquering arms were to be directed only against the tyrant's palace, whilst they



respected the cottage of the oppressed people. At such a time, it was necessary again to lull the Catholics to sleep on their chains : and as none of the old intrigues could prevent the meeting of the Catholic convention, the next consideration was to render their design abortive : that body was, therefore, insidiously prevailed upon to send a deputation to throw themselves at the foot of the throne, and pray for a redress of grievances. In this deputation, as it is affirmed, the English Minister had contrived to procure a secret influence, where it was least to be expected. It was well known that many of the Catholic bishops and priests had been gained over to the side of Government ; some had accepted pensions, and others sums of money. From the natural adherence of the priesthood to the aristocracy, by which they were chiefly supported, many had attached themselves to Lord Kenmare, and the party that had declared against all the popular proceedings of the Catholics. Five laymen were, therefore, appointed, three of whom were independent country gentlemen, the fourth, one of the first merchants in Dublin, and the fifth, a person who had retired from trade with an ample fortune, of whose zeal and integrity no one then doubted. The rumor which has since gained ground, of his having been corrupted by the English Minister, appears, however, not to be entirely void of foundation : for, notwithstanding the prudent secrecy with which the debates of the convention were conducted, it transpired, that this man was denounced by one of his co-deputies, for having had some private interviews with the Secretary of the Minister, the result of which he had not made known to the rest of the deputation. Besides, another circumstance which gave a decided influence to the Minister, in the debates of the Catholic body, was their application to Edmund Burke to become their mediator, who, it is since known, was, at that very time, pensioned by the British Government, under a fictitious name, to betray the cause of the people, who, grateful for his former exertions in their favor, which had obtained the repeal of some of the most absurd penal laws, had a most perfect confidence in his honor.

The political farce then commenced with the usual mock solemnity. In pursuance of a recommendation from the throne, in the King's speech, at the opening of the ensuing sessions of Parliament, a bill was brought in, which was found to contain

a few indemnities ; yet, even these only extended to the upper class, such as allowing them to become magistrates, grand jurors, freeholders, and members of corporations ; trifling and limited, however, as these concessions must appear to the eye of justice, they were obstinately, and, in some instances, most illiberally opposed by the servants of the Government. Is it then carrying suspicion too far to conclude, that the whole scene was a finesse of the British cabinet, devised to allay the heat rising amongst the Catholics, at as low a rate as possible ; and to make them believe that the King alone was the friend of the people of Ireland, whose good intention the Parliament had thwarted ? So prevalent was this opinion, that, before the adjournment of the convention, they voted a sum of two thousand pounds sterling, to be laid out in erecting a statue to the honor of his Majesty, never reflecting that the Chancellor alone, their decided, but honorable, because their avowed enemy, could nominate magistrates ; that grand jurors are appointed by the sheriffs, who are named by the aristocracy of the country : and further, that forty shillings freehold could only be acquired through the favor of those Anglican proprietors of land, whose interest it was, and whose determination it became, to prevent all interlopers, and, particularly, Catholics, from participating of their power. And, as for the admissions into corporations, it was doubly nugatory, because the city of Dublin, without whose brevet merely an admission into a corporation secured no privilege, had loudly and frequently declared against their admission, and had even instructed their representatives to oppose the bill. Besides, the bill itself was illusory, not having repealed all those acts which made certain oaths necessary, that a conscientious Catholic could not take, yet which it was incumbent on him to take, in order to fill even the office of a beadle in the corporation of which he was now allowed to become a part.

Such was the reality of the former grants: the report is, that it is now the intention of the British Minister to allow the Roman Catholics the utmost extent of their original demands ; which were for an unlimited participation of the privileges of their Anglican neighbors. This design, if the report has any foundation, must be considered as a fresh manœuvre to ensure the subjection of Ireland at this critical juncture, when rumor

has spread abroad that an invasion of Ireland is meditated by the French Republic. Should, therefore, the obsequious Parliament, now they have got their cue, no longer shackle the good will of his gracious Majesty towards his people of Ireland, it is but just to apprehend that this favorable disposition will only last till they no longer dread the effect a sense of repeated injuries might produce, whilst the conquering arms of France are flying on the wings of victory.

Is it indeed reasonable to take for granted, that Pitt, or any other British Minister, would seriously think of re-establishing the Roman Catholics in all their rights of citizenship, when it would be, in fact, to overturn that whole system of Government and patronage, the extension of which has made the English cabinet so tenaciously contend for the dominion of Ireland? Is it to be even supposed, that when a system, at the expense of millions, has been brought to bear, it will be calmly abandoned, especially when the patronage exercised in Ireland gives so helping a hand to undermine liberty at home? Is it probable that the English court would thus exasperate the aristocracy of Ireland, that is, the members of the established church, who are the chief proprietors, and have the power and profit of the state at their disposal? Exasperate men who have ever been the willing slaves of the crown of England, in favor of a new set of men, amongst whom, if some were found as corrupt as those of the establishment, it would still be necessary to advance the purchase money anew; whilst others, who had, perhaps, been taught by oppression to aspire to freedom, might assist in leading their country on to independence, the only change which would essentially benefit the Irish nation.

It is then for unequivocal independence that every patriotic Irishman ought to struggle: and prostituted, as has been the name of patriot, to vanity and self-interest, Ireland still contains many generous hearts and firm spirits, that can feel, with true enthusiasm, the value of the blessing they would risque their lives to purchase for their country. Glowing with resentment for injuries, and indignantly marking the strides of injustice, one spark of hope would light the glorious flame that leads on to certain victory.

Why then hesitate to rouse the sleeping fire? for was the real state of Ireland made known to France, there is every reason,

from her conduct and declarations, to conclude that she would assist to emancipate a people oppressed by her mortal enemy, and Ireland might become again a free and independent nation, governed by her own laws, after having established the constitution, which should appear to the convened people best adapted to their circumstances and situation. There is little doubt but that this constitution would be upon a popular basis. Notwithstanding the Catholic clergy are so fully and so beneficially to themselves occupied in preaching up submission to those who are put over us, and uttering violent philippics against the principles and the conduct of the French Revolution, their aim is obvious; yet it is to be lamented that these invectives have received great force, and all the coloring to which their success is owing arises from a momentary deviation from one of the principles of the French Republic, a solemn renunciation of conquest. But the reign of liberty, justice, and truth, is restored to France, and tyrants tremble on their thrones.

In such a case, it is certain that France and Ireland would find their mutual interest in a treaty of amity and commerce upon the basis of equality; and an alliance, offensive and defensive, between two nations that had escaped from a bondage equally ignoble, must be founded on just principles. The idea of Ireland becoming a department of France, (the enemies of that wretched country have labored to insinuate this fear) would be as unjust as impolitic, nor is it to be dreaded, for the most superficial observer must clearly perceive that the motives of the Republic of France can only be effected, with respect to Ireland, by restoring to her her natural and her ancient energy, which would be equally cramped, whether she were a colony of England or a department of France. But when, on the contrary, once free and independent, she began to govern herself, religious toleration, in the most extensive sense, would take place; and the people would only have to pay their own clergy, and that, in whatever manner they should judge most expedient. All church and college lands would probably be divided into small farms,\* and thus an existence secured to every individual; all would be eligible to the honors and offices of the state, and talents and industry,

\* The church and college lands are supposed to be about one-third of Ireland, and the distressed families to amount to six hundred thousand.

called forth by encouragement, might naturally be expected to produce their usual effects. 'The abolition of tythes must follow of course ; and all being equally under the care of the law, the disfranchising statute of Henry VI. rendering a freehold of forty shillings necessary to become a voter at the election of the representatives of the people, could no longer be in force. Taxes also being equally levied, which is the corner stone of freedom, and the poor not obliged to pay, out of the scanty pittance of misery, for the luxuries of the rich, emigration\* would become less frequent, till emulation, taking place of discouragement, and plenty of penury, Ireland would soon exhibit a scene of happiness to refresh the benevolent heart saddened by the present view.

Did the people once act in concert, all the Irish seamen and soldiers, who are in any foreign service, would, of course, be recalled, and all those who have property would naturally return. Indeed, the known love of Irishmen for their native country, and their enthusiastic attachment to liberty, awakened by hope, would soon induce all the sons of Ireland to return to a place which misery and oppression alone had forced them to abandon. The military force of England must, consequently, be considerably diminished, and her marine lose nearly two-thirds, whilst the army and navy of Ireland would be augmented in the same proportion.

The suppression of pensions, and all the stipends, held under the present Government, necessarily follow, so that Ireland would, in a short time, be enabled to fit out a naval force to protect her trade, which, joined to that of France, must wrest from England that tyrannical dominion she has hitherto exercised over the Ocean.

\* The taxes which the farmers of Ireland labor under, are very unequally levied in the different baronies ; nor are all to contribute to the public weal ; as, for example, if a new road is desired by some proprietor, the expense attending the purchase of the ground is paid to the proprietor, and levied upon the farmer ; and the expense, likewise, of making the road, and all its future repairs, are levied upon him at the same time he pays rent for it ; for it is always measured into his farm. An estate belonging to a parish has been mortgaged to erect a steeple to ornament a Protestant church, when the mass-house, where the people attended worship, was without a roof. This steeple was beat down by a storm, and the Catholic people were taxed to rebuild it. The expense occasioned by the taking or engraving a map of the country is, by act of Parliament, laid on the farmers, and paid, in general, by persons, the whole area of whose houses would be covered by the map after it was printed ! ! !

Can there be an Irishman whose heart does not glow at the prospect of his country's recovering her primitive rights? Let his persuasion be what it will, he must be convinced, from a recollection of the oppressive and perfidious manner in which the Irish have ever been treated by England, that their prosperity depends upon a total emancipation from her dominion.

During the American war, when Ireland was drained of all her troops, and left to her own energy, though she still paid for her defence, the Ministry was little aware of the consequence which might attend the levying of fifty thousand volunteers, who then turned out in arms. The discussion of the subject of American independence naturally made them think of their own oppressions, and led them to call for independence and a free trade. The artful Minister apparently granted their demand, and offered a set of propositions to serve as the basis of a treaty of commerce between the two countries. These being, however, founded on a system of equality, which it was far from the intention of the Minister to establish, he contrived, in his usual way, to get them opposed, in the most decided manner, when brought before the English House of Commons for their sanction. The number of the articles were, therefore, increased to destroy the tendency and spirit, by weakening and confusing plain demands; and one was added which he well knew would render the whole nugatory; for it was proposed to be enacted, that all the laws relative to the trade of both nations should emanate solely from the Parliament of Great Britain, and that the Parliament of Ireland should confirm them in every point. But the Irish tool of the Minister had taken advantage, immediately upon the passing of the first proposition, of the good humor of the nation, and procured a grant of four hundred thousand pounds to assist Britain to protect their mutual commerce, which the Admiralty of England was to receive, and, in no case whatever, to be accountable for the use of it to the Irish Parliament. Thus, according to his constant evasive plan, he shuffled off, at that critical moment, the further pursuit of the commercial treaty, and got into his hands the four hundred thousand pounds to recompense his minions, and silence recreant patriots.

Several of the foregoing particulars have been dwelt minutely upon, in order that the Irish of all persuasions may be put on their guard against the offers now said to be held out to them by

the English Government ; and, by showing the fallacy of every grant which has hitherto been made to the Irish nation, to set before them the absurdity of confining their views to partial benefits, when the grand remedy for all their ills is probably so near their reach.

After having thus considered the various abuses of an illegitimate second-hand Government, it would be absurd to turn our attention towards partial remedies. Alleviations have been too long artfully held out to repress murmur ; and laws, they could not venture to defend, have been allowed to become obsolete. The rigor of others has been disguised, to silence the menacing growl of the populace, and pretended concessions made to lull suspicion asleep. But what does all this avail ? or, what would it avail, were the concessions real, and the professions of permitting Ireland to participate of the prosperity of her sister kingdom, sincere ? But these are evidently empty professions ; for it is easy to prove that this artificial, mis-called relationship, instead of producing affection, stirs up all the little degrading passions which generate family hatred ; and even that it is impossible, with the purest views and most enlightened understanding, to render a delegated government tolerable.

The permission to legislate for themselves only increases the evils of colonial government, by giving the semblance of free will to the resolves of a majority corrupted to render the representation nugatory ; and the corruption does not rest here ; for it is not unfair to infer, that a venal senator will become a tyrannical landlord.

The root, then, of the evil, the moral, nay, physical cause of the wretchedness which stops agricultural improvements in Ireland, and retards the general melioration of manners, that leads to a more perfect civilization, is her dependence on another country. Dependence, we say, the import of which the English would fain persuade us is merely an amicable alliance, the natural dependence of a lesser on a greater power, when, in fact, it is the subordination of slavery ; and the more severe for not being avowed. Dependence, or the paying a certain price for protection, can only be useful when it is an alliance to prevent the encroachments of an ambitious neighbor, and when a reciprocity of benefits permits sincerity. But, when one party is at the discretion of the other, friendship quickly slides into des-



potism, and the interest of the feeble dependant is sacrificed to the caprice of the pretended supporter.

Not, however, to weaken the clear perception of truth by argument, it is sufficient to assert that we do equal violence to natural justice and common sense, when we take from a people the right of forming and directing their own social institutions. Is there, in short, any other way to call the moral and physical powers of a people, into that action which strengthens their faculties, than that of leaving them free to secure their own interest, by the formation and execution of the laws, which their situation suggests? Is there any other mode of promoting the felicity and improvement of a country? In order that life and heat should be equally distributed to all the members of the body politic, the government, the heart of society, ought to be in its own centre ; the contrary savors of absurdity: it seems like endeavoring to prove the truth of an axiom, that is self-evident. Yet accustomed to see their country speciously enslaved, Irishmen rail at partial arbitrary acts, passing over the source from whence they sprung.

Let us state some simple facts to open the eyes of those who do not clearly perceive that a delegated government must ever be tyrannical. Dependence obliges you to receive a viceroy ; that is, a kind of political monster ; a something between a king and a minister. Instead of a magistrate of your own, you are forced to acknowledge the authority of a set of men, creatures of the reigning English Minister, who are often sent to recruit a shattered fortune, as a reward for having betrayed their country. It is not, therefore, extraordinary, that such men should wish to provide for their parasites with the same disregard of justice ; consequently, the taxes wrung out of poverty are lavished on foreign sycophants, who do not even scatter it abroad amongst mechanics and artists, in search of luxuries, which alleviate the oppression in England, as it did in France ; but, on the contrary, the fruit of industry is carried clear out of your social circle, to pamper your tyrants, and render others more keen in their pursuit of plunder. Your national representation is made to consist partly of foreigners, in order to pillage your coffers with more impunity. Your very bishops are mostly Englishmen, far from being of the most respectable class ; and placemen are pensioned on you, who have only injured your



country. Your trade has been shackled with every possible embarrassment ; and your national respectability kept down. And to all this you submit, because lures are held out to the aristocracy, who, allowed to oppress their countrymen, crouch to the power that abuses by sustaining them. What, indeed, does this system produce but a race of landholders, the most despotic ; a set of petty tyrants, who are not bound to their country by sentiment or principle, by ambition or vanity? Several examples already adduced, will illustrate this observation to every thinking or benevolent man, coming home more forcibly to his bosom and interest.

But, were Ireland once free, what a different face would every thing wear. The centre of emulation being within her own limits, national talents would be a national advantage ; and the virtues brought forth by independence, give dignity to the agreeable qualities which distinguish the national character. Until this takes place, the nourishment of Ireland, her vital heat, will constantly be drawn off, and her energy, only extended to half way measures, will but tend to increase the present misery, by riveting the chain which no sophistical reasoning can ever make appear a band of fraternity ; besides, alliances drawn too close are ever the traps set for well meaning ignorance, by cunning self-interest. That friendship is destructive, which renders an individual inactive ; but, when it concerns a nation, it is as absurd for one nation to pretend to govern another, as for one man to eat to nourish another. I am again bringing forward, unawares, a truth that does not admit of illustration, which will always be the case when the principles of politics are sought for, and natural justice resorted to as the base of government.

The question respecting the happiness and emancipation of Ireland may, in short, be reduced to one point ; if the government of one king, however he may identify himself with the people, will infallibly become a tyranny, what must be the situation of a people who have a whole nation of kings, to lord it over them? And what ought to be the conduct of a people, when they feel their misery, and despise their slavery? It would be an insult to the good sense of the nation to add, that it is their duty to take advantage of the moment when their haughty conquerors are humble, and by boldly daring, deserve to be free.

# **AN ADDRESS**

## **TO THE PEASANTRY OF IRELAND.**

**BY A TRAVELLER.**

1796.

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### *To the Peasantry of Ireland—*

**COUNTRYMEN:** Great pains have been taken in order to mislead and misinform you on the subject of the French Revolution, by various descriptions of people, whose interest it is, and, of course, whose policy it ever has been, to keep you in ignorance. They have endeavored to impress you with horror at the idea of the execution of the king, of the banishment and plunder of the nobility, and especially of the clergy ; and, in short, have wished to persuade you that the whole French people were a nation of furious cannibals thirsting for blood, eager for plunder, without faith, honor, or religion, the enemies and the scandal of the human race. It is time, at last, to show you the truth, and a residence of some time in France, where I have examined every thing carefully with my own eyes, enables me to inform you of the actual state of that country, at this hour ; particularly as it relates to that numerous and useful body of the community who are, like yourselves, the tillers and cultivators of the earth, by whose labor all the other classes are supported and sustained.

It would be in vain to deny, that, in the course of the Revolution many horrible acts of cruelty and injustice have been committed ; the Government was, unfortunately, for some time, in the hands of men utterly devoid of humanity and feeling, who sacrificed, without distinction, the innocent and the guilty to their own avarice, ambition or revenge ; but the French people are not to be confounded with, or made responsible for the actions of those miscreants, which they regarded with horror and

amazement ; the public indignation, felt by every man at such atrocious scenes, at length broke out with irresistible fury, and those abominable wretches were sent to the same scaffold which had but too long been the instrument of their savage barbarity and wickedness. It has been the policy of your oppressors to dwell upon the crimes which, unhappily, for a short period, disgraced the Revolution, which exist no longer, and of which no trace remains ; it is my business to show in return the benefits of the same Revolution, which are at this moment in full effect, and which will exist from generation to generation.

Before the Revolution, the king, the clergy, the nobility and gentry possessed at least four-fifths of all the land in France ; the farmers and peasantry there, as with yourselves, were loaded with rents, taxes, and tythes. You need not be told that the clergy every where know very well how to take care of themselves ; their lands paid no tax whatever, and they had immense possessions ; the gentry, who possessed all the offices of value, civil and military, were likewise exempt from taxes, and, of course, the whole burden of the state fell heavy upon the people, who were utterly despised as well as plundered by the other two orders. The inhabitants of the towns, by their trade and manufactures, were enabled, in some degree, to support the arbitrary impositions of the ancient government ; but the condition of a French peasant before the Revolution, was almost as deplorable as your own.

In the first place, he had his rent to pay to his landlord ; that was the least and lightest of his burdens ; he had the tythes to pay to the clergy, in which, however, he had one advantage over you, in that he paid them to a priest of his own religion ; he was tormented with a swarm of begging friars, who, at every fresh crop had fresh demands upon his charity, for meal, for wood, for meat or for wine ; he was obliged, perhaps, in the middle of his little harvest, to set off ten, fifteen, or twenty miles from his cottage, with his horse and cart, and work for a fortnight on the public roads, during which time he must support himself and his beast at his own expense ; and for which he was not to receive one penny ; this duty was called, in France, *the corvée*. He was subject to the capitation tax, which was fixed by the law ; he was subject to another tax, called the *taille*, which was settled according to the good will and pleasure

of the collector, who judged of his ability to pay according to the appearance he made, so that a peasant was afraid to be seen in a whole coat, or to have a good horse in his cart, for fear the collector, seeing any thing like ease or comfort about him, should make that an excuse for screwing up the tax still higher upon him; for, as I have already said, the only rule for the amount of the *taille*, was the pleasure of the tax-gatherer. The peasant was subject to another tax still more odious and unjust, I mean the tax upon industry. The tax-gatherer took upon him to decide how much a man might earn in the year, and he rated him, accordingly, at the price of so many day's labor. Another tax was the heavy excise on tobacco. Another, and a most unjust and iniquitous one, as it was managed, was the tax upon salt, called the *gabelle*. Every man was obliged to pay for so much salt as the collector supposed he might consume in the year, and this tax, which was a very heavy one, he must pay, even though he did not consume a single grain; it was vain for the peasant to say he had no occasion for, nor ever used, perhaps, the tenth part of the salt that he was rated at; he was forced to pay equally, and to such a length did they carry this abominable oppression under the old Government, that, if a peasant near the sea-coast had two or three sheep, and one of them happening to have the scab, should follow the natural instinct which would lead it to wash itself in the salt water, the peasant was fined heavily for this indiscretion of his sheep, and obliged to pay for having cheated the crown; nay, the very shell-fish, which they picked up along the shore, they dared not boil in the sea water; the element which God made for the use and convenience of man, was forbidden to the French peasant, and he must eat his fish raw, rather than the King should lose his revenue. If a man used salt which had not paid the duty, he was heavily fined; if he had not money to pay the fine, his little moveables were sold to make it good; if he was caught smuggling this indispensable necessary, he was sent to the galleys, and if, with arms in his hands, he was hanged up directly, without ceremony. All these heavy taxes and impositions went to the King; and, as the French have a King no longer, I leave you to judge whether the peasants, at least, have any reason to regret his loss.

I have mentioned the rents which the tenants paid to the gentry, and where the land was let for its value, that was but reasonable; but in most instances, as with you, the farms were let on short leases, to the highest bidder, and at rack rents, and the tenant was, in addition, loaded with heavy *corvées*, or duties, of various kinds; he was bound to draw home his landlord's firing, to harvest his corn, to cart his hay, and numberless other impositions, one of which, at least, deserves to be mentioned. In some districts, the landlord claimed to have the first night of every new married woman, and the tenant was, of course, glad to be permitted to compound this odious demand, for the payment of a sum of money. But it was in the execution of the game laws that the tyranny of the French gentry was most remarkable; the crops of the peasants were absolutely laid waste by the immense quantity of hares, rabbits, partridges, and pheasants, who, seeming to know that they were protected by the law, devoured his property before his eyes; and if the unfortunate peasant, moved either by rage or hunger, killed one of these invaders, he was seized and condemned to the galleys for life, where he was kept, chained as a slave to the oar, or, in other cases, compelled to work in prisons, or on the fortifications, but always in irons, and without hope of pardon. To such an extent was this system carried, that when his crop of clover or of lucerne was ripe, the tenant dared not cut it down without permission of the head game keeper, and if one of the under game keepers owed him a grudge, he had nothing but to say that there was a partridge's nest in the field; the unfortunate peasant must be content to see his hay rot and waste away before his eyes, without daring to put a scythe in the grass; it was of little consequence that his fellow laborer, the horse, or his cow, the support of his children, should starve through the winter for want of fodder, provided the game was preserved for the amusement of his landlord. What I have now said is sufficient to give you some notion of the situation of your brother peasants in France, before the Revolution, and I believe you will see that they were like yourselves, fleeced by the crown, oppressed by the gentry, plundered by the clergy, and despised by all. Let me now show you how they stand since this Revolution, which the gentry and clergy of Ireland represent in such horrid colors.

The first consequence of the Revolution, was the abolition of all the unjust and oppressive distinctions which existed in France, and a declaration, that all men were free and equal in the sight of the law. Another immediate consequence, was the removal of all those severe and ruinous burdens, which crushed the unfortunate peasant. The *corvée* was abolished, the tax upon salt was repealed, the tax upon tobacco was repealed, the tax upon industry was repealed, the *taille* was repealed, the game laws were repealed, the duties claimed by the landlords, which were called *feudal-rights*, were repealed, and lastly tythes were repealed, and every one left at liberty to pay the clergy as much or as little as they pleased, or not to pay them at all, if they thought proper. You will observe, by what I have now said, that, though the gentry and the clergy have suffered by the Revolution, the laborious peasantry of France are immense gainers; they are no longer obliged to stand barcheaded like slaves, before their landlords: they are no longer afraid of being sent to the galleys, for knocking down a hare or a partridge; their tobacco, for which they used to pay three shillings and sixpence a pound, they have now for ten pence; their salt, which used to cost eight pence a pound, is now to be had for one halfpenny or less. If the Revolution had done no more than remove the burdens, I have just now mentioned, surely it was a blessing to the poor, for whom it seems to have been made; but I will shew that it has done infinitely more, and that it has not only removed those unjust and ruinous burdens, but it has enabled the peasantry of France, such of them, at least, as were industrious, to acquire a property, which, if it had not been for the Revolution, they could by no possibility have attained.

All the taxes before mentioned, which were principally paid, as all taxes in the end are principally paid, by the poor, having been repealed, it became necessary to look about for other means to support the Government: for this purpose, the first step which was taken, was to seize upon all the lands of the clergy, and set them up for sale. The great body of the gentry, enraged to see the peasantry freed from the yoke, and to lose all the immense privileges, which they enjoyed under the old Government, quit France, almost to a man, and fled to the different Kings of Europe, whom they persuaded to make war on their country, in order to restore them, to what they called, their just rights, and

to reduce the peasants once more to the condition of slaves and bondmen. In this abominable scheme, the King of France was weak or wicked enough to concur, and the consequence was that the people cut off his head, and changed the form of their Government, from a Monarchy to a Republic ; they confiscated the property of all those, who had deserted their country, as I have mentioned, and who were called emigrants, and they prepared resolutely for that war, which they saw ready to break out against them, from the four corners of Europe.

What they expected, came to pass ; all the Kings, all the nobility, all the gentry, and especially all the clergy, joined with all their might, to crush the new Republic, but in vain ; for France alone has defeated the united efforts of all the despots of Europe. It is not necessary for me here to go into a detail on the war, further than merely to shew how much the peasantry of France have gained, by the very means which were employed by their enemies to reduce them to their former slavery. In order to oppose the attacks of the tyrants, the Republic raised at once no less than fourteen armies, amounting to above one million of men : the expense of arming, clothing, and paying those troops, amounted to an incredible sum ; and as the taxes were almost all repealed, in favor of the poor, and the sale of the lands of the clergy and emigrants required time, the new Government was obliged to issue paper money, which were called *assignats* ; this money at first, went for its value, that is to say, a guinea in paper, would bring a guinea in gold or silver ; but after some time, as they were obliged daily to issue more and more of this paper, and as gold and silver began to grow scarcer, those that had any, hiding it carefully, the assignats fell by degrees in their value, so that, latterly, a guinea in gold would bring near a thousand in paper. By this means every thing had, in fact, two prices, one in cash, and the other in paper, and the price of all kinds of provisions, in assignats, rose to an astonishing height. This was the harvest of the peasantry of France, for the farmers sold the produce of their lands at this extravagant price, while they paid their rents in assignats at their nominal value : that is to say, if the yearly rent amounted to one hundred pounds, for example, the landlord was obliged to take, as lawful payment, an assignat of one hundred pounds, though the same assignat, in the market, would not do more .

than purchase a leg of mutton; by this means, the farmers, in fact, paid, it may be said, no rent, while they sold every thing they could raise on the land at tenfold its former price. But this is not all that the Revolution has done for the peasantry of France. I have mentioned already that all the lands of the clergy and emigrants, which made, perhaps, three-fourths of the land in the nation, were set up to sale by the Government: all the payments for those lands were made in the paper money, which the Government was obliged to receive at its nominal value, that is to say, an assignat of an hundred pounds was received for an hundred pounds, while, at the same time, a sack of wheat would bring, at market, perhaps seven or eight hundred pounds in the same assignats. By this means, with the produce of one acre, the farmer was enabled to purchase five or six, and to secure to himself forever the land to which he was formerly tenant, for infinitely less than he formerly paid as his half year's rent; and, in fact, at this hour, almost all the lands in France are, as they ought to be, the property of those who cultivate them; those who, before the Revolution, were no better than slaves, like yourselves, are now become substantial proprietors, and, instead of a race of miserable farmers, oppressed by their landlords and fleeced by their clergy, they have obtained for themselves and their children, forever, every man, estate, more or less, according to his means and his industry.

I am not afraid of what I have here said being contradicted, either by your landlords or your priests; they know full well that I advance no more than the truth, and now, my countrymen, let me ask you what you have to fear from such a revolution as that of France? The nobleman who loses his title, the bishop who loses his lands, the esquire who loses his feudal rights, and the parson who loses his tythes, may lawfully cry out against the French Revolution, but I cannot see what injury it has done to the peasants, into whose hands it has actually transferred three-fourths of the entire landed property of their country.

In all great questions it is but fair to hear both sides, and I believe I have now said sufficient to shew you that those who have, hitherto, endeavored to turn your minds against the French Republic, were actuated by no other motive than their own private interests, and the apprehension they felt lest you should



shake off the yoke, and raise yourselves to the same station of ease and comfort as your brethren, the peasantry of France. I will only add, that America, which I have also visited, and from whom the French have borrowed many useful hints for their own Government, has neither king, nobility, nor clergy established by law, and it is, notwithstanding, I am satisfied, at this hour, the happiest, the most flourishing, and the best governed spot on the face of the earth. I leave it to your own good sense to draw the conclusion, which follows, necessarily, from the information I have now given you, and I remain, with the sincerest wishes for your liberty and prosperity, your friend and countryman.

A TRAVELLER.

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#### TO THE MILITIA OF IRELAND.

**BRAVE SOLDIERS:** The occasion so long desired by every good Irishman, to free his country from the tyranny and oppression of England, is at length arrived, and you have now an opportunity to employ your valor in defence of your native land. The French Republic has supplied us with arms, ammunition, and artillery; she has sent us thousands of her best troops, commanded by one of her ablest generals, not to invade our country, but to enable us to assert our liberty, and the only return she expects, or desires, is, that we shall have the courage to make use of the means which she puts into our hands.

On this great and glorious occasion, shall it be said that the brave militia of Ireland were her only enemies? When thousands, and tens of thousands of their countrymen are flocking to the standard of freedom, will they alone hang back? Consider, I beseech you, how the question stands, on which you must now decide. You must choose, and that instantly, between England on the one side, and the united nations of France and Ireland on the other, or, in other words, between slavery and independence.

Suppose, what I am sure will not happen, that you should be so base as to attach yourselves to the cause of England, and see what you have to expect. In the first place, you will be loaded with the disgrace and infamy of fighting against your country,

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more terrible, to a true Irishman, than death itself : in the next place, you will have to plunge your bayonets in the bosoms of your parents, your brothers, or your friends, or to die yourselves, in return, by their hands ; in the next place, if you are defeated, as defeated you infallibly will be, you will have sacrificed your lives, without the consolation of suffering in an honorable cause ; and, if you were even so unfortunate as to be victorious in the contest, what would be the consequence ? After having slaughtered thousands of your countrymen, and after thousands of yourselves had been slaughtered in return, after having brought all the miseries of war upon your native country, you would have the disgrace to see her once more chained like a slave at the feet of England !

What does the enemy offer you, to compensate you for this load of infamy and horror ? After having forced you into their service, by the most outrageous means, by burning your houses, by laying waste your little farms, and hunting you down like wild beasts, as you know they have done in half the counties of Ireland, they now call upon you to spill your blood in defence of the very men who have massacred hundreds of your brethren. And if you were weak or wicked enough to obey those tyrants, against your country, what would be your reward ? After serving the whole of a bloody war, as privates, (for I suppose I need not tell you that not a man of you has the smallest chance of ever being made an officer,) you will be disbanded, without settlement or provision, and the very best that can happen you is, that such of you as have their limbs, may return to their spades, and drudge once more under their task masters, in the bogs and ditches, for a wretched pittance of six-pence or eight-pence a day ; the others may go beg.

But suppose, on the other hand, that you act as becomes brave soldiers and good Irishmen, who scorn to serve the cause of a tyrant against their native land, and see what a brilliant prospect lies open before you. In the first place, as an Irish national army will be instantly formed, the militia will, of course, have the preference in all promotions, and especially those who are the first to declare for their country. There is not a man of you who has not his chance of being made an officer, for, in framing our army, it will be courage and talents that we shall look for, and not rank or fortune ; remember, always, that

the most famous of the Generals who now command the armies of France, have been, in the beginning, but soldiers like yourselves; you have now in your hands the same opportunity as they had, if you have but the sense and the spirit to seize it, to raise yourselves from the obscurity of your present condition, to fame and glory, and at once to establish your own fortune and the liberty of Ireland. At the end of the war, those of you who are not become officers, and who wish to retire from the service, instead of being turned loose to shift for yourselves, as will be the case in the service of the enemy, may depend on the justice and gratitude of their country, to secure to each a provision in land forever, more or less, according to his rank and merits, where he may retire in ease and comfort, and live with honor and independence.

See now, my brave countrymen, how the matter stands. On the one hand, what does the enemy offer you? Hard service; no advancement; scanty pay; at the end of the war, no provision: infamy, if defeated, when fighting against your native land, or victory, more disgraceful, when its object is to enslave your country. On the other hand, if you follow the call of your interest, your honor, and your duty, you are sure of immediate and rapid promotion; in the service of Ireland you have the chance of arriving at the very highest rank in the army, you have the certainty of a settlement in land, at the conclusion of the war, and, above all, what is more interesting to a brave soldier, and a good Irishman, you will have the glory of having deserved well of your country, and of having contributed, at the hazard of life, to the establishment of her liberties.

SARSFIELD.

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### TO THE IRISHMEN

*Now serving aboard the British Navy.*

COUNTRYMEN: I do most earnestly entreat your attention to the following observations; you will determine for yourselves whether I do not speak, as well for your own honor and interest, as that of your country.

Ireland is now at war with England, in defence of her liberties; France is the ally of Ireland, and England is the common enemy of both nations. You are aboard the British navy. You

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will probably be called upon immediately to turn your arms against your native land, and the part which you may take on this great occasion, is of the very last importance. I hope and rely that you will act as becomes brave seamen and honest Irishmen, and that you will not only refuse to assist in once more enslaving your country, but that you will seize the opportunity which is now in your hands to secure her liberty, and to make your own fortunes forever.

Remember that Ireland is now an independent nation. You are no longer subjects of the King of England; you are at the same time a great majority of those who man his fleet, in the proportion of at least two to one. What is there to hinder you from immediately seizing on every vessel wherein you sail, man of war, Indiaman, or merchantman, hoisting the Irish flag, and steering into the ports of Ireland? You have the power, if you have but the inclination, and it will be your own fault if you are not immediately raised to a situation, which, in the service of the enemy, you durst not even think of.

Suppose you profit of this favorable moment to do what is but your duty as good Irishmen, that you seize upon the English vessels, and bring them into your own harbors. In the first place, every vessel so brought into port shall be sold for its full value, both ship and cargo, and the price faithfully paid you. Those of you who do not choose to go to sea again, shall have an immediate discharge, and return to their families with their share of the prize money; and as the vessels will be directly put in commission again, under the Irish flag, those brave seamen who wish to serve their country, and to make their fortunes at the expense of the common enemy, will, of course, have the first promotion, and every man will have his chance of becoming an officer, according to his zeal, courage, and talents. Instead of being cheated, as you now are, in the division of your prize money, where the superior officers swallow up all, and leave the brave seamen who have borne the toil and danger, almost nothing; where an Admiral will get, for his share, ten thousand pounds, while a private mariner gets perhaps twenty shillings; you may depend on a just and reasonable distribution, where every man shall receive his share, in a fair proportion to his rank and his merits.

Countrymen, now is your time! Remember that all you seize becomes your own property that moment: remember that you

are sure of immediate and speedy promotion in the service of your country; remember that the whole trade of England lies now at your mercy, and that it will be your own fault if you do not immediately possess yourselves of her rich East Indiamen, her West Indiamen, her Strait's fleet, in a word, of spoil sufficient to enable you to roll in money, and to make your own fortunes, and that of your families forever. Remember how you have been pressed in thousands, and sent aboard the fleet of the enemy; remember how you have been starved and driven by downright hunger into her service: remember how long she has kept your country in slavery. Now is your time, my brave countrymen, to revenge your own wrongs, and those of Ireland!

What is there to hinder you? You are two to one, and if you were but equal in number, I hope there is not a man of you but is as good as an Englishman. How can your officers prevent you, if you are determined to do your duty to your country and yourselves? They are not one to twenty, and it will be your own folly if you allow them for a moment to stand in the way of your advancement on this great occasion. Depend upon it they dare not stir, if they see you once resolved; you have but to make the attempt, and you must succeed.

In one word, what does your country offer you? Immediate promotion in the Irish service, and prize money without limits, for the whole trade of England lies at your mercy, if you have but the courage to lay hold of it. What does the enemy offer you on the other hand? First, the infamy of fighting against your native land, against your parents, your relations, and your friends; next, no chance of plunder, for you know very well that neither France nor Ireland has, at this moment, any merchantmen at sea: consequently, you have nothing to expect but hard blows: and lastly, your British officers will bestow on you a rope's end, or a cat o' nine tails, in order to keep you to your duty, which, if you let them do, you most richly deserve to suffer both the punishment and the disgrace. Not to speak of your duty to your country as good Irishmen, I leave you to judge which is most for your interest, as brave and hardy seamen. Remember once more, now or never! You have the whole navy of England in your power; if you do not avail yourselves of the present opportunity to free your country, and to make your own fortunes, you deserve to remain, as you will remain, in poverty and disgrace forever!

*Letter to Mrs. Tone, written on the point of embarking in the Bantry Bay expedition.*

HEAD QUARTERS, at Brest, Nov. 30, 1796.

MY DEAREST LOVE: I wrote to you on the 26th of May last, desiring you to remove, with all our family to France, by the first opportunity, but the ship which carried my letter was taken by the English, so I suppose you never received it; I wrote to you a second time, repeating my orders, and giving you very full directions for your conducting yourself, in case of my not being in France at the time of your arrival; this letter I gave to the American consul at Paris, who promised to forward it by a safe hand, on the 28th of July last, so I am in hopes it reached you, and by calculating the dates, and allowing for your lying in and recovery, I presume you are by this on your passage to Havre, and I cannot express the unspeakable anxiety I feel for your safety, and that of our dear little babies, exposed to all the inconveniences and perils of a winter passage. I trust in God you will get safe and well, and that by the time you will receive this, we shall have finished our business, in which case, you and I will devote the remainder of our lives to each other, for I am truly weary of the perpetual separation that we have lived in, I may almost say, from the day of our marriage.

The Government here has at length seriously taken up the affair of Ireland, and, in consequence, shortly after my last letter to you, I received orders to join *General Hoche*, who commands the expedition, in chief, at *Rennes*, where he was quartered. After remaining at *Rennes* near two months, we set off for *Brest*, in order to proceed to our destination, but great bodies move slow; it is only to-day that our preparations are completed, and the day after to-morrow I expect to embark on board the *Indomptable*, of 80 guns. Our force will be of fifteen ships of the line, and ten frigates, and, I suppose, for I do not exactly know, of at least 10,000 of the best troops in France. If we arrive safe, with that force, I have not the least doubt of success, especially as Ireland is now wound up to the

pitch of discontent. I have the rank of Adjutant General, and I am immediately in General Hoche's family. I offered to serve with the grenadiers, who will form the advanced guard of the army, as being the post of danger and of honor, but the General refused me, very handsomely, saying that it was necessary for his arrangements, that I should be immediately about his person. You see by this, that, as a military man, I am infinitely better off than I had any reason to expect. There is the very best spirit in the troops, both officers and soldiers, and, in short, nothing can prevent our success, unless it is that we should be totally defeated by the British fleet on our passage. I have no doubt but they are cruising to intercept us, and if we fall in with them, the engagement will be, perhaps, the most desperate one that has ever been fought at sea between the two powers, for our orders are to submit, (I mean the army on board,) to the Captain's orders, in every thing, except to strike to the enemy: of course we must fight to the last extremity, and I have no doubt but we will do so; if we should even be defeated, they will not take us all, and, in that case, those who escape will, I hope, push on for Ireland: in short, now we are at sea, I think we will not turn back, without finishing our business.

I would not write thus to terrify you needlessly, but long before you receive my letter the affair will be over, one way or the other: I hope happily for us, in which case I once more promise you never to quit you again for any temptation of fame, honor, or interest. After all we have suffered, a little tranquillity is now surely due to us.

The circumstances under which I write, compel me to address you in the most serious style. On the eve of such an expedition as I am about to embark in, and with the prospect of such an action before me, as that in which it is likely we may be engaged, I cannot conceal from you nor myself that I have to expect the greatest danger, and, it is possible, in short, that I may fall in the contest; should that event happen, I hope you will have the courage to support the loss as may become you, as well for your own sake as that of our dear children. I know, by what I feel at this moment, how severe will be the trial which, in that case, you will undergo, but the evil will be then inevitable, and the duty you owe to our darling babies must in-

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cite you to a great exertion of the firmness which I know you possess: and, in short, whatever the effort may cost you, you must not sink under it. I need not add any cold arguments on the folly of grieving for what is not to be retrieved, I entreat you, as you love me, for your own sake, and for that of our little ones, that you may collect all your courage, and should the very worst happen, remember, you will be then their only parent. I need not, indeed, I cannot say more.

In case of any thing happening to me, and that the expedition should succeed, you will, of course, remove, by the first opportunity, to Ireland. I do not think so ill of my country, or my friends, as to doubt that, in that case, provision will be made for you and my children. In case of my death and the failure of the expedition, I confess I am at a loss to advise you. However, not to be wanting to yourself, you will address yourself, by petition, to the French Executive Directory, and, particularly, to *Carnot*, with whom I am acquainted, and with whom I have done all my business since my arrival in France, stating the circumstances, and praying relief; you will, also, address yourself to *General Clarke*, to whom you may write under cover to *Carnot*, to *Colonel Shee*, who is my particular friend, and embarked with me on this expedition, and, lastly, to *General Hoche*, who knows my services, and will. I am sure, in that case, be of use to you. God knows whether all this may produce any thing, for the Government here is, I know, in the last distress for money; however, you will at least try. If that fails, as Matt will, I trust in God, be with you, I leave it to your common judgment and prudence to determine what may be most advisable, whether to remain in France, or to return to America, in which latter case, as the little you now have will be almost totally gone, you must go to Carolina or Georgia, where alone it will be possible for you to exist, and, in that case, I commit you to the goodness of that Supreme Power who has so often almost miraculously preserved us, entreating only of Matt, as he cherishes the memory of a brother who very sincerely and affectionately loved him, that he may not quit you, for a moment, while he can be useful to you, but to act as a faithful friend to you, and a father to my darling babies.

I have now finished the most painful hour of my life, I have advised and prepared you for the very worst event.



sured that the prospect of our separation cannot be more terrible to you than it is to me, but I hope we have, notwithstanding, both of us, courage sufficient to contemplate it with steadiness. Let us now turn the picture, and see what the bright side of it offers to our view.

If we do not meet the English fleet, or, meeting them, if we force our way, and, in short, if I reach Ireland in safety. (*that is to say, with my ten thousand French lovers at my back.*) there is not a shadow of doubt of our success, and when the country is once emancipated, there will be, I think, no situation that I will, in reason, demand, which will be refused me, and, in that case, you will see whether or not the principal desire of my life be not to make you happy : indeed, my dearest love, you are the main spring of every action of my life, and every thought of my heart. Remember, I am now in the high road to fortune, and, I hope, to fame, for, if we succeed, I think I may say I have earned some reputation, but, I can also say, that neither fame nor fortune are an object with me, further than as they will enable me to manifest my sense of your goodness and virtues. As I shall arrive there with the rank of Adjutant General, and with the favor of the Commander in Chief, and, I hope, the good will of my countrymen, and, as an Irish army will be, of course, directly formed, I shall, I presume, not be offered a lower rank than I now hold, and, if I behave, as I hope I shall, in a manner becoming a good officer, I have, at least, as good a chance of promotion as another, so at last I shall be, as Miss Mary, to whom I beg my compliments, used to say, *in my etat militaire*. In that case, as I shall have at least a regiment, I shall be able to settle Matt to our satisfaction, and, I think, as the citizen Arthur has made a voyage also in the cause, I will have a right to demand a place for him also ; so Miss Mary will have a chance to see three of her brothers in very gaudy green coats, and with long sabres by their sides, and then I hope she will be easy. I wear at present a fine embroidered scarlet cape and cuffs on my uniform, and a laced hat, which is only permitted to the General officers, but I shall be happy on the first occasion (would to God it were to-morrow) to change my blue coat for one as green as a leek, which I think will be *more becoming*. If I arrive in safety the other side, the first thing I shall do will be to appoint Matt my

aid-de-camp, in his absence, and that will set him going advantageously ; in short, I have a thousand fine things in my head for you all, if Messieurs, the English, allow me to pass clear, for, as the poet hath it :

" If we meet with a privateer, or a lofty man of war,  
" We will not stay to wrangle, to chatter, nor to jar."

It is not our business to fight those gentlemen at sea, if we can possibly avoid it, and you may be sure we will do every thing in our power, and, I hope, yet we may get clear, in which case, as I have already said ten times, you shall see what you shall see.

I have now finished the best and the worst that can happen us, but there remains a third way, which is, that it may happen that we should be beaten back, in spite of all our efforts, and that I should, so, return in *safety* to France. In that case, I think, I shall be able to retain my pay, as Adjutant General, which, as things go here, will be a vast addition to our little fortune ; I will then buy or hire a small farm, within a few miles of Paris, and devote the remainder of my life to making you happy and educating our children. This last way, though not so bad as my first supposition, is yet just now to me a very gloomy prospect, for the reasons I am about to mention.

Since my arrival in France I have had no communication whatsoever with Ireland, but I have seen the English papers pretty regularly, by favor of Madgett, who is in the Bureau of the Minister for Foreign Affairs ; I had, in consequence, the mortification to read, in May last, that John Keogh was arrested, by order of Government, with Sir Edward Bellew, (a great aristocrat,) and several others ; however, I watched the papers carefully, for some months after, and as I saw no further mention of the business, I am in very great hopes that they were immediately released, and that the affair blew over, but I have no certainty. Since that time (indeed, within these few days) while we were on our march to Brest, I found an English paper, wherein there was an article, copied from the Northern Star, of September 16, by which I saw, to my most unspeakable distress and anxiety, that *Harry Boldt*, and two persons, of the name of *Osborne* and *Shanaghan*, had been arrested that day, at Belfast, on a charge of high treason, and that *Sam-*

*Neilson* and *Russell* had surrendered themselves voluntarily. You will judge how I felt this blow ! The instant I arrived, I ran to *Hoche* to communicate the news, and we agreed immediately to despatch a proper person to Ireland, on board an American vessel, partly to obtain intelligence, but principally to give notice to my friends, through a channel which I pointed out, to avail themselves of every chicane and artifice of the law to put off their trials, in order to give us time, if possible, to arrive to their relief. This person left Brest the 7th of this month, and I trust he arrived safe, but, in the mean time, I am in the most extreme anxiety and distress of mind. If we reach Ireland, which we may now, as I hope, do, in ten days, supposing no unlucky accident, we shall, I trust, be in time to extricate them, but if unfortunately we should be too late for that, at least we shall be in time to revenge them, and, in that case, wo to their persecutors !

While I am on the subject of my friends, I am to acquaint you that our poor friend Major Sweetman was unfortunately killed in a duel near London, in January last. It was in the English papers I saw this intelligence, and I do not think I was ever more shocked in my life : I did not recover my spirits for a month after, and even yet I think of his death with the utmost regret, in which I am sure you will join me. Not to speak of my personal regret for him, I need not mention what a loss we have of him at this moment, when his courage, talents, and patriotism, would be of such essential service. I am most sincerely sorry for him on every account, public and private, and I did not think I could have been so affected as I was by his death.

To return to our own affairs. On your arrival at Havre you will of course, agreeably to my former directions, have written to Madgett, who will forward you this, as I send it to him under cover. My first design was, that you should go on to Paris, but, on further recollection, living there is so very expensive, as well as travelling, also, that you had better fix yourselves, until you hear from me, at some of the villages within a few leagues of Havre, where you will hire lodgings, and make your own kitchen, &c. There is a village called *Frérot*, that I think would suit you. If any thing should happen to me, you will have no business on to Paris, and, in that case, if

your determination be to settle in France, you can fix yourself in some little spot in that neighborhood as well as any where else, and Matt must do his best for you all, in my place. If you should resolve to return to America, you will be near Havre, from whence you will have the most frequent opportunities: *and I confess, under the circumstances, I would recommend Carolina, and especially Georgia, where land is very cheap, before France. where you will labor, I fear, under insurmountable difficulties, from your ignorance of the language, customs, and manners.* If, as I hope and trust, I arrive safe in Ireland, and we succeed, as in that case, I think we infallibly shall, still I wish you rather to be at *Evotot*, for example, than at Paris, for the sake of economy, as well as a thousand other reasons. If you do not arrive soon, it is probable you may receive another letter with this, for the very first thing I shall do after our landing, will be, you may be sure, to write to you, under cover, as before, to Madgett, and I will also take care to remit you money for your occasions, and the very first moment that my duty will permit, I will fly with the utmost eagerness to embrace you all; God only knows how I long for that moment.

This letter is dreadfully unconnected, but the fact is, I write in a state of the utmost anxiety and incertitude; if I remained in France, and you were, with my babies, on the ocean, it would be full sufficient to keep me in continual uneasiness: or, if you were here, safe arrived, and I was embarked, though my anxiety would be infinitely lessened, still I should have full sufficient to occupy me; but situated as we are, I have both to encounter; uncertain of your fate and that of our children, uncertain of my own, in which you and they are so deeply interested, I think it is hardly possible to conceive a more painful and anxious situation; add to this, that I am obliged to devour my uneasiness, from the fear of appearing disheartened at the moment of embarkation. Well, the uncertainty of the affair, at least, will soon have an end. Ten days, I think now, must settle it, and I am sure no extremity, scarcely, can be so terrible as the state of suspense in which I now find myself. If we succeed in our enterprise, I never will again hazard my happiness and your's, for any imaginable temptation of honor or interest; if we fail, at least, it is in an honorable cause, and on

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just principles, and, in either case, you shall not bear of my behaving in a manner to cause you, or my children, to blush for me.

I have this moment received orders to embark in half an hour. I have, of course, time to add no more. I recommend you all to the protection of Heaven. God Almighty forever bless and preserve you. Adieu, my dearest life and soul. Kiss my darling babies for me ten thousand times, and love me ever as I love you.

Once more adieu !

T. W. TONE.

BREST, *December 2, 1796.*

## PART III.

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### JOURNAL OF 1797.

#### DURING THE PERIOD THAT GENERAL TONE WAS ATTACHED TO THE ARMY OF SAMBRE ET MEUSE.

[*Note of the Editor*—Amidst all the agitation of my father's mind, during the ill-fated and tantalizing expedition of Bantry Bay, he was aware that his wife and three infant children, whom he had left at Princeton, in New Jersey, on his departure from America, were, amidst the storms of that wintry season, on their way to rejoin him. The feelings of the most affectionate of husbands and of fathers, in such a situation, can be better conceived than expressed. In fact, embarked on an American vessel for Hamburg, we almost crossed him in the British Channel, in the last days of December; and, after a tedious and rough passage of two months, my mother, with her infant family, landed at the mouth of the frozen Elbe, and proceeded to Hamburg in an open post wagon. In that commercial city, devoted to the British interest, the first news she received was, that of the failure of the expedition, embellished with a thousand exaggerations. Her anxiety may well be conceived: obliged to conceal it, as well as her name, her only consolation was, that she did not hear that of Tone mentioned. Already in weak and shattered health, she was seized with a nervous fever, and remained in the most cruel perplexity, amongst strangers, whose very language she did not understand. She wrote instantly to Paris, addressing her letter to Mr. Madgett, and the answer to this letter, which came in due time, was the first news she received of his safety.

Written under such circumstances of disappointment and anxiety, this portion of my father's journal, which extends to the period when we joined him in Holland, was not kept with the same regularity as the former. I have, therefore, subjoined a few of his letters to my mother, during these months, which give an idea of the state of his mind and feelings.]

#### JANUARY, 1797.

*January 1 to 31.* It is exactly one month to-day, since I wrote a line by way of memorandum. It will be well supposed I had no great inclination, nor, in fact, have I had much to say. On our arrival at Brest, after a day or two, there was an intrigue set on foot against General Grouchy, with a view to lessen the merit of his services, in consequence of which he determined to send me to Paris with his despatches &c.

tory and Minister of War. Simon was joined with me in commission, and Fairin was also despatched by Cherin, who is at the head of this cabal. Grouchy desired me to state fairly what I thought of his conduct, during our stay at Bantry Bay, to the Government: and I was not a little pleased with this proof of his good opinion. We set off on the fifth of January, at night, and arrived, without accident, at Paris on the 12th. We went immediately to the Minister of War, and delivered our letters; we saw him but for an instant: thence we went to the Directory, where we were introduced and had an audience for above half an hour, at which all the Directors assisted. They were of opinion on that day, from the latest accounts, that Hoche had effectuated a landing with that part of the army which had been separated off Bantry Bay, and in consequence we expected orders immediately to return to Brest. From the Directory I went to Doulcet, a member of the Conseil des 500, brother-in-law to Grouchy, for whom, as well as for Madame Grouchy, I had letters from the General. Doulcet invited me to dinner, and I dined, accordingly, very agreeably. Madame Doulcet is a charming woman, and her conversation is delightful. The next day Doulcet introduced me to Lacuée, of the Conseil des Anciens, and the chosen friend of Carnot. I took that occasion to do justice to the zeal and spirit of General Grouchy, and I hope I succeeded. At four I went to dinner with the Minister of War, and at eight, by appointment, to the Luxembourg, where I had an interview with Carnot and Lacuée, for about a quarter of an hour, on the subject of McSheehy's mission to Ireland, the general result of which I endeavored to impress upon Carnot. I also stated, in the strongest manner, what I felt in favor of Grouchy; so that, so far, I have done my duty by him. Several days elapsed in this manner, waiting continually for news of the General, until at length, on the 15th, he arrived, with the Revolution 74, at La Rochelle: so that put at once an end to my expectations of any thing further being attempted, at least for the present. About the 21st, the General arrived at Paris, and I had the consolation to learn from his Aid-de-camp, Poitou, that my friend Mr. Shee was safe, and in tolerable health. He had suffered dreadfully from the gout, never having quit his bed during the whole voyage of a month, but once, for a quarter of an hour. The morning after his arrival, I saw the General for five minutes. He receiv-

ed me very favorably, and asked me particularly about McSheehy's expedition, which I detailed to him, and, by his orders, gave him an abstract in writing next morning. He asked me what I was doing at Paris. I told him I was sent by General Grouchy, with his despatches, and that I was waiting further orders. Four or five days after, the General was named to the command of the army of Sambre et Meuse, which was decisive with regard to our expedition. I began now to think of my own situation and of that of my family, of whom it is at length surely time to speak. On my arrival at Paris, I found a letter from my wife at Madgett's, dated at Hamburgh, and informing me of her safe arrival there, about the 20th of December, with my sister and the children, my brother having decided to settle in America. The transports of joy I felt at the news of her arrival were most dreadfully corrected by the account she gave me of her health, which threw me into the most terrible alarms. I wrote to her instantly to remain at Hamburgh until further orders, and by no means to think of exposing herself, in her present weak state, and our dear little babies, to a journey from Hamburgh. in this dreadful season, a great part of the road being through a wild country, where there is no better accommodation for travelling than open wagons. In my wife's letter there is an account of an affair relative to my sister. A person who came over in the same ship, a young Swiss merchant, just beginning the world, with little or no property, thought proper to fall in love with her; in consequence, I received by the same conveyance which brought my wife's letter, one from him, informing me of his situation and circumstances, of his love for my sister and hers for him, and praying my consent. There was an air of candor and honesty in his letter which gave me a good opinion of him, nor did I consider myself at liberty to stand in the way of her happiness, which my wife mentioned to me was deeply interested. I wrote, therefore, giving my full consent to the marriage, and trust in God they may be as happy as I wish them. It is certainly a hazardous step in favor of a man whom I do not know; but, as she is passionately fond of him, and he of her, as he perfectly knows her situation, and has by no means endeavored to disguise or exaggerate his own. I am in hopes they may do well. At all events, I have acted with the best intentions, and to the best of my judgment.



cumstances. They will, I believe, settle in Hamburgh ; so, there is one more of our family dispersed. I am sure if there were five quarters of the globe, there would be one of us perched on the fifth. Towards the end of the month I received a second letter from my wife, dated December 27th, with a postscript from my little Maria, being the first line I have seen of her writing. It brought the tears fast in my eyes. Thank God ! my dearest love's health is a little better, for I have been most miserable ever since I received the first letter. I hope, however, mine may arrive in time, as well as a second which I despatched three days after the first, to prevent her leaving Hamburgh. But to return to my affairs. On the 30th, I wrote to General Hoche, on the subject of my present situation, praying him to apply to the Government to permit me to retire from the service, preserving my pay and appointments, and, at the same time, offering, at any future period, when I might be useful, to resume my situation. The same evening I had a note from the General, desiring to see me early the next morning, and accordingly this day, 31st January. I went to the Hotel of the Minister of War, where he is lodged, at 8 o'clock. On my calling on his Aid-de-camp, Poitou, who makes his correspondence, Poitou showed me my letter, with a note in the margin, written by the General: "*Faire une copie pour etre adressée au Directoire, avec la demande de sa conservation, motivée sur l'utilité dont il peut etre ; lui faire une réponse flatteuse, et lui temoigner ma satisfaction de sa conduite.*" Nothing, certainly, can be more agreeable to me. Poitou also showed me, in confidence, the copy of the General's letter to the Directory in my favor, which is worded in the most flattering and strongest manner. So I am in hopes I shall succeed in my application. From Poitou, I went to the General's apartment, who received me like a friend ; which I remarked the more, because his manner to his officers in general is cold and dry. He told me he had written to the Directory, and that I should carry the letter myself to General Dupont, who transacts General Clarke's business in his absence ; that Dupont would present me to the Directory in consequence, and he hoped the affair would be settled to my satisfaction. I returned him my acknowledgments, and in the course of what I said. I mentioned the arrival of my wife and family at Hamburgh, and my intention of going thither to bring them to

France. The General seemed struck when I mentioned Ham-  
burgh, and asked me again, Was I going thither? I replied, it  
was my intention as soon as I had settled the affair he was so  
good as to undertake for me. Well, then, said he, perhaps we  
may find something for you to do there; there is a person there  
whom perhaps you may see. I told him, that there, or any where  
else, where I could be useful to my own country and the Repub-  
lic, I was ready to go, at an hour's warning. I added, that,  
when I asked my retreat for the present, I begged him to re-  
member, that, if ever our business was resumed, under any form,  
I was as ready and desirous as ever to take my share in it. and  
that I did not at all despair of having the honor of serving once  
more under his orders. "The affair," replied he, "is but sus-  
pended. You know our difficulties for money; the repair of  
our fleet, and the necessary preparations, require some con-  
siderable time, and, in the mean time, there are 15,000 men  
lying idle below, and, in fact, we cannot even feed them there.  
The Directory has resolved, in the mean time, to employ them  
usefully elsewhere, and has accepted my services; but be  
assured, the moment the enterprise is resumed, that I will re-  
turn with the first patrouille which embarks." I expressed  
the satisfaction which this assurance gave me; and, after a  
conversation of about half an hour, in which I found him as  
warm and steady as ever in the business, I took my leave; and  
to-morrow I am to have my letter for the Directory. This con-  
versation with Hoche, has given me spirits to recommence these  
memorandums; for, in fact, my mind has been in a state of  
stupor ever since I landed at Brest, from our unfortunate expe-  
dition. Perhaps Providence has not yet given us up. For my part,  
my courage, such as it is, is not abated one single jot, though I  
see by an article in the English papers, that they were in hopes  
to catch the vessel on board of which I was embarked, in which  
case, they were kind enough to promise that I should be pro-  
perly taken care of. They may go and be hanged, and "*I do  
not value their chariot of a rush.*" Bonaparte has beaten the  
Austrians for the five and fortieth time this campaign: killed  
7,000 and taken 20,000. I mention this, because it may bring  
about a peace with the Emperor, in which case we shall have  
nothing to do but lay along side of England; and perhaps we  
are not done with her yet. 4      the affair here is settled.

I will set off for Hamburgh. and bring my dear, dear love. and our little ones, and I think I will plant myself at Nanterre. beside my friend Mr. Shee. in order to keep the communication open with General Clarke. when he returns : and may be, I may be able to do a little mischief yet. I feel this moment like a man who is just awakened from a long terrible dream. Who is my lover that I am to see at Hamburgh, in God's name ? I feel once more my ancient propensities revive. We shall see.

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FEBRUARY, 1797.

*February* 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. Yesterday morning I heard of the arrival of my friend Mr. Shee, from Rochelle. I ran off immediately and found him at General Clarke's apartments. He was delighted to see me. It seems they had a dreadful voyage of it in the *Fraternité*. They sailed at one time four and twenty hours, unnoticed, in the very middle of the English fleet. We soon came to our business, in which he seems as hearty as ever ; he tells me he hopes the Government will renew it, by-and-by, on a grand scale : and that we shall have the co-operation, so long wished for, of the Spanish marine. If that be so, all may yet be recovered. He tells me also, that he had seen General Hoche. and spoken to him about me. in the strongest manner ; that the General had the best opinion of me, and had applied personally to the Directory and to General Dupont, in whose department such business lies during the absence of General Clarke, to have me continued on the tableau of the army : that the General also told him of my desire to go to Hamburgh to bring my wife and family to France : to which Mr. Shee observed, that I might be more usefully employed elsewhere, and that he knew me so well, that he would take upon himself to answer for me, that no personal considerations should prevent me going where I could be of most service to the cause. I told Mr. Shee that I waived going to Hamburgh, notwithstanding the state of my wife's health, and was ready, in an hour, to go wherever the General might think proper to order me. I then mentioned to him General Grouchy's motives for sending me to Paris, and I begged of him, if he found an opportunity, to express to General Hoche the favorable opinion I held of Grouchy's conduct. Mr.

Shee told me he was very glad I had mentioned that circumstance, as it gave him the key to one or two things which appeared unaccountable to him; that Grouchy was, at present, rather down in the General's opinion, which he now saw must be in consequence of the cabal I spoke of, but that he would endeavor, discreetly, to set him right; so I am in hopes I have been of use to my lover Grouchy in this business. I do not know very much of him, but he behaves like a gentleman; and his conduct in Bantry Bay was as spirited as I could desire, and, besides, I hate the dirty spirit of cabal which is working against him. I then left Mr. Shee, having fixed to call on him again this morning, which I did accordingly; but we had not much conversation, being interrupted by a young General who lost a leg at Rastadt, in the last campaign on the Rhine; however, I gave him McSheehy's report, Grouchy's proclamation to the Irish, and my own opinion at the council of war held in Bantry Bay; I also gave him a memorandum of the names of the Northern Star, Dublin Evening Post, and Cork Gazette, which I strongly pressed him to have procured for the Directory; and he went immediately to speak to General Dupont on the subject. I am to see him to-morrow at twelve. On my return, I was hailed by General Hoche, who was driving through the Rue Montmartre, and informed me that my affair was settled; so now I am fixed in the French service, if nothing better offers in my own country. I returned the General my acknowledgments, and so we parted. Altogether, things do not look so gloomy just now as they did a fortnight ago. If the Spaniards and the Directory act with spirit and decision, all may yet do well, and Ireland be independent. As to myself, I can at least exist on my appointments, and if I had my family here, I could be as happy as the richest man in Europe; but the state of my dearest love's health keeps me in the most mortal inquietude. Two nights successively I have started out of my sleep, in a cold sweat, with horrible dreams concerning her. I have read her two letters a thousand times, and there is not a phrase regarding her health that I have not turned a thousand different ways to torment myself; in short, I am truly miserable on her account. To-morrow I will demand of Mr. Shee, whether I am to be employed here or not; if not, the moment I receive my appointments I will set out to meet her. If I am emp

I will order her to stay at Hamburgh to the first of May, which is about three months, and then come in a neutral vessel to Havre, or Dunkirk, and so to Paris. I hope in God I shall have a letter from her now in two or three days. in answer to mine of the 15th January : it is, to-day, twenty-six days since I wrote, and I think I must soon have an answer. I see in the English papers that, in a late debate in the Irish Parliament, the Lord Chancellor. (my old friend Fitzgibbon, who is now Earl of Clare.) did me the favor to abuse me twice by name, as the father of the United Irishmen. I thought *he* had forgotten *me*, but if we had got safe into Ireland, with the blessing of God, I would have refreshed his memory. In the same debate, he called General Hoche "*a monster*," so, at least, I had the pleasure to be abused in good company. I wrote a witty note, in an unknown language, which I please myself to call French, to the General thereupon, consoling him for the disgrace, &c. I think I am growing sprightly once more, but God knows the heart !

*February* 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. This day I removed to the Hotel des Etats Unis, Rue de Tournon, near the Luxembourg. as I have been very inconveniently off at Mademoiselle Boivert's, my ancient landlady. The 10th instant, I had the unspeakable satisfaction to receive a letter from my dearest love, acquainting me that her health was much better ; she had received my two letters, and tells me my sister's marriage was fixed for the second day after : so I am in hopes she is settled, and trust in God she will be happy. Wrote a long letter in return on the 11th. General Hoche set off for the army on the 13th. Before his departure, he asked Mr. Shee, whether I would like to come to the army of Sambre et Meuse ? To which he answered as before, that he was sure I would be ready to go wherever the General thought I could be useful : on which the General desired him to propose it to me. This was in consequence of a conversation I had with Mr. Shee, in which I mentioned to him that I thought we might be able, in consequence of my sister's marriage, to open a communication with Ireland through Hamburgh ; at which General Hoche caught directly. It was fixed, in consequence, that I should make this campaign with the army of Sambre et Meuse, in order to be near his person ; and he made application accordingly to the Directory, for my

brevet as Adjutant General, and an order to join forthwith. I learned, in the Minister's bureau, that I am designed as the officer "charged with the General's foreign correspondence." That has a lofty sound ! Bruix, who is Major General de l'Armée Navale, and in fact conducted the naval part of our expedition, is arrived at Paris, in order to confer with the Directory and Minister of Marine. He tells Mr. Shee, that if the Government will grant 8,000,000 livres for the navy, he will engage, in six months, to have thirty-five sail of the line ready to put to sea : 8,000,000 livres is about £ 350,000. I trust and rely the money will be found ; and indeed Truguet, the Minister, told Mr. Shee that he had made out some part already, and hopes to secure the remainder. The Spaniards, I believe, will give us twenty-five sail of the line ; and if we can make out even twenty-five more, that will make fifty sail. Come, all is not desperate yet. In the mean time, I see in the English papers, that Government is arresting all the world in Ireland. Arthur O'Connor, who it seems is canvassing for county Antrim, is taken up ; but, I believe, only for a libel. It seems he was walking with Lord Edward Fitzgerald when he was arrested. It is not for nothing that these two young gentlemen were walking together. I would give a great deal for an hour's conversation with O'Connor. I see he has thrown himself, body and soul, into the revolution of his country. Well, if we succeed, he will obtain, and deserves, one of the first stations in the Government. He is a noble fellow, that is the truth of it. I am now waiting for my brevet and order to join, and eke, for my *gratification d'entrée en campagne*, which amounts to 800 livres, together with two months' pay, which will make, *en numeraire*, 330 livres more ; and my trunk has not yet arrived from Brest, and will not be here this month, and before that time I may be at Cologne, where our head quarters are fixed ; and in my trunk are two gold watches and chains, and my flute, and my papers, and all that makes life dear to me ; and so I am in perplexity and doubtful dilemma. I must see and spin out the time, if possible, till my trunk arrives, or I shall be in a state of anxiety thereupon, which will be truly alarming. I called on my friend Monroe yesterday. He is recalled, and the Directory have refused to acknowledge Pinckney, who was named to succeed him. He leaves Paris in ten days for

rica, and I want to write by him to Dr. Reynolds, and to my brother. If Mat were here now, I could name him my Adjoint directly. I think I will leave his coming to his own option. He can at any time return to America ; so I believe I will write to him to come at once.

*February 19, 20, 21, 22.* I see by the Courier of the 14th instant, that Robert and William Simms are arrested for publishing Arthur O'Connor's letter, as it should seem, for the account is rather confused. I collect from another paragraph in the same paper, that they were released on the 9th ; but O'Connor remains in custody. He has proposed himself as candidate for county Antrim, and I have no doubt will be returned ; and it is for a letter to the electors of that county that he has been arrested. Government will move heaven and earth to keep him out. There is now scarcely one of my friends in Ireland but is in prison, and most of them in peril of their lives ; for the system of terror is carried as far there, as ever it was in France in the time of Robespierre. I think I will call on Carnot to-day, and propose to him to write to Dr. Reynolds, to have some person on whom we can depend, sent over from Ireland, in order to confer with the Government here. It may be easily done, and my letter will go in perfect safety by Monroe. Allons !

*February 23.* Called on General Dupont yesterday, in order to go with him to Carnot. Instead of bringing me, he took upon himself to give me instructions, as to what I should write. I found his instructions very frivolous. I will write now on my own plan.

*February 24.* This day I called on Monroe, and gave him a letter of eight pages for Dr. Reynolds, in which I gave a detailed account of our late expedition, and assure him of the determination of the French Government to persevere in our business. I likewise offer him a rapid sketch of the present posture of the great powers of Europe, in order to satisfy him of the permanency of the Republic, together with a brief view of our comparative resources as to England. Finally, I desire him, observing the most profound secrecy and rigid caution, to write to Ireland, and by preference, if possible, to R. S., to send a proper person to Hamburgh, addressed to the French Resident there, in order to come on to Paris and confer with

the Directory. I calculate, if nothing extraordinary happens to delay him, that that person may be here by the middle of July next; finally, I desire him to assure my friends that we have stronger hopes than ever of success, and to entreat them, in the mean time, to remain quiet, and not, by a premature explosion, give the English Government a pretext to let loose their dragoons upon them. Such is the substance of my letter, which I have every reason to hope will go safe.

*February 25.* Walked to Nanterre to see my friend Shee, with whom I will spend two days.

*February 26.* At work with Mr. Shee, writing a memorial relating to our business, which is to be given to Lacuée, of the Council of Ancients, with whom I am a little acquainted. He is particularly connected with Carnot, which is the reason we address ourselves to him. It is in the form of a letter from Mr. Shee to General Clarke.

*February 27.* Returned this day to Paris.

*February 28.* Called on Lacuée with the memorial. Found him busily engaged with his Secretary. Left him the paper, and fixed to call on him in two or three days.

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MARCH, 1797.

*March 1, 2, 3.* I lead the life of a dog here in Paris, where I am as much alone as in the deserts of Arabia. This night, in downright wretchedness, I am come to a tavern, where I write this memorandum in a little box by myself. It is miserable. I wonder, shall I ever be so happy as to see my dearest love and our little ones once more. My mind is overgrown with docks and thistles, for want of cultivation, and I cannot help it, for I have not a soul to speak to whom I care a farthing about. There are about half a dozen Irishmen here in Paris that I have seen, but they are sad vulgar wretches, and I have been used to rather better company in all respects. Well, let me change the subject. I have been lately introduced to the famous Thomas Paine, and like him very well. He is vain beyond all belief, but he has reason to be vain, and for my part I forgive him. He has done wonders for the cause of liberty, both in America and Europe, and I believe him to be conscientiously



converses extremely well ; and I find him wittier in discourse than in his writings, where his humor is clumsy enough. He read me some passages from a reply to the Bishop of Landaff, which he is preparing for the press, in which he belabors the prelate without mercy. He seems to plume himself more on his theology than his politics, in which I do not agree with him. I mentioned to him that I had known Burke in England, and spoke of the shattered state of his mind, in consequence of the death of his only son Richard. Paine immediately said that it was the Rights of Man which had broke his heart, and that the death of his son gave him occasion to develop the chagrin which had preyed upon him ever since the appearance of that work. I am sure the Rights of Man have tormented Burke exceedingly, but I have seen myself the workings of a father's grief on his spirit, and I could not be deceived. *Paine has no children!*— Oh ! my little babies, if I was to lose my Will, or my little Fantom ! Poor little souls, I doat upon them, and on their darling mother, whom I love ten thousand times more than my own existence. They are never out of my thoughts. But, to return to Paine : He drinks like a fish, a misfortune which I have known to befall other celebrated patriots. I am told, that the true time to see him to advantage is about ten at night, with a bottle of brandy and water before him, which I can very well conceive. I have not yet had that advantage, but must contrive, if I can, to sup with him at least one night, before I set off for the army. Three days ago I saw sixty stand of the Emperor's colors, presented by General Augereau, of the army of Italy. They were taken in Mantua ; and the President of the Directory, Rewbell, presented Augereau, in return, with the colors of the 62d demi-brigade, which he had carried over the bridge of Lodi under the fire of the enemy, and which had been voted to him in consequence by the Conseil des 500. It was a glorious spectacle, and what rendered it more interesting, the father and mother of Augereau, (his father an old soldier, and his mother a *bonne bourgeoisie*,) were close beside him at the moment, and his brother attended him as his aid-de-camp. What a crowd of ideas did this groupe produce instantaneously in my mind ! Well, if we had succeeded in our expedition——but no matter.—“ *Tout ce qui est différé, n'est pas perdu.* ” We shall see yet what turn things may take. The colors were carried by sixty old soldiers, and

I was delighted with the *ferté* with which those veterans presented themselves. I find the spirit of enthusiasm abate daily in my mind. "*Le temps et le malheur ont fectri mon ame.*" Yet I could not be insensible to this spectacle, which brought the tears into my eyes more than once. I thought of my own father; how proud he would be of me, if we were to succeed in Ireland. Well, all in good time.

March 4, 5. Gave Mr. Monroe a letter for my brother, under cover, to Dr. Reynolds, in which I recommend to him to come to France, but without pressing him very strongly. I wish to God he were here to-night. Monros will set off in four or five days.

March 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Received a letter from Mary, informing me of her marriage, and written evidently with a contented heart. I trust in God she will be happy. Enclosed was a letter from my poor dear love, about whose health I am in most dreadful anxiety. She has removed to the suburbs of Hamburg, where I hope she will be better. Maria wrote me a little P. S. She writes like a little angel. Answered the two letters immediately. but the post will not serve till the thirteenth. Received my gratification d'entree en campagne, 800 L = £32 sterling.

March 11, 12. Applied to-day and got an order for my arrears since the 1st Nivose. In the margin of the order I observed the following note: "*Nota. L'activité et la grande utilité de cet officier, ont été attestées par le Bureau des officiers généraux.*" This is very handsome.

March 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. Dined to-day with Cherin, who sets off to-night for the army of Sambre et Meuse. I hope to follow him in a week at farthest, as I am promised my *frais de route* by that time. Came home after dinner, and sat some time alone, and devoured with the spleen. Opened my desk, and read over all my dearest love's letters. They are my constant refuge, but latterly I am most terribly alarmed for her health. If I were so miserable as to lose her, I do not think I could ever survive it, and then what would become of our dearest little babies? Darling little things, I doat on them. My poor Maria; there are two postscripts of her writing; it is impossible to express how much I love them all; shall I ever have the happiness to see them again? Well, I must not think of that now. Sent out for a lemon and ~~and~~ and determined to play the part of Lord B. "*I m*"

*punch.*" Oh that my dearest love were at the other side of the little table where I am writing this: "*Quanquam oh!*" There is one thing which I have had occasion to remark to-night, and a thousand times before, since my arrival in France, viz. "*That it is not good for man to be alone.*" If I had my dear and unfortunate friend Russell beside me, to consult on every occasion, I should no doubt have conducted myself infinitely better, and, at all events, I should have had infinitely more enjoyment. I have read a good deal latterly, but with very little profit. In reading, an observation has struck me; very well; but I have nobody to communicate it to; I cannot discuss it, nor follow it up to its consequences. In an hour it is lost, and I remember it no more; whereas if I had a friend to whom I could open myself, it would have become a principle. All this is not my fault. Of all the privations I have ever suffered, that which I most sensibly feel, is the want of a friend since my arrival in France, to whom I could open my heart. If William, if Matt, if Russell, were here, what a difference would it make in my situation to-night. Well, I will go to my dreary bed; I declare I am weary of my existence.

*March 21, 22, 23, 24.* Received this day a letter from my sister, which has thrown me into the greatest distress. I much fear that I shall lose my best beloved wife; I cannot write.

*March 25.* Wrote to my wife and sister, promising to join them in a month if possible; took my place in the Diligence for Liege for the 29th, having received my frais de route yesterday.

*March 26, 27, 28.* Blank.

#### JOURNEY TO COLOGNE.

*March 29.* Set off from Paris at three in the afternoon, in the Diligence, for Liege; travelled all night.

*March 30.* Breakfast at Soissons; supper at Rheims, which, from the little I saw of it, seems to me a delightful spot; visited the Cathedral where the Kings of France used to be consecrated; it is a noble Gothic structure, but I fancy it will be some time before that ceremony will be again performed there; drank some excellent red champaign, which is called Vin Rosé, and set off; travelled all night again.

*March 31.* Dined at Launay, a village, and arrived, in the evening, at Mezieres, as tired as a horse; got to bed early, and slept like a top.

APRIL, 1797.

*April 1.* Slept at Rocroy, famous for the battle gained in 1643, by the great Condé, in which he annihilated the Spanish infantry, and thereby changed the destiny of Europe. I should have observed that we crossed the Meuse at Mezieres, where it is not very considerable. I have now traversed Champagne, and have seen nothing remarkable; it is a flat country, interesting only from the high state of its cultivation. Rheims is the best thing in it.

*April 2.* Slept at Givet, immediately over which is Charlemont, a place I should judge impregnable from its situation on a rock, great part of which is inaccessible. There are three noble barracks at Givet, one for cavalry and two for infantry. In the beginning of the war the Austrians penetrated as far as the hills opposite Givet, but, upon observing Charlemont with their perspectives, it held out so little temptation to them, that they soon retired; crossed the Meuse again, which is beginning to grow interesting. The banks on each side rise boldly, and, in many places, are covered with wood. Passed a chateau belonging to the civedant Duke de Beaufort, who has had the good sense not to emigrate; it is a most delicious spot, on the edge of the river, highly fertile and cultivated, which is well contrasted by the lofty rocks, which rise bare and perpendicular on the opposite bank to an uncommon height. Entered the Forest of Ardennes, which brought Touchstone immediately to my mind: "*Well, now I am in Ardennes, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place.*" A most infernal road, but a most romantic country; dined at Feray, which is completely Llangollen; I never saw a completer Welch landscape for mountains, wood, and water.

*April 3.* Breakfasted at Dinant, on the road to which, close to the edge of the Meuse, is a remarkable sugar-loaf rock, which rises to an immense height. The road passes between this sugar-loaf and an immense pile of rocks on the other side; and there is not, I am sure, a foot more than the breadth of the carriage; the passage was opened by Louis the XIV. Opposite Dinant is Bouvines; this country is a sort of classic for a French officer. Since I have last crossed the Meuse are beginning to wear a Flemish appearance; pass-

Ciney, where there was a fair, not very unlike an English or Irish one ; slept at Freneux.

*April 4.* Crossed the Meuse again, and arrived at Liege about ten o'clock ; on the road near Liege is a most magnificent abbey of Benedictines, which is, in fact, a palace. At present, however, the French have laid their ungodly hands on the revenues, so I do not know how the Reverend Fathers make it out. The approach to Liege put me in mind of that to Birmingham ; not that the face of the country is the same, but that, in both cases, there is a great number of neat country boxes, extremely well kept, that the fields are well drest, and the gardens highly cultivated, a proof that the inhabitants are at their ease, as is generally the case in great manufacturing towns. Liege itself is a melancholy dirty spot ; the palace of the Prince Bishop has the air of a convent ; it is a square building ; the inside of which forms a court, round which runs an arcade, where there are little shops of divers sorts ; by-the-by even in the Palais Royal, at Paris, the ground floor of the Duke of Orleans' apartments is laid out in shops, which has often surprised me. An English nobleman would not suffer the interior of the palace to be so shabbily occupied. Walked about the town, which offers nothing remarkable except the number of little boys who exercise the trade of pimping, and handle the *caduceus* with great dexterity. A stranger is beset with them at every corner ; the instant he arrives, three or four of them surround him : “ *Monsieur, monsieur ! Voulez vous que je vous conduise ; Quinze ans ; quinze ans ; la plus jolie femme de la ville.* ” Yet Liege has always been under an ecclesiastical Government. The Cathedral was, I believe, magnificent, but the French have demolished it, and it is now a heap of ruins. The courts of justice, &c. are held in the Episcopal palace. Supped in company with a Pole named Mokosky, who was secretary to Kosciusko ; found him extremely interesting, which might, in some degree, perhaps result from the similarity of our situations, each of us being banished from our country, and seeking refuge in France, from the same motives ; sate late with him ; the only pleasant evening I have had on my journey ; I like him very much ; he idolizes Kosciusko, and speaks of him as of a being of superior order ; his conversation brought a thousand ideas fresh into my mind. Well, let me have done with that subject for the present ; there is

a time for all things ; and mine may come yet. The country about Liege, especially the garden belonging to the Bourgeois, is in the highest possible state of cultivation. Thus far I have remarked no traces of the ravages of war, except a part of one of the fauxbourgs, which was destroyed by the fire of the Austrians.

*April 5.* Traversed the Duchy of Limbourg ; a rich parterre country, the verdure of which is not exceeded by that of Ireland, and which is kept with an exactness and propriety of cultivation which I have not remarked even in the finest parts of England. The peasants are sturdy and tall, well fed, and well clothed ; most of them wear blue smock frocks ; the farm houses are capital mansions ; and every thing bears the appearance of ease and plenty ; the horses are remarkably well kept ; in short, I thought myself in the very finest part of Yorkshire ; but Limbourg has the advantage in point of cultivation. Arrived in the evening at Aix-la-Chapelle, but too late to see any thing. Every thing now is German.

*April 6.* Set off this morning in an open carriage, with the wind in my face, and a snow storm ; traversed the Duchy of Juliers ; a corn country, well cultivated, but very inferior to Limbourg in the appearance of every thing, especially the farm houses, which, in Juliers, are very mean, and grow worse as we approached Cologne, where we arrived at six in the evening. *Hic finis longæ, chartæque viæque.* In the course of this journey, I am surprised at the insignificance of the observations which presented themselves to me ; in fact, my journal is the counterpart of Kid Codling's remarks, "*Memorandum, feathers will swim in the salt sea,*" but many reasons concur to render my tour barren. In the first place, my mind is totally occupied by the state of my dearest life's health, to the exclusion of all other objects. I can safely say, that since I left Paris, she has never been one instant out of my thoughts. I am more unhappy about her than I can express. She is the delight of my eyes, the joy of my heart, the only object for which I wish to live. I doat upon her to distraction. We are now nearly twelve years married, and I love her ten thousand times more than the first hour of our union. *Oh my life, my love, what should I do, if I were so miserable as to lose you?* Let me, if possible, banish this horrible

place, I apprehend that I have not the talent for observation, nor perhaps the knowledge, or, rather, the reading, necessary: for I perceive that tours, to borrow Sterne's comparison, as well as books, are made like apothecaries' mixtures, by pouring out of one vessel into another. There are five hundred *Vade mecums*, by the aid of which I see any body may write a tour, but for my part, I am heinously unprovided, seeing that I have not even the *Livre des Postes*, for want of which, I have, in my journal of the 2d instant, placed Firmay after Givet, whereas, any well-informed tourist, who will only take the trouble, without quitting his fireside, to open his eyes and look on the map, will see that Firmay precedes Givet, whereby I am convicted of an unpardonable error in geography, and such as may raise in disinterested minds a doubt whether, in fact, I ever visited those remote countries, of which I pretend to speak. In the next place, I am quite alone, without a soul to speak to, that I care one farthing about, or that cares one farthing for me. If I were to make the tour of Europe to my mind, I would choose for my *compagnons de voyage*, my wife, Russell, and George Knox. It would be a most delicious party. I love George Knox dearly; and for my wife and Russell, they make, I may say, a part of my existence. Well! when the peace comes, we shall see more. In the last place, I have been shut up, all along, in an execrable *diligence*, from which it is almost impossible to see any thing, and when we arrived in the evening, at our station, I was generally so fatigued, that my first object was to get to bed as soon as possible. I therefore refer my dearest love and my little babies, for whom, and for Russell alone, I write these memorandums, to the innumerable tours which have been, and may be, written through France and the Pays Bas, for that information in which I am so scandalously deficient, notwithstanding that I have spent eight or nine whole days in the stage coach, between Paris and Cologne, and have traversed at least four hundred miles of the territory of the Republic.

*April 7. Cologne.*—(That I take to be the true style of a modern tourist.) In Cologne I see, as yet, nothing remarkable. Went with the Adjutant General Gastines, with whom I travelled to the *Quartier General*. The General busy, and could not see us, but sent to invite us to dinner. Dinner very pleas-

ant. I should be as happy as an Emperor, if it were not for the increasing anxiety I feel for my dearest life and soul, which, at every instant, shoots across my mind. If ever I feel myself for a moment disposed to enjoy any thing, that cruel idea recurs to me, and sinks me at once. My situation is most cruel at this moment; just at the opening of the campaign, I am obliged, if I can, without disgrace, to quit the army, or, if I stay, I risque the death of my wife, to me the most terrible of all events, and I leave my three little children at Hamburgh without the protection of father or mother, depending solely on the friendship of my sister, who is herself depending on her husband, to whom I am an utter stranger. It is terrible! I have already written twice to my dearest love, that I will, if possible, proceed from Cologne to join her. I must now see how that can be done with honor; if it cannot be done with honor, it is not my fault; and, in that case, if we must all perish, we must, and there is no remedy. My mind is distracted to-night with a thousand opposite thoughts, and I know not where to fix. I am most truly miserable! Went to the Spectacle for want of other idleness. Saw *Œdipe à Cologne* butchered; a wicked punster behind me, said it was truly *Œdipe à Cologne*.

*April 8.* Mr. Shee is at Bonn, five leagues from this. He is appointed by the General President of the Committee of Administration of the *Pays Conquis*. Took leave of the General, and set off for Bonn at two o'clock, in the Diligence. Found Mr. Shee in the gout in his bed, and his brother commissioners at work about him. Fixed to see him early to-morrow, when I will, if I can, settle with him what I am to do under the present painful circumstances.

*April 9.* Called on Mr. Shee early, and mentioned to him my present situation. After turning it in all possible lights, we agreed that I should write a letter to the General, suggesting the necessity of opening a communication with Ireland, and offering, in case he had not otherwise disposed of me, to go in person to Hamburgh for that purpose. Wrote the letter accordingly, which Mr. Shee translated, and I signed. Left Mr. Shee with his commissioners, and walked about Bonn, which is a charming little town. It was the residence of the Elector of Cologne, who has a most superb palace, indeed, except the Chateau de Versailles.



ever saw; the King of England has nothing like it. It is now converted into an hospital for the French soldiers, and I am sorry to see it already a good deal damaged. The garden is likewise metamorphosed into a park of artillery, in which, however, there are at present but a few caissons. About a quarter of a mile from the town, there is a second palace, not so magnificent as the first, but which I should certainly prefer for a residence; it is called Poppelsdorf, was the Elector's country seat, and has, I am told, a handsome *jardin Anglais*. It is, also, converted into an hospital. Before the war the road from Cologne to Bonn, being fifteen miles, was planted on both sides like an avenue, but all the trees are now cut down, and the beauty of the road is lost. This, however, is one of the least inconveniences of war. Opposite to Bonn, on the other side of the Rhine, are the Seven Mountains, which form a very striking and picturesque object. Three of them are surmounted by castles, and furnished, in former days, a retreat to the famous Robert, *chef de brigands*. The Rhine itself presents nothing very remarkable here; it seems to me something, but not much, larger than the Shannon, at Athlone: the water, just now, is muddy, but I do not know whether it is always so. On the opposite bank is also the abbey of Siegburg, situated on the summit of a hill, which forms a very striking object. I entered one or two of the churches, in which there are abundance of very middling pictures, and execrably bad statuary. Dined with MM. the commissioners, very agreeably. From the windows of the dining room I saw the advanced posts of the enemy, on the other side of the Rhine. They are only a small detachment of O'Donnel's free corps, dressed in green jackets and red pantaloons, with caps and white belts. Came home early and went to bed. I am not at all well! The continual chagrin and uneasiness of my mind, in a certain degree affects my health. What a difference would it make in the day I have spent at Bonn, if I had my poor love with me. What shall I do, if the General does not send me to Hamburgh?

*April 10.* Called on Mr. Shee early, and found him engaged. All the places in the Diligence for Cologne were taken to-day, so I must wait till to-morrow. Confound it! I am in the utmost impatience to know what decision the General will take with regard to my application. Walked round the town and environs

two hours. It is fortified, "*after a manner*;" but they are, I believe, the most peaceful fortifications in Europe. The fossé is converted into a number of little gardens, which are admirably well kept; the interior of the bastions form also so many gardens, in each of which is a handsome summer-house; one of them contains the *Hortus Botanicus*, with a delightful house in the middle. I have not seen any thing so pretty for a long time. I thought immediately if I had that house and garden, with a decent competence, and my dearest love and our little babies about me, I should be the happiest man in Europe. Spent half an hour contemplating the *Sept Montagnes*, which appear more and more picturesque and striking. Higher up the river is a hill, not very high, but which rises abruptly, the top of which is crowned by a castle of considerable extent; I do not know its name, but it is a noble object on the landscape. On my return, discovered a delightful little farm house, with a patch of woodland behind, and a few acres of excellent land around it, which would suit me to a miracle. I think I am grown covetous to-day; I want every thing that I see. Altogether, the town and environs of Bonn are charming, and if my mind were at ease, I should enjoy this little trip exceedingly. What would I give to have my poor love with me to-day. Well, come what will, I will not speak of her again, if possible, until we meet. I am weary of complaints, which profit nothing. Let me see what General Hoche will determine. I hear the campaign will open the 15th, it is a good time for me to propose going to Hamburgh. I cannot conceive a situation much more painful than mine is at this moment.

*April 11.* Returned to-day to Cologne, and dined at the Quartier General. Gave my letter to Poitou; so to-morrow I suppose I shall have an answer. One way or other, I shall know my destination soon.

*April 12.* Saw the General to-day, for an instant, before dinner. He told me he had read my letter, approved of the plan, and had, in consequence, desired Poitou to make out a permission for me to go to Hamburgh. I did not like the word "*permission*," and therefore took an opportunity to speak to him again after dinner, when I told him that I did not desire to go to Hamburgh unless he himself thought it advisable, and requested, that in that case, he would give me an order, specifically, for that - -

pose, as otherwise it might appear that I had applied for a *congé* at the very opening of the campaign. which was not the case. He entered into my view of the business directly, and promised me to have the order made accordingly ; so I am in hopes that affair will be settled to my mind. I took this occasion to ask him if he had any particular directions to give me, or any particular person to whom he wished I should address myself. He told me not. That all I had to do was to assure my friends that both the French Government and himself, individually, were bent as much as ever on the emancipation of Ireland ; that preparations were making for a second attempt, which would be concluded as speedily as the urgency of affairs would admit ; that it was a business which the Republic would never give up, and that if three expeditions failed, they would try a fourth, and ever, until they succeeded. He desired me also to recommend that this determination should be made known through the medium of the patriotic prints in Ireland, in order to satisfy the people that we had not lost sight of them. I then took my leave, and we wished each other mutually a good voyage. I am very well satisfied with the turn which this affair is like to take, and especially. I am infinitely indebted to General Hoche for his kindness to me personally. On leaving the General I called on Poitou, and mentioned to him what I had said about the order. I likewise wrote a line to the General, requesting my *frais de route*, but I doubt my success in this application, as our military chest here is heinously unfurnished. At all events, I have money enough to carry me to Hamburgh. Come, all is not lost that is in danger. I have now the General's word that our business will be undertaken again.

*April 13.* To-day the General set off for Coblenz. I walked all the forenoon about Cologne, and entered diverse churches ; saw a procession of priests carrying the host. To a devout Catholic it must appear very striking, but to me, who am not a Catholic, it was no great things ; however, I am glad I have seen it, for one must see every thing. Saw sundry live Friars and Monks, “ *Black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery.*” Visited the port, and went on board a Dutch galliot, where there was an apartment of four little rooms, the neatest and prettiest things I ever saw. I should delight to make a voyage down the Rhine with my dearest love aboard such another.

Yesterday and to-day above 6,000 men, with a train of artillery, have entered Cologne, including the Legion des Francs and 24th demi brigade of light infantry ; they are to be incorporated and serve with a company of light artillery on the advanced guard, and as they have been trained to the *petite guerre* in La Vendée, I think they will be a match for an equal number of the light troops of the enemy. Met several of my *connaissances expeditionnaires*, among the rest Waudré, of the *artillerie legere*, who was with me on board the *Indomptable*, and who I liked very much. He asked me, "was I of the army of *Sambre et Meuse*?" And when I told him I was, "*Eh bien*, said he, *c'est un brave de plus*." It was handsomely said of him. It seems, in the distribution of officers, I am charged, being attached to the *Etat Major*, with the "*Arniement, equipement et habillement des troupes*." I know no more than my boot what I shall have to do, but I know that I have at least 80,000 men to arm, clothe, and equip. "*By'r lakin, a parlous fear!*" I have not got my order, nor my *frais de route* yet, but Poitou has promised to send me at least the order from Bonn, and I have written a line to Mr. Shee respecting the money, but I have no violent hopes of success. It costs me a very hard struggle to leave the army just now, and nothing under heaven but the state of my poor love's health could induce me to make such a sacrifice ; but when that is at stake, every other consideration must give way. I would sacrifice my soul for her.

April 14, 15, 16. I have been lounging these three days about Cologne ; stupid enough. Yesterday I entered a church alone, for I visit all the churches ; there happened to be no one in the place but myself, and as I was gazing about, I perceived the corner of a green silk curtain behind a thick iron lattice lifted up, and some one behind it. I drew near, in order to discover who it might be, and it proved to be a nun, young I am sure, and I believe handsome, for I saw only her mouth and chin, but a more beautiful mouth I never saw. We continued gazing on one another in this manner for five minutes, when a villanous overgrown friar entering to say his mass, put her to the rout. Poor soul, I pitied her from the very bottom of my heart, and laying aside all grosser considerations, should have rejoiced to have battered down the gates of the convent, and ~~rescued~~ her from her prison. These convents are most infernal

but, at the peace, I trust the Republic will settle that business here, where, by-the-by, the people are dreadfully superstitious. All this last week we have had nothing but religious processions, particularly on the 14th, being Good Friday. Went to-day, being Easter Sunday, and heard High Mass in the Cathedral, but the ceremony was very modest; I fancy they have concealed their plate and ornaments for fear of us, and they are very much in the right of it. After mass, went to another church, and heard a Capuchin friar preach. Crossed the Rhine to-day, on the *pont volant*, and took possession of the *rive droite* in the name of the Republic. “*Thus far we have advanced into the bowels of the land.*” There is great talk of an armistice with the Emperor, but I doubt it: it is too good news to be true. If we had once peace with him, we could bend all our attention, and all our resources, on England. I wonder I have heard nothing yet about my order.

*April 17.* This day Fairin, aid-de-camp to General Chérin, brought me the order for my departure, enclosed in a very friendly letter from the General-in-Chief. I do not see any thing concerning my *frais de route*, so, I presume, that part of the business is refused. It is well it is no worse. Walked out in the evening to a guinguette, delightfully situated on the banks of the Rhine, and drank a bottle of Hock. *Pas mal!*

*April 18.* Wrote this morning to my dearest love, and to Mr. Shee, to notify my intended departure. I think I will go no farther than the frontiers of Hanover, where I have desired my family to meet me. Called on General Coulanges, Sous Chef de l’Etat Major, to apprise him of my departure. Took my place in the Diligence for Nimeguen, from whence I shall proceed, by Utrecht, to Amsterdam. By the time my voyaging is finished, I shall have made a pretty handsome tour of it.

*April 19,* blank.

#### JOURNEY THROUGH HOLLAND.

*April 20.* Set out from Cologne, at five in the morning, “*by most of the clocks,*” on my way to join my dearest love. Dined at Neuss, an inconsiderable town. At three reached Crevelt, the most beautiful village I ever saw; the country all around it is flat, but highly cultivated; as to the town itself, it is a most delicious spot; there is a considerable manufactory of silk goods

carried on there, which greatly enlivens the place; the inhabitants, it is easy to see, are rich and comfortable. Four leagues; travelled all night.

*April 21.* Passed Guelders, the capital of the Duchy of that name, in a broken slumber. I can assure all those whom it may concern, that a German postwagon is not the most eligible contrivance for sleeping in. I am at this moment *ereinté*, as the French say. Breakfasted at Cleves, and made my toilette to refresh me. Shaved by a surgeon for three-pence, for, in Germany, the ancient fraternity between the barbers and surgeons still subsists. Thought of Partridge's lamentation on their separation.—Set off again in my wagon at one. At four entered the territory of the Batavian Republic. At six reached Nimeguen, which is my first halt. Secured my place in the Utrecht Diligence for to-morrow morning. Walked about the town for an hour; I am enchanted with it. I never saw any thing so neat and well kept, and a young German, who is my fellow traveller, assures me that, as we proceed, I shall find the cleanliness and exactitude increase. Passed by two or three corps-de-garde; the Dutch troops very handsome fine fellows, and extremely well kept. It is to be remembered though, that our ragamuffins made them fly like chaff before the wind. The Dutch officers wear gold-laced hats, like the British, and our Generals; the French plan is better in all respects. Saw several young Dutchwomen at their doors and windows, who seem to me to be charming creatures, dressed well, and with taste. I find that I had a very erroneous idea of Holland. Well, after all, there is nothing like travelling, to dispel prejudice; with which observation, as it is perfectly original, and I am sure never occurred to any body before, I will conclude this day's journal.

*April 22.* Set out from Nimeguen in the Utrecht Diligence, between seven and eight. A Dutch officer of dragoons, who travels with me, tells me, in a barbarous jargon, worse than my own, that a letter is just arrived at the Municipality, with the news that an armistice with the Emperor, for four months, is agreed upon. I hope in God the news is true; it would make a marvellous change for the better in our affairs. I am exceedingly pleased with my tour; there is something, after all, in the view of Holland, notwithstanding its monotony, which to me, at least, is not disagreeable. The features of a Dutch land-

scape are an immense tract of meadows, till the view is lost in the distance, intersected either by deep and wide ditches, or by fences of wicker, made as neat as basket work ; large plantations of willows ; small brick farm houses, covered with red tiles, and in excellent order ; here and there a chateau of a Seigneur, surrounded by a garden in the true Dutch taste. I am not sure that, for a small garden, that taste is a bad one ; its neatness, exactitude, and regularity, agree admirably with what one expects to find there. It is true it has not the picturesque beauty of an English garden, but it has, notwithstanding, its own merits, and, in short, I like it well enough *in miniature*. In a Dutch garden all is straight lines, and right angles ; in an English, all is sinuosity. The Dutch garden is that of a mathematician, the English that of a poet. No question the English taste is far superior, but all I contend for, is, that the Dutch is not without its beauties, and by no means merits the indiscriminating ridicule which is attempted to be thrown upon it. But I am writing an essay upon gardening, about which I know nothing. To return ; I never saw such neat farming as in Holland ; the English brag very much of their farming, and to hear them talk, they are the first agriculturists in the world, as well as the bravest, wittiest, wisest, and greatest people which has ever existed. I am no practical farmer, but, to my eye, every thing in a Dutch farm is, beyond all comparison, neater than in an English one, and especially that striking and important article, the fences, to form which, it is, that they make such immense plantations of willows ; the pasturage seems most luxuriant, and every thing, in short, in a Dutch farm, wears the appearance of ease and plenty. There is, however, a striking contrast between the neatness and beauty of the farm houses, and the mean and rustic appearance of the owners ; I saw several very ordinary looking boors lodged in mansions, which, with us, would suit a gentleman of from three hundred to one thousand pounds sterling a year. A great number of these cottages have Apiaries of twenty, thirty, forty, and one or two that I remarked, of above one hundred hives. I cannot see, or rather I see plain enough, why our poor peasantry have not bees, which require so little expense, and of which their children, of which they never fail to have plenty, might take care. I made the same remark with regard to the orchards in Normandy ;

when I first arrived in France, but he who can barely find potatoes for his family, is little solicitous about apples; he whose constant beverage is water, dreams neither of cider or mead. Well, if we succeed, may be we may put my poor countrymen on somewhat a better establishment. We shall see. But to return. The storks here, who are never disturbed, build on the barns and churches; I saw several at work on their nests; it is a superstition of the country. Breakfasted at Wyck. On the back of our postwagon was painted a representation of Noah's ark; I thought it no bad allusion to the interior of the machine, and if the painter intended it, I give him credit. The guard at Wyck, is blue, faced sky blue, and, as at Nimeguen, very handsome fine fellows. After passing Wyck, observed that there was considerably more corn grown than I had hitherto seen, but the neatness of cultivation continues invariably.—At seven in the evening arrived at Utrecht, of which I saw almost nothing, as I alighted at one gate, and traversed, without stopping, a part of the city to the canal, from whence proceeded the barge for Amsterdam. I remarked, however, that, as at Bonn, the bastions were converted into little gardens, and summer houses, but, at Utrecht, they are infinitely more in number, neater kept, and higher ornamented. The quarter through which I passed put me strongly in mind of Philadelphia, which, to my eye, it resembles exceedingly in the exterior of the houses, the footways paved with brick, the trees planted in the streets, the fountains, and even the appearance of the inhabitants, which is very like that of the American Quakers. I am very apt to see analogies and likenesses between places and individuals, which I fancy exist often in my imagination only; be that as it may, Utrecht put me strongly in mind of Philadelphia.—At eight, set off in the Trakschuyt, a villanous barge, which is to the grand canal packet boat what a German postwagon is to a neat, well hung English chariot. The grand cabin, which is very small, being hired, I was stowed away amongst the common lumber. We were about thirty passengers, one half Jews, every man with his pipe in mouth. I was suffocated! I thought my entry into the boat would have been solemnized by a battle. Having nothing but French money, when I came to pay for my passage the skipper refused my coin, which threw me into unspeakable confusion. A young Jew seeing my difficulty, offered to change me a piece of five!



into Dutch money. I thanked him, and accepted his offer. (It is to be observed that at par the Dutch sol is exactly double the French, consequently, 100 French sous should procure 50 Dutch.) But my Jew knew the course of exchange too well for that traffic, and, taking my piece of 100 sous, gravely handed me 38 *sous d'Hollande*, by which I should have lost exactly 24 sous. I was at first rather surprised at his impudence, but, recollecting myself immediately, I looked him mildly in the face, and, with great gravity, required him instantly to refund. Jew as he was, this threw him out of his play, and he immediately offered me four *sous d'Hollande* more. I told him that I perceived he was a Hebrew, and that if he would give me one hundred, he should not have the piece; on which he submitted. All this is matter of inducement. (How the deuce came I to remember so much law?) Immediately after, a man would enter the boat per force, and sat himself down in the lap of another, who repelled him with great violence, and threw him upon me, just as I was endeavoring to compose myself to sleep, of which I had great need. I rose immediately, and, seizing him by the collar, was proceeding to inflict an unheard of chastisement upon him, to which my adventure of the Biscaineer at Trenton would have been nothing, when my Jew, who had not digested his affront and his loss, thought proper to interfere, on which I instantly quit my antagonist and attacked the Hebrew with great violence. All the world knows that a Dutch Trakschuyt is a most inconvenient scene for a battle: for, to go no farther, it is, in the first place, impossible to stand upright therein, and we were, besides, stowed away in bulk, like so many herrings. I could, therefore, do little more than swear and call names, which I did in broken French, to the great astonishment of the Dutchman and terror of the Israelite, whom I threatened with I know not what degree of punishment, which should make him an example forever to all the posterity of Abraham. He demanded pardon with great marks of contrition, which I at length accorded him, and the intruder, who was the first cause of the dispute, being turned out by common consent, the tranquillity of the packet boat was restored. My sleep was, however, fled, and the smoking continued with great perseverance, so that I was devoured with *ennui*. Opposite me was placed a fat Dutchman, with his mistress, I believe; so, to divert myself, and support the honor of

the Republic. I determined to act the Celadon with Mademoiselle, who did not know one word of French. That did not, however, prevent me from making great way in her good graces, and Hans, who perceived he was losing ground fast, very wisely determined to renounce the contest, to which he found himself unequal, pulled his cap down over his eyes and composed himself to sleep. I laid my head down, without ceremony, in the lap of Mademoiselle, and in five minutes was as fast as a church. The lady followed the example of her two lovers, and, in this manner, at five in the morning we reached Amsterdam. I certainly had no right in the world to teize poor Hans ; but, “*Des Chevaliers Francais tel est le caractere ;*” besides, that he seemed “*not to be made of penetrable stuff.*” I will not venture to say as much of Mademoiselle, who, by-the-by, was very pretty.

April 23. At 6, reached the *Auberge l'Etoile* in the Neuss or Neiss, for I am not sure of the orthography, and got immediately into bed, of which I had great occasion : for I have not had a good night's sleep since I left Cologne. Of three nights, I have spent two on the wagon and Trakschuyt ; and the intervening one, at Nimeguen, I passed very badly, from the reflection that I had to get up very early the next morning—a circumstance which always spoils my rest, and, indeed, was the case the night before I left Cologne ; so I may say I have passed four nights without a good sleep, and that is too much, and I am as tired as a dog. My journey from Cologne to Amsterdam, including expenses of all kinds, has cost me about 36 livres of France, or £1 10s. sterling. Very cheap and inconvenient. Rose at 10. “*Mem. Hands, but not face.*” It is, to-day, Sunday. Dined at the table d'hote very agreeably, at one ; drank a bottle of “*delicate wine of Lucena,*” or rather, indeed, most excellent claret, and set out alone to see the lions. The *Stadthuys* ; a most magnificent building, which perfectly satisfied the conception I had formed of it. Beside, it is the *New Church* ; so called, I presume, because it was new when it was built by the Spaniards, before the foundation of the Dutch Republic. Assisted at divine service, with which I was much pleased. The people here seemed devout, but I remarked that the congregation consisted entirely of persons advanced in life, or of children. I believe I was the youngest man in the church. The organ is the largest and most magnificent I ever saw. It is

truly a noble instrument. When the minister prayed, every one took off his hat, and when he read the scriptures, put it on again. I do not understand the etiquette of that. Is it that they think it would not be respectful to God Almighty to address him with a hat on? But, surely if the scriptures be the word of God, it is not respectful to listen, no more than to speak to your superiors with your hat on. Saw the tombs of De Ruyter and Van Galen. That of De Ruyter is in the place where, in a Catholic church, would be the high altar. The tomb of that brave man occupies it more honorably. He is represented lying, as well as Van Galen. I wished at first he had been in an erect posture, but, on second thoughts, I believe it is best as it is. I was extremely affected by the figure of Van Galen, who is represented as dead, with his truncheon grasped in his right hand, and his left on his breast. It is a glorious recompense, a monument erected to the memory of a brave man by his country. I am rather afraid that we have but few Van Tromps and De Ruyters in the Dutch navy of the present day. Walked round by the quays, which are kept, as every thing else in Holland, with astonishing neatness. Looked into the cellars where the sailors eat. The cleanliness of every thing in them might tempt the appetite of a prince. I thought of George's quay, and "*Ship's kettles cooked here,*" with some little humiliation. In point of cleanliness, to speak the truth, we are most terribly behind the Dutch. Coffee-house and the papers. It is fated that my national pride is to be humbled to-day. In the Leyden Gazette I had the mortification to read the following observation, relative to the peaceful disarming of the province of Ulster: "*Quelques menaçantes que soient souvent les dispositions des Irlandais, rarement ou les a vu produire de bien terribles effets.*" The devil of it is, that the observation is too well founded. Fitzgibbon was right when he said, that "We were a people easily roused and easily appeased."

April 24. I am more and more pleased with Amsterdam; it is the first city of the world to walk in, and, in that respect, I prefer it infinitely either to London or Paris. Visited the *Stadhuis* again. It is a most magnificent structure, and one of the few public buildings which I have seen, which completely answered my idea of it. It is exactly what it ought to be, vast, simple, and grand. I know nothing in the world, of architecture, but I have scarcely ever been so pleased with any thing as with the

Stadthuys of Amsterdam. There is a set of bells in the dome which ornaments the front of the building, that execute airs and short pieces of music, with an inconceivable precision. In general, I detest the sound of a bell, so that when I was at the Temple in London, surrounded by five or six churches, I often wished myself in Turkey or some peaceable Mahometan country, where bells are forbidden. But the chimes of the Stadthuys are quite another affair. I stood to-day twice, for nearly half an hour, and listened to them with the greatest pleasure. The hackney coaches are here fixed on sledges, and drawn by one horse; they are convenient and ugly, but the horses are superb. Traversed the *Warmoes straat*, which is the Rue St. Honoré of Paris, the Strand of London, and the Dame-street of Dublin. The *Kolver straat* may be called the Cheapside of Amsterdam. I had a very high notion of the dignity of commerce from seeing the city of London, but I have a much higher one now, since my visit to Holland. What must the trade of this city have been before the war? Bought a set of duetts at Hammel's, on the Zokkin, to have it to say that I had been in the first musical magazine in the world. Subscribed for a proof impression of a *mezzo-tinto* of Buonaparte, eight livres. I do not know whether it is like, but it is a very good print. Called on the artist, who is an Englishman, one Hodges, and sat half an hour chatting with him; he has promised to chuse me out a choice impression. I have the *cakoethes emendi* strongly on me to-day, but luckily I have so little money that the disease must soon expire for lack of nourishment.

April 25. Rose at nine. “*Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco stopper.*” Wrote to my dearest love, appointing to meet her at Groninguen, the third or fourth of next month. Changed fifteen louis d’or for Dutch money; lost thereby nine livres, which is just sixpence per louis; it is not much. At the Coffee House: found English papers down to the fourteenth instant; nothing material, but it was a great enjoyment to me. Several United Irishmen acquitted, whose names, however, are not mentioned. There is a schism in the yeomanry corps, many of whom are disgusted by the tyranny exercised over the people of the North, and especially, by some proclamations, lately published by General Lake, which I should be glad to see, and which appears to be very violent. There have been, in consequence, resolutions.

counter resolutions, and protests ; in short, there is a feud in the enemy's camp, and the English Government can count no more upon the yeomanry corps. Mr. Pitt has despatched Mr. Hammond to Vienna, either to negotiate, or, as I rather think, to prevent the Emperor from negotiating with the French. The outcry for peace is universal, and petitions pouring in from all parts to that effect. There is one from the City of Dublin, moved by Grattan, and seconded by Ponsonby, at an aggregate meeting of the citizens, and carried without a dissenting voice. I see those illustrious patriots are at last forced to bolt out of the House of Commons, and come amongst the people, as John Keogh, advised Grattan to do long since. An attempt was made to declare the county Armagh in a state of disturbance, but the scheme was defeated, and altogether, there seems to be a faint appearance of a better spirit rising in that unfortunate country. I do not however build an inch high on it. The King and Pitt seem determined to die hard. He has refused to receive the address of the City of London, sitting on the throne : and the Livery, to the number of 5,000, have voted unanimously, that it is the inherent right of the City to present their petitions in this manner, and so they are at issue. If they carry their point, (which they will not) the King will be obliged to give an answer, which is the ground of the dispute. The stocks were as low as 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ , but Hammond's mission has screwed them up to 52. For my part, I look on it as a mere tub to the whale, whilst the loan is negotiating, which is for £15,000,000 sterling, but nothing is too improbable for John Bull to believe, especially when he desires it. *Mem. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereon.*

*April 26.* Having three or four days to dispose of, I resolved to see the Convention Batave, and in consequence, set off this morning at five, in the Trakschuyt, for the Hague. At Haerlem, saw a regiment of Dutch troops, preparing for the parade ; uniform blue, faced red, and the men in general of a very fine appearance ; their arms, clothes, and accoutrements, in excellent order. Travelled as far as Leyden with a Dutch Admiral, who had the politeness to invite me into the state cabin, which he had hired for himself : I do not know his name, but he spoke very good French, "*much better French than you or I. Gentlemen of the Jury.*" I found his conversation very agreeable ; his uniform was blue with a red cape and cuffs, embroidered in gold, and a

white ostrich feather all round his hat. He is just returned from the Texel, where there are fifteen sail of the line, ready and full manned, for sea. That would be very good, but unfortunately, the Dutch seamen have manifested such a terrible spirit of mutiny, insubordination, and ill will, that there is no reckoning upon them; witness their running away with the Jason frigate, and their infamous behavior under Admiral Lucas, at the Cape of Good Hope. By-the-by, I have never been thoroughly satisfied with regard to the conduct of the said Admiral, in that expedition. God knows, but it may be a present of fifteen sail of the line that we are making to the English. I asked the Admiral what he thought of Cordova's battle with Jarvis the other day, when, with twenty-seven sail of the line, he contrived to be beaten by fifteen, and to lose four ships, and whether he thought it was through cowardice or ignorance. The Dutchman bluntly answered me, "Both." And I believe he was right. He also told me, that the celebrated navigator Bougainville, is named to the command of the fleet at Brest. I am heartily glad of it.—To return to my voyage. All along the banks of the canal I observed a prodigious number of wild fowl, who, indeed, could hardly be called wild: for they let us pass within twenty yards of them, without seeming to take notice of us. Having been, in the days of my youth, something of a sportsman, I felt my ancient propensities begin to revive. There were green and grey plover, redshanks, snipes, hares, without number. They are little disturbed: for the law here is, that every man is to sport only on his own ground: and I conclude the Dutch are either too busy or too lazy to follow much that amusement. I wonder, shall I ever have a day's partridge shooting in Ireland again? The last day I was out, was with my dear friend Russell. Poor fellow! God knows what may be his situation this day, or whether he has not been sacrificed by that infernal Government of Ireland. Well, let me think no more of that. The banks of the canal, as we approached the Hague, are covered with villas, as thick as they can stand, and kept with an astonishing neatness: under the local difficulties of situation, it is astonishing how much they have contrived to make of their country. They have "*turned diseases to commodity*;" but to judge of this, it is necessary to be on the spot, and see what they have done. Nothing short of Dutch] tience, perseverance, and resolution, could have commenced,

tinued, and concluded, the astonishing works, which are executed every where in Holland. A Dutchman cultivates his garden with a precision inconceivable, and brings it to a state of absolute perfection : and within fifty yards, he has a wind-mill built for pumping off the water, which is constantly at work ; and were it to cease, he and his garden would be inundated in twenty-four hours. I have remarked twenty villas, built, literally, in the water, to which the master entered by a bridge ; and they were the neatest boxes I ever saw.—Arrived at the Hague at five o'clock. My journey of thirteen leagues, has lasted twelve hours. To Monastereven, from Dublin, which is pretty nearly the same space, it occupies nearly, as well as I can remember, the same time, and costs five shillings. In the Dutch Canal there are no locks ; the boat, which is much inferior to our packet boats, in size, beauty, and in all respects, is drawn by one horse, who makes, regularly, about three miles an hour : so that here they say, indifferently, “ Such a place is so many leagues, or, so many hours off.” Set up at the Seven Churches, which, however, the intelligent reader, who knows his Geography, will be careful not to confound with a place of the same denomination in county Wicklow, which is called by the natives Glendalough. Dined at the Table d'hôte, with nine members of the Dutch Convention, very plain and respectable looking men, and put me exceedingly in mind of my old and much and ever respected masters of the General Committee. I feel the tears gush in my eyes, and my pulse beat fast, in writing that sentence. After dinner, walked out alone, to see the town : visited sundry places, of which I know not yet the names ; found myself at last in a wood, intersected by a noble avenue, on the right side of which was a Dutch regiment, (the uniform blue, faced white,) at exercise, and on the left, a battalion of French. The Dutch exercise, beyond all comparison, with more precision than our troops ; they are taller and stouter men, better dressed and kept, their arms and accoutrements in better order. At fifty yards distance, to see them together, there is no man who, at the first blush, would not give the preference to the Dutch. But I looked closer at them when the exercise was over, and saw, at once, in the French, something of a fire and animation that spoke that ardent and impetuous courage which is their chief characteristic, and which the others totally wanted. I would not, after that glance, hesitate



one instant, with our little battalion, to attack the Dutch regiment, which was at least twice as strong, and we would beat them. It was very amusing to me, to observe the *fierté* of our soldiers, as they marched by the others; there was a saucy air of civil superiority, which made me laugh excessively, both then and ever since. The physiognomy of the French is sharp, quick, and penetrating; that of the Dutch, round, honest, and unmeaning; the step, air, and manner, of the former, are free and assured; they are the true stuff whereof to make soldiers. There are, however, some important points to be considered. You must leave the French grenadier permission to wear a very large cravat, if it be the fashion, tied just as he likes. His hat is likewise his absolute property, in the disposition of which, he is by no means to be interrupted or constrained; he must try it on in every possible shape and form, and wear it absolutely in that position which best becomes, as he conceives, the cast of his figure. When satisfied in those important, indeed indispensable points, he is ready for every thing, and Cæsar himself is not so brave as those *Petit maitres*: for every soldier in France is a *Petit maitre*. I have seen them, God knows, ragged enough, but I never saw them but with their cravat, well and fashionably arranged, and their hat cocked and put on with an air. To return. Once again it was curious to see them march by the Dutch. In the manner with which they regarded the others, most of whom were the head and shoulders taller than they, there was a certain assurance which pleased me exceedingly; the Dutchmen looked to me like so many tailors beside them. Saw a corps de garde of Dutch cavalry, uniform white, faced black, and lined red, buff vest and breeches, buff cross and waist belts, black cockades. So many colors had not a good effect; I should like, however, to see the regiment mounted.

*April 27.* Visited this morning the *Convention Batave*; it is held in the palace of the cidevant Stadtholder, in the room which was formerly the ball room, the orchestras whereof are converted into *tribunes*, as they are called here and in France, and galleries with us. The tribunes are open, and no introduction by a member is necessary. The room is handsome, but has nothing particularly striking; it is an oblong of, I judge, about 120 feet by 50, illuminated by six large, and as many smaller windows, over the others, of plate glass. The President is placed



on a banquette, raised four steps, open to the front, and railed in on the other three sides: on his right and left hand are two tables, and seats for four secretaries: opposite to him is the bar; his table is covered with a crimson velvet cloth, laced with gold, and his chair is covered and trimmed in like manner: he wears a silk scarf of red and white, passed on his right shoulder and round his waist, and he is furnished with a middling sized ivory mallet, with which he announces the decision of the assembly by a stroke on the table. The mallet I do not like: it gives the President terribly the air of an auctioneer, but nobody here minds it. On his right hand, but on the floor, is a small kind of pulpit, from which all reports of committees are read by the respective chairmen. The members, who are 126 in number, are placed round the three sides of the room: there are five rows of benches, raised one above the other, covered with green cloth: every member has before him paper, pens, and ink: the places are all numbered, and every fifteen days, at the election of the President, whose office lasts no longer, the members draw for their seats, by which means they avoid the denominations of right and left sides, Government and opposition sides, &c. They receive ten florins a day, which is nearly the same pay as in France, being about 16s. 8d. sterling, English. It is moderate enough, if it be not too moderate: for my principle is, that public functionaries should be liberally paid, but receive no fees of office. When you pay liberally, you can insist that he whom you employ shall do his duty, and infinitely fewer hands are necessary. I have seen sufficiently in France the mischief of a different system, where, for want of being able to pay their public functionaries, every one was careless, and ten persons were required to do the work, and do it ill, which might be well done by one, and for the fourth of the expense in the upshot. Liberality is, in many instances, true economy. The members were extremely decorous in their manner and appearance, and order is sufficiently kept: infinitely better for example, than in the *Conseil des 500*, but not quite as well as in the English House of Commons. I observed very few members, who were not at least thirty-five years of age, and most of them seemed to me to be forty and upwards; they wear no distinctive mark of any kind. Altogether, I was extremely pleased with the decorum and appearance, both of the assembly and auditors.

The tribunes were full, but not crowded; there were some women of a decent appearance, and in the tribune opposite to the President, which is reserved for the friends of the members, there were some very handsome and well dressed.—When I entered, the house was, as we would say, in committee, on some ordinary business, and the President *pro tempore* wore a black velvet scarf over his right shoulder, with the words République Batave, embroidered in gold on the front. At twelve, the house resumed, and the President took the chair, as I have described. The question for discussion was, whether the Dutch people should or should not be obliged, by the constitution, to pay the clergy. I know not what may be, but I know very well what ought to be, their decision. In France, where there is no religion, there is no salary fixed by law for the priests. In America, where there is a great deal of religion, there is no salary settled by law for the clergy. The Catholic priests and the Dissenting ministers of Ireland, are paid by the voluntary subscriptions of their hearers, and after all these examples, I have no doubt as to the inconvenience of a church establishment. By-the-by, there are several of the clergy members of the Convention Batave; I saw to-day one Catholic priest, and three Protestant ministers sitting in their places, and the priest spoke in the debate; I know not what he said, but he made the assembly laugh heartily. There are likewise some of the noblesse in the convention, and I find they do not vote as a caste; some of them are patriots, and others aristocrats. All this information was given me by an honest Dutch patriot, who, seeing me in a French uniform, was so good as to do me the honors of the assembly, and point out to me the most distinguished members, particularly Van Kastaede, who is the leader of the democratic interest. It seems the principle which divides the assembly, is unity or federalism. The democrats are for the first, the aristocrats for the latter, and they have succeeded in carrying their point in the plan of the intended constitution; but my Dutch friend tells me he hopes that for that very reason, the constitution will be rejected by the people, in their primary assemblies. He likewise informed me that, under the intended constitution, the clergy are to be excluded from seats in the legislature; and that he wished to God they would exclude the lawyers also, who were intriguers and caballers, and from being more in the habit

of public speaking, and confounding right and wrong, were often able to confute and silence honester and abler men than themselves. I could not help laughing internally at this sketch of my cidevant brethren of the Dutch bar. I find a lawyer is a lawyer all over the world. The most scandalously corrupt and unprincipled body, politically speaking, that I ever knew, was the Irish bar; I was a black sheep in their body, and I bless God that I am well rid of them; rot them! I hate the very memory of the four courts, even at this distance. Well, with God's blessing, no man will ever see me again in a black gown and nonsensical big wig; so let the profession of the law go and be hanged, I am happily done with it. To return: I have now seen the Parliament of Ireland, the Parliament of England, the Congress of the United States of America, the Corps Legislatif of France, and the Convention Batave; I have likewise seen our shabby volunteer Convention in 1783, and the General Committee of the Catholics in 1793; so that I have seen, in the way of deliberative bodies, as many I believe as most men; and of all those I have mentioned, beyond all comparison the most shamelessly profligate and abandoned by all sense of virtue, principle, or even common decency, was the legislature of my own unfortunate country; the scoundrels. I lose my temper every time I think of them.—Dined at my *auberge*; at the dessert there entered a sort of a band of music, consisting of four women, (two of whom were pretty) and two men. One of the women had a tambour de basque, the rest had violins: they played and sung alternately, and not ill. I observed they sung in parts, first, second, and bass; they finished with the Marseillaise hymn in their *patois*, and the prettiest of the women then went round with a plate to make her collection. I am not sure that I should have been as much pleased with better music; I thought at the time, of the ballad singers of Ormond quay, and blushed.—Went to the coffee house, and read the Paris papers, viz. the Royalist ones, which were the only ones I could find; excessively disgusted with their dullness and impudence; the liberty of the press is not yet understood in France; the indecent attacks which are made with impunity on the Government, are scandalous and abominable. In England there is not one of those scoundrelly journalists, but would be sent to Newgate for two years, for one fiftieth part of the libels which are published day

after day in Paris, with the most perfect impunity ; yet the rascals cry out that they are enslaved, and call the Directory tyrants and oppressors, whereas, the proof that the most unbounded liberty, or, to speak more properly, the most outrageous license, exists in France, is, that such audacious libels are published, and that the authors are not sent instantly to the galleys. All over Europe, there is not a tyrant whose subjects dare outrage him with such impunity ; and it is hard that, in the only Government emanatory from the choice of the people, liberty should be made the instrument of her own destruction. But, would I destroy the liberty of the press? No! but I would most certainly restrain it within just and reasonable limits. All fair and cool discussion I would not only permit, but encourage ; but the infamous personalities, the gross and vulgar abuse that disgrace the Paris journals, I would most severely punish. Liberty of the press, somebody has very well said, is like the liberty to carry a stick, which no man should be hindered from doing ; but if he chooses to employ it in breaking his neighbor's head, or his windows, it is no breach of his liberty to make him answer for the mischief he has committed. In short, I am of opinion—and if ever I have the opportunity I will endeavor to reduce that opinion to practice, that the Government of a Republic, properly organized, and freely and frequently chosen by the people, should be a strong Government, It is the interest and security of the people themselves, and the truest and best support of their liberty, that the Government which they have chosen should not be insulted with impunity ; it is the people themselves who are degraded and insulted in the persons of their Government. I would, therefore, have strong and severe laws against libels and calumny, and I do not apprehend the least danger to the just and reasonable liberty of the press, from the execution of those laws, where the magistrates, the judges, and the jury, are freely named by the people. The very same laws which, under the English constitution, I regard as tyrannical and unjust, I would, in a free Republic, preserve, and even strengthen. It is because the King names the judges and the sheriffs ; because the sheriffs pack the juries ; and a thousand other obvious reasons, that I regard the English trials, in many instances, as a mockery of justice ; it is not that in theory the law is bad, but that in practical execution it is tyrannical ;

and, as I have already said, I do not see why tyrants alone should be protected by the laws, and liberty left unprotected and defenceless. I hope I am deceived, but I much fear the French Government will have reason sorely to repent their extravagant caution with regard to infringing the liberty of the press. It is less dangerous for a Government to be feared, or even hated, than despised: and I do not see how one which suffers itself, day after day, without remission, to be insulted in the most outrageous manner, with the most perfect impunity, can avoid, in the long run, falling into disrepute and contempt. In America, such gross indecency would not be suffered to pass unpunished; and surely, if rational liberty exists upon the earth, it is in the United States. “*Here endeth the first lesson on the liberty of the press.*” I have now disburthened my soul of the indignation which was kindled in it by those abominable libels.—To return; walked forth into the wood in quest of the palace of the cidevant Stadtholder, but could not find it, so that must be for to-morrow. Returned to my auberge, somewhat afflicted with the blue devils; remembered one of Voltaire’s precepts in such cases. “*On bien buvez: c’est un parti fort sage;*” determined to put it in practice. Got off my boots and coat, got into my wrapper and slippers, and determined to enjoy myself. I do not see why I should come to the Hague, without tasting some Holland gin. “*The liquor, when alive, whose very smell I did detest and loathe.*” Called for gin, water, and sugar, “*on which the waiter disappeared, and returned instantly with the noggin.*” Performed the part of Lord B. with infinite address: drank “to the health of my dearest love;” “our friends in Ireland;” “the French Republic, with three times three;” “a speedy Republic to Ireland, with loud and universal acclamations;” “General Hoche, and the army of Sambre et Meuse.” The evening concluded with the utmost festivity.

*April 28.* As I am about to leave the Hague to-morrow, bought the Traveller’s Guide, in order to amuse myself in the boat by reading what I ought to have seen whilst I was there. I do not much see the good sense of my purchase, but I perceive I am of that class, respectable at least for its numbers, who are celebrated for their facility in parting with their money, of which, by-the-by, it may be supposed I am not just now afflicted with a prodigious quantity. Dinner as usual, but the compa-

ny more mixed ; at the lower end of the table sat a member of the Convention, worth a *plum*, and a staunch patriot ; next him, in order, were three plain men, “*said they were farmers—indeed looked like farmers, in boots, and spattered.*” They and the representative of the Convention had a long discussion. I observed he listened to them with great attention, and took notes of their remarks. This is as it ought to be. After dinner a concert, as yesterday, but the band was differently composed: “*On n’y voyait ni tetons ni beaux yeux.*” In plain English, the performers were men, except one woman, who sung, agreeably, two or three duos, the other part being performed by a little *bossu*, about three feet high, but who was penetrated to the very soul by his own music. I was exceedingly amused by his style of singing and acting : for he acted also, and, at the end of the concert, gave him a trifle for himself. I could not help thinking what a choice morceau Sterne would have made out of one of these concerts and this poor little *bossu*, who seemed a sort of enthusiast in his art. These ambulant musicians are nothing, if you think of the opera ; but if you think of the ballad-singers of other countries, they are highly respectable, and, in fact, I remarked two or three among them whom I would have been very glad to equal on their instruments. After dinner strolled out about the Hague : “*People may say this and that of being in Newgate, but, for my part, I find Holland as pleasant a place as ever I was in in my life.*” It is delicious. I am tempted, as I walk about the Hague, to cry out “*Thou almost persuadest me to be a Dutchman.*” Whoever may be Ambassador from the Republic of Ireland to Holland, will not be the worst off of the future Corps Diplomatiqué. Returned to the auberge ; demanded of the waiter “*if he could help me to a glass of generer, or so ?*” (I defy man, woman, or child, to track me in that quotation.) The waiter produced the needful—Lord B., &c.

*April 29.* Set off this morning, in the trakschuyt, for Amsterdam ; saw two storks, male and female, at work building their nest ; it was a delightful emblem of a bon menage, and I cannot express the pleasure I felt in observing how intent they were on their work, and the assistance they mutually gave each other. How my dearest love would have enjoyed it. Travelled with the citizen Van Amstel, a deputy to the Convention, whom I had already met at dinner, and who had been pointed out to

me when I went to the assembly, by my Dutch acquaintance, "*whose name I know not, but whose person I reverence,*" as a most excellent patriot and republican. We soon found one another out; he tells me that the Committee for Foreign Affairs have received an express from General Daendels, Commander-in-chief, that the preliminaries of the peace between the French Republic and the Emperor are certainly signed, and that they have no doubt but that the fact is so; if so, it is most excellent news, indeed the best we could desire: but I have a mighty good rule, from which I will not now depart, which is to believe all excellent news always four-and-twenty hours after all mankind is convinced of its certainty. He gives me another piece of intelligence, which, if it be true, I regard as scarcely of less importance than the peace with the Emperor, viz. That there has been a mutiny aboard the English fleet: that the seamen had nearly thrown their Admiral overboard, and that they had tried, condemned, and hanged, one of their comrades for opposing their measures. This is too good news to be true, and I long most anxiously to see it explained. It has been communicated to the Comité des Relations Exterieures from Hamburgh, so I shall probably learn the truth when I meet my family at Groninguen. At our parting, Van Amstel requested to see me on my return to the Hague, and offered his services, if he could be of any convenience to me there, on which "*I flourished my hands three times over my head in the most graceful manner,*" and took my leave. I think I will ask him to introduce my dearest love into the grand gallery of the Convention. Returned to my old hutch in the Neuss, where, by-the-by, I am very well and reasonably lodged. I like the Dutch inns mightily.

*April 30.* Set off on my journey to Groninguen, where I have given my wife and babies a meeting; crossed the Zuyderzee in the night; it took us just twelve hours.

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MAY, 1797.

*May 1.* Arrived at Lemmer at eight in the morning, and set off instantly in the trakschuyt for Strobosch; a delightful day and beautiful breeze all the way; immense quantities of game all along the canal. Planned a voyage, to be executed, God

knows when, by my wife, Russell, and myself; to hire a *trackschuyt* for a month certain, to go where we liked, and stop when we liked, to live aboard our boat, to bring guns, fishing tackle, &c. and in this manner make a tour through a great part of Holland. It would be delicious; "*a very pretty journey indeed, and besides, where is the money?*" Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

*May 2d.* Slept last night at Strobosch in a six bedded room, the other five beds being occupied by five snoring Dutchmen; genteel and agreeable. Arrived at Groninguen at 12 o'clock; the town extremely neat, like all the Dutch towns. but not as handsome as most of those I have seen; put up at the Nieuwe Münster.

*May 3, 4, 5, 6.* Tormented with the most terrible apprehensions on account of the absence of my dearest love, about whom I hear nothing; walked out every day to the canal, two or three times a day, to meet the boats coming from Lieuschans, where she will arrive: No, love! no, love! I never was so unhappy in all my life. One evening went to the Dutch comedy; I am enraged to see, every instant, how unjustly the Dutch are treated by other nations; this was but a strolling company, and the theatre was patched of boards, being a temporary building raised for the Fair only, which lasts here three weeks. They played, however, a translation of Voltaire's *Merope* very decently, and the after-piece, which was the *Tableau parlant*, exceedingly well; better, for example, than I have seen it played in French at Rennes and at Brest. Saw a battalion of Chasseurs in dark green coat, waistcoat, and breeches, with crimson cape and cuffs; two or three companies were armed with rifles, with which I saw them fire at the target very badly, though they had a machine to rest their firelocks upon, which is a vile custom; at 150 yards, not one in ten of them struck a target of three or four feet, and not one of them, by any chance, the bull's eye. The fourth Dutch demi brigade is here, in garrison, blue faced pale yellow, and makes a very good appearance; there is, likewise, a regiment of Hussards in dark blue, like our sixth regiment, which looks very well.

*May 7.* At last, this day, in the evening, as I was taking my usual walk along the canal, I had the unspeakable satisfaction to see my dearest love, and our little babies, my sister, and her hus-



band, all arrive safe and well; it is impossible to descibe the pleasure I felt. (Here is an end of my journals now, for some time at least.) Since I came to France, which is now above fourteen months, I have continued them pretty regularly for the amusement of my dearest love. As we are now together once more, they become unnecessary; we must wait for another separation.

*Amsterdam, May 15, 1797.*

## APPENDIX

TO PART III.—JOURNAL OF 1797.

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### LETTERS FROM GEN. TONE TO HIS WIFE.

PARIS, 13th January, 1797.

MY DEAREST LOVE : I have this instant received your letter, which I have read with a mixture of pleasure and pain which I cannot describe. Thank God, you are safe thus far, with our darling babies! I will not hear, I will not believe, that your health is not in the best possible state ; at the same time, I entreat you, as you value my life, that you may take all possible care of yourself : for you know very well, if any thing were to happen you, I could not survive you, and then what would become of the little things? But let me tell you first about myself. I am only this morning arrived at Paris, from Brest, whence I was despatched by the General commanding the army intended for Ireland, in the absence of General Hoche, in order to communicate with the Executive Directory. I am, at present, Adjutant General, and I can live on my appointments ; and when the peace comes, we will rent a cabin and a garden, and be as happy as Emperors on my half-pay ; at the same time, I am not without hopes that the Government here may do something better for me ; but, for all this, it is indispensable that you be in rude health. Who will milk the cows, or make the butter, if you are not stout? Indeed, my dearest love, I cannot write with the least connection when there is question of your safety ; let me begin again. The sixteenth of last month we sailed from Brest, with seventeen sail of the line, besides frigates, &c. to the number in all of forty-three sail, having on board 15,000 troops, and 45,000 stand of arms, with artillery, &c. We were intended for Ireland, but no unfortunate fleet was ever so tossed by storm and tempest ; at length the division, in which I am,

barked, was forced to return to Brest, the second of this month, after lying eight days in Bantry bay, near Cork, without being able to put a man ashore. We brought back about 5,000 men, and as the General has not yet returned, we are in great hopes that he has effected a landing with the other 10,000, in which case we shall retrieve every thing. In the mean time, I am here waiting the orders of the Government. If the expedition be renewed, I shall, of course, return to Brest; if not, I will await your arrival at Paris. This is a hasty sketch of my affairs, but I have a *journal* for you in eleven little volumes. I have only to add, that I am in the highest health, and should be in as good spirits, if it were not for those two cruel lines where you speak of yourself. Let me now come to your affair, or rather Mary's. I will give my opinion in one word, by saying that I leave every thing to her own decision: I have no right, and, if I had, I have no wish to put the smallest constraint upon her inclination; I certainly feel a satisfaction at the prospect of her being settled, and I entreat her to receive my most earnest and anxious wishes for her future happiness. As far, therefore, as my consent may be necessary, I give it in the fullest and freest manner, and I write to Monsieur Giaque, accordingly, by the same post which brings you this. When an affair of that kind is once determined upon, I do not see the use of delay, and, therefore, I think they had better be married in Hamburgh; but I hope Monsieur Giaque will have the goodness to see you safe into France, when the season is sufficiently advanced to admit of your travelling: for I will not hear of your exposing yourself, and our children, in this dreadful season. Indeed, at any rate, until my business here is decided, you had better remain at Hamburgh, or some village in the neighborhood, according as you find most agreeable to your health and circumstances; the expence will be much the same as in France, and you will not hazard your safety. I shall soon know now whether our affair will be prosecuted or not; if it is, I am of course compelled to take my share, and must return to my post; if it is not, I will go for you myself to Hamburgh; but, in all events, I positively desire and enjoin you not to stir, until the season will admit of your travelling without injury to your health, and I hope the marriage of Monsieur Giaque and Mary may render your stay, for a short period, both convenient and agreeable.

I return to my own affairs; you desire me to write something comfortable, and, in consequence, I tell you, in the first place, that I doat upon you and the babes; and, in the next place, that my pay and appointments amount to near eight thousand livres a year, of which one fourth is paid in cash, and the remainder in paper; so that I receive now about eighty-four pounds sterling a year, and when we come to be paid all in cash, as we shall be some time or other, my pay will be about three hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year; but supposing it be no more than eighty-four pounds sterling a year, I will rent a cottage and a few acres of land, within a few miles of Paris, in order to be on the spot, and with our eighty-four pounds a year, a couple of cows, a hog, and some poultry, you will see whether we will not be happy. That is the worst that can happen us: but if our expedition succeeds, of which, as yet, I know nothing but which a very few days must now decide, only think what a change that will make in our affairs, and even if any thing should happen me, in that event you and the babies will be the care of the nation; so let me intreat of you not to give way to any gloomy ideas. I look upon Mary's marriage—supposing the young man to have a good character, and an amiable temper, which I trust he has, from your report, to be a very fortunate circumstance; for, as to riches, you and I well know by our experience how independent happiness is of wealth.

When I tell you that, after tossing three weeks on a stormy sea, I have passed the last seven days in a carriage almost without sleep, you will not wonder at the want of connection in this letter, but I am obliged to write in order to catch the post. Your letter is dated, *generally*, Hamburgh, but I put mine in a train that I hope it will reach you. Henceforward I will direct to you at the *Post Office*, where you must send Monsieur Giauque to look for my letters. I will write to you again by the next post but one, by which time I hope to have some news, one way or other, for you. Direct your answer to *Le Citoyen Smith, Petite Rue St. Roch, Poissoniere, No. 7, a Paris*. Once more, keep up your spirits; be sure that, if I am not ordered on the affair you wot of, I will go myself and fetch you from Hamburgh, and, as the weather will not admit of your stirring for a short period, there is no time lost. My sincere love to Mary

and the little ones. God Almighty forever bless you, because I doat on you.

Yours, ever,

J. SMITH.

Let Monsieur Giaque give his address, and your's, to the gentleman who will hand you this, in case I should find it necessary to write by the same channel.

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PETITE RUE ST. ROCH, POISSONNIERE, No. 7,

*Paris, Jan. 17, 1797.*

DEAREST LOVE : I wrote to you the 13th instant, being the day after my arrival at Paris, from Brest, whence I was despatched by the General with letters to the Directoire. My mind was so affected then (and still is) by the apprehension of your illness, that I scarcely know what I wrote to you, and I do not believe my present letter will be more connected. To begin with what interests me most, your health, I positively enjoin you not to attempt coming to France until I give you further orders. I suppose I need not say, that my impatience to embrace you, and our dear little ones, is fully equal to that which I know you feel to see me once more ; but I cannot permit you to undertake a journey of that nature in this dreadful season, when there are so few conveniences for travelling, when your health is so delicate, and you have three children, whose constitution cannot possibly support the fatigue and the cold. I desire you may immediately, and on the most economical system, take a lodging for yourself and the babies, and make it out as well as you can until the beginning of April. In this, Mons. Giaque, to whom I wrote in vile French by the last post, will of course assist you. I presume you will be accommodated equally well, and much cheaper, in some of the villages, within a few leagues of Hamburgh, than in the city ; but you will decide for yourself. My wish is, however, that you should rather be in a village, if it were only for the purity of the air, and the convenience of having new milk, of which, I beg you, make the principal part of your diet. The children, too, will be better. By the beginning of April the stormy season will be over, and

then I think your best method will be to come in a Danish vessel, or any other neutral bottom, to Havre de Grace. It will be much cheaper, especially if you have any baggage, much shorter, and, what I think more of, will fatigue you and the children infinitely less, than a journey of a thousand miles by land. I speak in this manner on the supposition that I should be at that time *on service*; of which, as yet, I know nothing; If I am not, the moment I am satisfied I can quit the army with honor, I will the same instant set off for Hamburgh. and bring you with me to France. In my last, I wrote you three words on the fate of the expedition. What the further decision of the Government here may be, I know not; but, at any rate, I am almost sure I shall receive, within three or four days, orders to return to Brest to head quarters, and probably some time will elapse after, before we know whether any thing further will be done or attempted in the business: so that you see by remaining, as I desire, at Hamburgh, you lose nothing: for, if you were even in France, we could not for some time be together, and the expense will be just the same. If I find the expedition will not take place, I will apply immediately for leave of absence and join you: so, once more, I positively desire you may not attempt to expose yourself and the children to the perils and fatigues of such a journey at this time of year: only think if you were taken ill by the road! *On your allegiance* do not stir until further orders, and count upon my impatience, in the mean time, being equal to yours, which is saying enough.

With regard to your finances, all I have to say is, that

“When both house and land is spent,  
“Then learning is most excellent.”

I desired Reynolds, in my letter, to get you specie for your stock, and not to meddle with bills of exchange, and I see he did not pay the least attention to my request, “*for which his own gods damn him!*” I do not well understand that part of your letter, where you speak of your *having* a bill on London, for \$500, *which is not received*. However, as Mons. Giaucue is, or is about to be, one of our family, and as he is a man used to commercial affairs, of which I know nothing, I presume he will do his best to recover the money for you; but, if it should be lost, let it go! we shall be rich enough to make ourselves peasants, and I will buy you a handsome pair of *sabots*, (in English, *wooden shoes*.)

and another for myself: and you will see, with my half-pay, which is the worst that can happen us, we shall be as happy as the day is long. I will, the moment I am clear of the business in which I am engaged, devote the remainder of my life to making you happy, and educating our little ones; and I know you well enough to be convinced that, when we are once together, all stations in life are indifferent to you. If you are lucky enough to recover your five hundred dollars, do not take another bill of exchange; but keep your money by you until you hear again from me.

I am surprised you did not receive my last letter addressed to you at Princeton, because I *enclosed* it in one to Reynolds and Rowan jointly, which it seems they received, which is a little extraordinary; however, as it happens, it is no great matter, for it is little more than a duplicate of the one you got by way of *Havre*.\*

I am heartily glad that Matt is safe and well. If I had him here now I could make him a captain, and my aid-de-camp, for a word's speaking to the General: so that, if he has any wish for a military life, it is unlucky that he did not come with you, as I desired in my letter to you which miscarried: but perhaps it is all for the better, and, at any rate, it is now too late to write for him on that topic. If we succeed, by-and-by I shall be able to provide for him, and all my friends who need my assistance, and who, luckily, are not many. Our expedition is, at present, but suspended; it may be resumed, and if we once reach our destination, I have no doubt of success, and, in that case, I will reserve for Matt the very first company of grenadiers in the army: so Mary will have two brothers, in that case, of the *Etat Militaire*, instead of one: and perhaps she may have three, for Arthur (*of whom I have not heard one word since he left Philadelphia*) is now old enough to carry a pair of colors.

The uncertainty in which I am with regard to the expedition, embarrasses me a good deal in writing to you. If it goes on, I proceed, of course, with the army; and, in that case, I have the warmest expectations of success, which will set us at once at our ease. If it is laid aside, that instant I will set out to join you; and console yourself for the delay by the reflection,

\* These letters contained directions to my mother to carry the papers and every thing from America. Can it be that Reynolds already meditated to keep them?

that, for the reasons I have already given you, we lose no time: for at present it is absolutely impossible that you should travel.

In my last, as well as in my letter to Mons. Giaque, I gave my consent fully to his marriage with Mary. I presume, in consequence, they will make no delay. If they should be married when you receive this, give them my warmest and sincerest wishes for their happiness. Mary knows how well I love her, and I hope and trust she has made a proper choice. I rely upon the friendship of Mons. Giaque, to show you all possible assistance and attention during your stay at Hamburgh.

Adieu, dearest love. I send this under cover to a gentleman at Hamburgh, who will I hope find you out. Write to me instantly, and tell me that you are well, and as happy as you can be while we are separated. Kiss the babies for me ten thousand times. If I am ordered off, as I expect, I will write again before I leave Paris. God Almighty for ever bless you, my dearest life and soul. Yours ever,

J. SMITH, *Adj. Gen.!!!*

I send you the names of several villages in the neighborhood of Hamburgh, viz. *Altona*; *Grihdel*, hors de la porte de *Damthon*; *Limsbittel*, hors de la porte d'*Altona*; *Ham*, hors de la porte de *Steinthor*; *Eppendorfe*, hors de la porte de *Damthon*. The address of the person who will (I hope) deliver you this, is *Mons. Holterman*, demeurant *Neven-Wall*, No. 123. If you remove, as I beg you may, to some village in the neighborhood, it will be to him I shall direct my letters, so you will take care to give him your address. In all this, *Mons. Giaque* will, of course, assist you. Adieu, once more, my dearest love. *Do not attempt to quit Hamburgh until I desire you, as you value my affection.* I will not attempt to express the admiration I feel for your courage, but, remember, courage and rashness are two different things. For my sake, and for the sake of our dear babies, take care of your health. I am in a state of anxiety on your account, which no words can express; I doat upon you; my life lies in you; I could not survive you four and twenty hours. If you do not wish to deprive our children of both their parents, do not attempt to stir until I permit you. Count upon my love for you, and our dear, dear babies. The tears gush into my eyes, so that I can scarcely see what I write.



and I am not very subject to that weakness. I trust in God it is only the fatigue of the journey from Cuxhaven that has affected you. Dear, dear love, take care of yourself, and do not let your impatience to see me, induce you to expose your health. If that will not do, I order you, *as a General*, not to quit your post without my permission.

J. S.

11th February, 1797.

MY DEAREST LIFE AND SOUL: Your letter of the 26th of last month, has taken a mountain off my breast. I hope and trust you are daily getting better, and that the terrible apprehensions which I have been under since the receipt of your first, will be belied by the event. You do not know, you ugly thing, how much I love you. I hope you are, by this, settled somewhere near Hamburgh, where you may live at less expense than you can in the city, and with more comfort; live with the greatest economy, unless where your health is concerned, and in that case spare nothing. Drink new milk, and if it disagrees, as perhaps it may, with your stomach, you are in the very country to get Seltzer water, and I beg you may lay in a little stock, and mix it with your milk. I remember you used to like it formerly. If you have a cough, put on a flannel waistcoat under your *chemise*, and, if necessary, a slight blister between your shoulders: above all things, avoid wetting your feet, or any thing, in short, that can give you cold. Make veal broth, so strong as to be in jelly when it cools, and take a small basin of it two or three times a day. In one word, take the greatest possible care of yourself, for ten thousand reasons, one of which is, that, if any thing were to happen you, I could not, I think, live without you. When I have lately been forced, once or twice, to contemplate that most terrible of all events, you cannot imagine to yourself what a dreary wilderness the world appeared to me, and how helpless and desolate I seemed to myself. But let us quit this dispiriting subject, and turn to another more encouraging.

I gave you, in my last, a short sketch of our unlucky expedition, for the failure of which we are, ultimately, to accuse the winds alone, for, as to an enemy, we saw none. In the

event, the British took but one frigate and two or three transports: so you see the rhodomontades which you read in the English papers were utterly false. I mentioned to you that I had been sent by *General Grouchy*, with his despatches, to the *Directoire Executif*, which you are not to wonder at, for I am highly esteemed by the said General; inasmuch as, "*the first day I marched before him, thinking of you, I missed the step, and threw the whole line into confusion; upon which I determined to retrieve my credit, and exerted myself so much, that, at the end of THE REVIEW, the General thanked me for my behavior.*" I hope you remember that quotation, which is a choice one. I thought, at the time I wrote, that I should be ordered back to *Brest*, but *General Hoche*, who commanded our expedition in chief, has, it seems, taken a liking to me: for, this very blessed day, he caused to be signified to me, that he thought of taking me, in his family, to the army of *Sambre and Meuse*, which he is appointed to command; to which I replied, as in duty bound, that I was, at all times, ready to obey his orders; so, I fancy, go I shall. I did not calculate for a campaign on the Rhine, though I was prepared for one on the Shannon; however, my honor is now engaged, and, therefore, (sings,)

" Were the whole army lost in weeks,  
 " Were these the last words that I spoke,  
 " I swear (and damn me if I joke,)   
 " I had rather be with you."

If I go, as I believe I shall, you may be very sure that I shall take all care of myself that may be consistent with my duty; and, besides, as I shall be in the General's family, and immediately attached to his person, I shall be the less exposed; and, finally, "*don't think that Hawser Trunnion, who has stood the fire of so many floating batteries, runs any risk from the lousy pops of a landsman?*" I rely upon your courage in this, as on every former occasion in our lives; our situation is, to-day, a thousand times more desirable than when I left you in Princeton; between ourselves, I think I have not done badly since my arrival in France; and so you will say when you read my memorandums. I came here knowing not a single soul, and scarcely a word of the language; I have had the good fortune, thus far, to obtain the confidence of the Government, as far as

was necessary for our affair, and to secure the good opinion of my superior officers, as appears by the station I hold. It is not every stranger that comes into France, and is made Adjutant General, “with *two* points on his shoulder,” as you say right enough; but that is nothing to what is, I hope, to come. (Sings) “*Zounds, I will soon be a Brigadier!*” If I join the army of *Sambre* and *Meuse*, I shall be nearer to you than I am here, and we can correspond, so that in that respect we lose nothing; and, as my lot is cast in the army, I must learn a little of the business, because I am *not at all without very well founded expectation* that we may have occasion to display our military talents *elsewhere*; in the mean time, I am in the best school, and under one of the best masters in Europe. I cannot explain myself further to you by letter; remember the motto of our arms, “*never despair!*” and I see as little, and *infinitely less reason* to despair this day, than I did six months after my first arrival in France, so (sings) “*Madam, you know my trade is war!*” I think this is a very musical letter.

I have written by this post to Mons. Giauque, with a postscript to Mary, on the supposition, that they are married. I most sincerely wish them happy: yet I cannot help thinking how oddly we are dispersed at this moment; no two of us together! I am sure if there were *fire* quarters in the globe, one of us would be perched upon the fifth. M. Giauque wrote to me about a claim he has on the French Government. If I had staid at Paris, I would have exerted myself to the utmost, though I cannot say I should have succeeded, for we have here infinitely more glory than cash; however, I hope I should, at least, have got an answer; but now, as I go to the army, (*probably*) there is nobody here whom I can trust with the application; so I have written to him to keep the papers, &c. till my return, when I will do every thing possible to recover the money, or at least a part of it. If I should not, after all, be ordered to the banks of the Rhine, I will immediately write him word, and, in that case, I will lose no time to make the proper application.

As to Arthur, I am sorry for the account you give me of him. Without going into a history of my reasons, I would advise you *not* to send for him, until further advice. A few months hence will do as well, and, in the mean time, my advice is to

let him remain as he is. If I had him *here, actually with me*, on the spot, I might be able, by-and-by, to place him ; but we have not the time to wait, and so, once again, let him for the present, remain.

As to Russell, I have known of his situation near three months. Judge of the distress I have felt and feel on his account, and that of his fellow-sufferers. One of the greatest pleasures I had proposed to myself, if our expedition had succeeded, was to break their chains, and to make an example of their oppressors. I could give any thing to see the letter which you found in the papers. If you can lay hands on it, or a copy of it, enclose it to me in your next; make Giaque, or Mr. Wilson search for it. (Apropos, I have been at Madgett's about Mr. Wilson's letters, but they are not yet arrived.) I am hammering at the possibility of writing a line to one or two friends of mine by way of Hamburgh. Do you know whether Giaque has a *safe correspondent* in London? Consult with him, as to this, but with the most profound secrecy. If he can be serviceable, it may have a beneficial effect with regard to his claim here, for obvious reasons. I hope and rely he is a man in whom I may confide, especially in an affair which may materially serve him, and can put him to no possible inconvenience. Let me see how well you will arrange all this.

As I shall remain, at all events, for a few days at Paris, I will write to you once or twice more before my departure. I must take up the remainder of this with a line to a young lady of my acquaintance, who has done me the honor to begin a correspondence with me.

Your ever affectionate husband,

J. S. *Adj't. Gen.!!* Huzza, huzza!

**DEAREST BABY:** You are a darling little thing for writing to me, and I doat upon you, and when I read your pretty letter, it brought the tears into my eyes, I was so glad. I am delighted with the account you give me of your brothers; I think it is high time that William should begin to cultivate his understanding, and, therefore, I beg you may teach him his letters, if he does not know them already, that he may be able to write to me by-and-by. I am not surprised that Frank is a bully. and I suppose he and I will have fifty battles when w

meet. Has he got into a jacket and trowsers yet? Tell your Mamma, from me, "*we do defer it most shamefully, Mr. Shandy.*" I hope you take great care of your poor Mamma, who, I am afraid, is not well; but I need not say that, for I am sure you do, because you are a darling good child, and I love you more than all the world. Kiss your Mamma, and your two little brothers, for me, ten thousand times, and love me, as you promise, *as long as you live.*

Your affectionate *Fadoff*,

J. SMITH.

P. S. Get paper like this, to write upon, and fold your letters square, like mine: or, rather, let M. Giaume do it for you. Let him also pay Mr. Holtermann the postage of my letters to you.

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PARIS, March 10, 1797.

MY DEAREST LIFE AND SOUL: I have *this instant* received your letter, and you see with what eagerness I fly to answer it. You are, however, to consider this but as the prologue to another, which will follow it in four or five days. I must again begin with what interests me more than all other things on earth, your health. Let me entreat you, light of my eyes and pulse of my heart, to have all possible care of yourself. You know well that I only exist in your well being, and, though I desire you to live and take care of our babies, whatever becomes of me, I feel, at the same moment, that I am giving counsel which I have not firmness myself to follow. You know the effect the imagination has on the constitution; only believe yourself better; count upon my ever increasing admiration of your virtues, and love for your person; think how dear you are to me—but that is too little; think that you are indispensable to my existence; look at our little children, whom you have the unspeakable happiness to see around you; remember that my very soul is wrapt up in you and them, and—but I need add no more; I know your love for me, and I know your courage. We will both do what becomes us.

In reading the history of your complaints, I have at least the melancholy consolation to see that that horrible disorder which, of all others, I most dreaded, makes no part of them ; thank God, you have no cough ! If I were with you, I am sure, what with my attentions about you, and what with my prescriptions. (for I think, in your case, I would become no mean physician,) I should soon have the unspeakable happiness to see you as well as ever. Rely upon it, that I will force the impossible to join you ; but, if I cannot succeed, (without a forfeiture of character, which you would not desire, nor I submit to,) we must endeavor to accommodate ourselves to a few months' additional separation, which, after all, considering what we have so long and so often experienced, we may well submit to. 'This very day the Executive Directory has ratified the nomination of *General Hoche*, and I am, to all intents and purposes, *Adjutant General*, destined for the army of Sambre and Meuse. It is barely possible that I may be able to change, or, at least, to postpone my joining the army for some time, in which case, need I say, you may rely upon my going to seek you ; if, however, I should not be able to effectuate this point, I count, once more, upon your courage to sustain a separation which is nothing in comparison of what we have suffered hitherto.

I purpose dedicating the next week to a negotiation, in order to see if I can, *honorably*, avoid joining the army, which, after all, I may, *by possibility*, be able to do, and, in that case, I will "*fly upon the wings of love in the Exeter wagon*," to join you and the little things whom I doat upon ; if I fail, I fail, and in one case or the other, I will write to you instantly, to let you know the result ; but remember, dearest love and life, that, circumstanced as I am here, my duty supersedes, and *must* supersede every other consideration.

I look over your letter (*malgré* certain passages thereof) with delight. "*Jack thou'rt a —, thou'rt a —, thou'rt a toper, let's have t'other quart.*" (I beg you may sing that passage, or the beauty of the quotation is lost.) What do you think I would give to *crack a bottle* with you and Mary to-night ? By-the-by, you are two envious pussies: for, in my last letter to her, there were divers quotations well worth their weight in gold, of which neither of you have the honesty to take notice, though I laughed myself excessively at writing, as I have no doubt you did at

reading them ; but I see *green envy gnawed your souls* ; between ourselves, I grudge you the “ *ten pounds five shillings and two pence.*” which I confess would fairly purchase all the wit in my last letter. Well, God knows the heart ; (Sings) “ *When as I sat in Pablon—and a thousand vagrant posies ; Passion of my heart, I have a greater mind to cry.*”

March 11. This letter, which I began last night, is in the style of all well written novels, including, if I mistake not, Belmont Castle, where you always find two or three different dates in the same epistle. If you like it yourself, I can have not the least objection to your visiting at the Minister's: for, I am sure, in your present circumstances, you ought not to refuse yourself any relaxation that was proper, and that, is both proper and respectable. I need not, at the same time, observe to you the necessity of your being extremely guarded in your conduct, in all respects, for a thousand reasons ; but this is unnecessary.

The more I think of it, the more I fear I shall not be able to join you before this campaign is finished. “ *Madam, you know my trade is war.*” At the same time, it is not my intention to keep you in press at Hamburgh, if you do not yourself desire it. The beginning of May, if you find yourself stout, you may come by sea, in a neutral bottom, to Havre de Grace, as Mr. Giaque will fix for you, and so on to Paris, or fix yourself for the summer in some of the villages near the sea side, as you see best ; but this we will settle hereafter. What have you done with your bill on London ? I suppose you know by this that the Bank of England has stopped payment, and God knows what confusion that may produce in the commercial world ; perhaps we may lose all, which will be truly agreeable ; let me know about this in your next. I have written by a safe hand to America, to Reynolds and Matt ; and I have left it to them to decide whether the latter gentleman shall come on or not. The dog ; if he were here now, I could make him my aid-de-camp for a word's speaking. Mr. Wilson's letters never came to hand. Dear love, I cannot express to you how weary I am of this eternal separation, and how I long once more to see you and the babies. I would give a great deal of honor now for a little domestic comfort ; but what can I do ? You know my duty, and I need say no more. You know I am now in the pay of the Republic. (Sings) “ *Here is a guinea and a crown, beside the Lord*

*knows what renown,"* and, besides,—but what need I multiply reasons. I rely always upon your courage, and you may be sure on my part, I shall expose myself to no unnecessary dangers; the campaign, too, will probably be pacific enough on our side, for it should seem the great push will be made in Italy. I must finish this with a line to the Bab. God bless you. I will write again in a week, but do you in the mean time answer this.

J. SMITH.

DEAREST BABY: I cannot express to you the pleasure I felt at receiving a letter from Mamma, with a postscript of your writing. I am delighted that your boys are well and good; I desire you may not let William forget his *fadoff*; as for *Sir Fantom*, I can hardly promise myself he will remember me. Take all the care in the world of your darling Mamma, because you know there is nobody in the world that either you or I love half so much; above all things, do not let her catch cold. Have you any books to divert yourself with? How do you like *Hamburgh*? Which would you rather be, there or in *Princeton*? Write to me as soon as you get this. God bless you, my dearest baby.

J. SMITH.

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PARIS, *March 25, 1797.*

DEAREST LOVE: I wrote to you, I think it was the 12th instant, so, to-day, according to all probability, you should have my letter. I promised you to write again before I left Paris, and you see I keep my word. I received yesterday my order to join, and the money for my expenses, and I was in hopes to have set off to-day, but, unluckily, all the places in the *Diligence* were taken, which, together with some trifling preparations which I have still to make, prevented me; however, I have secured my seat for the 29th, which makes only four days difference, and I hope to be in *Cologne* by the third of next month. From *Cologne* to *Hamburgh* is not so far as from *New York* to *Paris*, and I give you my word, most solemnly, that the instant I see *General Hoche* I will demand permission to go and see you,



and I hardly think he will refuse me, for reasons which I will explain to you when we meet, which I hope and trust we may now expect about the latter end of April at farthest, viz. in a month from this. Dearest love, you cannot conceive the impatience I feel to join you and the little babies once more—an impatience which is multiplied a thousand fold, by the anxiety which I feel, unceasingly, on account of your health; I am more unhappy on that score than I am able to express. I hope you take great care of yourself, and that you have advice, if it be necessary, though, after all. I am sure I would be your best physician. If I succeed in the arrangement I meditate, with the General, I shall stay for, perhaps, two, or it may be, three months in Hamburgh, and then I will bring you and the little things with me into France, and we shall have a most delicious journey through Holland, and the Low Countries, in the fine season; but, in order to execute the aforesaid journey, it is absolutely necessary that you preserve your health, and keep up, *especially*, your spirits. I have five hundred little things to occupy me before I set off: you must be contented with a very short letter, which you need not answer, for the reasons herein before set forth. “*Oh, I have business would employ an age, and have not half an hour to do it in.*” Adieu, dearest life and soul, and light of my eyes; I shall have a budget of news for you when we meet. Oh how I long for that meeting!—God Almighty forever bless you and preserve you, for me and our darling babies!

Your ever affectionate,

J. S.

DEAR BABY: I wrote you a few lines in my last, and I hope you got them safe. Kiss your Mamma for me ten thousand times, and the little Daffs; the ugly little things! I know you hate them, and your Fadoff. But what will you say one of these fine mornings when I walk in and catch you all together? Do you know that I intend going to Hamburgh very soon, and that I will bring you all with me to Paris, and fix you delightfully? Will you love me then, you ugly thing? I hope you nurse your poor dear Mamma, for my sake, for I love her even more than I love you, Miss Baby—I doat upon you all, you little things. God Almighty bless you, my darling child.

Your affectionate father,

*Do not say a word to mortal that you expect me in Hamburgh, nor do not be unhappy if I am not there to the hour I mention ; it may be a few days later ; but your own good sense will suggest all that. Once more adieu !*

J. S.

PARIS, 29th March, 1797.

DEAREST LOVE : I wrote to you on the 25th instant, informing you of my speedy departure from Paris. I have settled all my affairs here, and, to-day, at three o'clock, I set off for Liege, whence I proceed directly to Cologne ; I suppose I shall reach Cologne in eight days, and from the moment of my arrival I shall take my measures for joining you as speedily as possible. I hardly think I shall be refused, and you may be sure that nothing short of a peremptory order to remain, shall keep me from you ; at the same time, that I do not disguise from you that I make a very great sacrifice in acting thus, and such as nothing, but the intolerable anxiety I feel for your health, could induce me to submit to ; but, when that is at stake, I would sacrifice all the world to you.

I received your letter, with poor Tom's address, two days ago ; it was a long time coming, for it was dated the third inst. I beg you will return my thanks to Mr. Wilson for the trouble he was so kind as to take in transcribing Russell's letter. The packet addressed to him never came to hand.

Monsieur Benard, the gentleman who delivered me your last, and who is Giauque's correspondent in Paris, spoke to me of his (Giauque's,) claim on the French Government, and told me that he was in some negotiation with some person who had, or pretended to have, influence here, and who was to assist him in recovering the money. I did not conceal my opinion from Monsieur Benard : for I know that Paris swarms with adventurers, and especially of that class who, like Mr. Lofty, pretend to influence with persons whom they never saw ; so that the Directory and Ministers have more than once advertised the public, in the papers, to be on their guard against all such. I wish, therefore, Giauque, unless he has very good reason to be satisfied that he is at present in a safe and good track, would

suspend all further pursuit until my return to Paris, especially as I expect to see him in person in a month or six weeks ; perhaps I may be able to be of use to him, but, at all events, he will be sure his affairs will be in the hands of a person on whom he can rely. I write to him by this opportunity to that effect.

Having written to you so very lately I have nothing to add. Dearest love, keep up your spirits, and be in good health, and let me find you getting daily stronger and better. I love you and the little things more than all the world, ten thousand times ; kiss them all for me, and love me ever as I love you. J. S.

*Do not say a word to mortal of my visit to Hamburgh, for I shall keep a close incognito, and caution Giaque and Mary to that effect. Service to Saul and the kitten.*

*You ugly thing, I doat on you.*

BABY : Kiss your little boys for me a thousand times, and take care of poor Mamma, because we both love her so much. I expect to see you in a month. God bless you. J. S.

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COLOGNE, April 18, 1797.

DEAREST LIFE: I have this moment obtained my leave of absence, and the day after to-morrow I set out to join you. I shall proceed through Holland, as far as the frontiers of Germany ; but as George the Third by the grace of God, happens to be also Elector of Hanover, I will not trust my person in his dominions ; you will, therefore, on receipt of this, prepare to set off to meet me at the place which I shall point out to you in my next letter, but which I do not, as yet, myself know. I rely on the friendship of Giaque to escort you, and, if Mary can be of the party, I need not say it will infinitely increase the pleasure I shall feel at our meeting. It is absolutely necessary I should see Giaque, for reasons which I will explain to him, when I have the pleasure to see him. I write to him by this post.

You will, of course, bring all your baggage, and your money, if any you have. I am not very rich, you may well conceive, but I learn that, from the first Floréal, (viz. the day after to-morrow,) the army will be paid entirely in specie, and if so, I shall be able to carry on the war tolerably.

"The cloak which I left behind me at Tarsus, when thou comest, bring with thee ; and likewise the books, but especially the parchments." In plain English, take care to bring my papers.

Dear love, I cannot express the joy I feel at the prospect of seeing you once again! I have an immensity of news for you, and all *good news*, both public and private. I say nothing of your health, because I will not suppose that you are not well. I hope you have, before this, two letters I wrote you before my departure from Paris. I will write to you again, most probably from Amsterdam. I have voyaged so much of late that I think now I could go round the world in a hop, step, and a jump ; and my voyages are not finished yet. (Sings,) "*In Italy, Germany, France I have been.*" I do not know so great a voyager except Master Fantom, who had crossed the Atlantic twice before he was three years old. Robinson Crusoe was a fool to me. I am writing sad nonsense, but I am so happy at the thoughts of seeing you that I cannot help it. I have every reason in the world to be pleased with my situation, and so you will say when we meet, which I hope now will be in about three weeks. Adieu, dearest life and soul ; I must go now about my lawful occasions, and to prepare for my journey. I embrace you with all my heart and soul ; kiss the babies for me ten thousand times. You shall have my next, with full directions, four or five days after this. My love to Mary.

Your ever affectionate,

J. SMITH, *Adj. Genl. &c.*

**DEAREST BABY:** I am just setting off to join you and Mamma, and I hope to have you both in my arms in a fortnight or three weeks. Love your boys for me, and let me see that you bring them and Mamma safe and well to your affectionate Faddy.

J. S.

Remember, it is you that have the charge of the family on you.

Daffy Bab! Daffy Bab!—I suppose all my words are out of date, and that you have got new ones. But, no matter ; I will soon learn them. Kiss your boys for me, my dearest baby. I doat on you.

AMSTERDAM, *April 25, 1797.*

DEAR LOVE: I trust you have received my letter from Cologne, of the 18th inst. and that you have made your preparations to set out, without delay, to join me. All things considered, I find I cannot prudently advance beyond the Dutch territory, and, therefore, I have written to Giaque, by this post, to conduct you, by the shortest route, to *Groninguen*, which is the town the nearest to you that I could fix upon. You will have this letter, I trust, the 29th, and if so, and nothing unforeseen happens to prevent you, you may be, I learn, here at *Groninguen* in three days; but I allow one or two days for accidents, so I hope, deducting all reasonable deduction, to see you about the 3d or 4th of next month, at which time I shall be in waiting at *Groninguen*. I rather suspect I need not press you to lose no time, as I judge of your impatience for our meeting by my own.

I hope to see you so soon that I will not write you a long letter; all I have to tell you is, that every thing is going on to my mind. Kiss my babies for me ten thousand times, and make great haste, but not more than good speed, to join me. I insist upon your not over fatiguing yourself; a day, more or less, makes little or no difference, and may materially affect your health.

Adieu, dearest love. God bless you.

J. S.

I send this under cover to Mons. Holterman; that to Giaque I enclose to Victor Pretre. *Remember to take leave of the French Minister.*

DEAR BABY: "*I have nothing to add.*"

Your affectionate Fadoff,

J. SMITH.

My best respects to the young gentlemen, your brothers.

\*ARMÉE DE SAMBRE ET MEUSE. }  
 ETAT-MAJOR GENERAL.

*Au Quartier-Général à Friedberg, le 14 Prairial, l'an 5  
 de la République Française, une et indivisible.*

LIBERTÉ,                      ÉGALITÉ,                      FRATERNITÉ.

**DEAREST LOVE:** You see what a flourishing sheet of paper I write to you on ; but the fact is, I have got no other. I arrived here yesterday evening, safe and sound, which is, in one word, all the news I have to communicate to you. The General is out on a tour, which may detain him five or six days, so I have not seen him yet ; in the mean time, I have got very good quarters, and, as we all live in one family at the Etat Major, I am as well and as happy as I can reasonably expect to be in your absence. It is much more to the credit of the French than it is to mine, that I have the good fortune to stand perfectly well with all my comrades. You may judge how a Frenchman in England would find himself in similar circumstances ; but this observation I believe I made to you already.

Dear love, I look back on our last tour with the greatest delight ; I never was, I think, so happy, and more happy I never can expect to be in future, whatever change for the better may take place, (if any does take place,) in our circumstances. It was delightful ; I recall, with pleasure, every spot where we passed together ; I never will forget it.

But that is not what I sat down to write about. How is your health at present ? How are your spirits ? Are you at Nanterre ? Have you seen Madame Shée ? How do you like Mademoiselle ? Are you fixed in lodgings to your mind ? Have you heard from Mary ? Has Giauque got you your money ? Have you bought your musical glasses ? How are the babies ? Does Maria pick at her guitar ? Is Will as good as ever ? Is Frank as great a tyrant ?

" Are the groves and the vallies as fair ?

" Are the shepherds as gentle as ours ?"

I desire you may answer all these questions, especially the two last, which I look upon as of the most importance, and have,

\*These two letters were written on my father's return to the army of Sambre et Meuse.

VOL. II—51



## PART IV.

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### JOURNAL OF 1797.

#### DURING THE PERIOD THAT GENERAL TONE WAS ATTACHED TO THE BATAVIAN ARMY.

[*Note of the Editor.*—On the very day of my father's departure, was fought the famous battle of Neuwied, and before he reached Amsterdam, the war was concluded, and Hoche stopt in his career of victory by the news of the truce with Austria, concluded by Buonaparte. My father's meeting with his family was short and delightful. He travelled with us about a fortnight through Holland and Belgium, left us at Brussels, and on the 28th of May was already returned to head quarters at Cologne, whilst we proceeded on to Paris. The important events which ensued, are contained in the following Journal, which he resumed with a new spirit on his arrival.]

*Cologne, May 26.* I see to-day, in the Journal General, an article copied from an English paper, dated about a fortnight ago, which mentions that a discovery had been made in Ireland of a communication between the discontented party there and the French; that one of the party had turned traitor, and impeached the rest, and that, on his indication, near fifty persons, in and near Belfast, had been arrested, one of them a Dissenting Clergyman; that their papers had been all seized, and that, on the motion of Mr. Pelham, the English Secretary, they were to be submitted to the inspection of a secret committee of the House of Commons. All this looks very serious. There has been a formal message from the Government on this business. For my part, all I can say is, that, if communication has been had, it was without my knowledge; but, even so, I am heartily glad of it; the Dissenting Clergyman is Sinclair Kilburne, as I saw in a newspaper at Amsterdam; but I wonder who was the traitor; methinks I should be curious to see him!

*Remainder of May, blank.*



JUNE, 1797.

*June 1, 2, 3. Blank.*

*June 4, Friedberg.* In the *Moniteur* of the 27th is a long article, copied from the English papers of the 18th May, and containing the substance of the report made by the Secret Committee abovementioned; most of the facts contained in it I was already acquainted with; the organization is, however, much more complete than when I left Ireland. The most material fact is, that above 100,000 United Irishmen exist in the North of Ireland, and that they have a large quantity of arms, and at least eight pieces of cannon and one mortar concealed. I presume that martial law is proclaimed long before this, as I see, in the *Frankfort Gazette*, an article from England of the 23d May, viz. five days after that in the *Moniteur*, which mentions two or three skirmishes between the army and some detached proportion of the people, who are denominated the rebels, in which the army had, of course, the advantage. I do not at all believe that the people are prepared for a serious and general insurrection, and, in short, why should I conceal the fact, I do not believe they have the spirit. It is not fear of the army, but fear of the law, and long habits of slavery, that keep them down; it is not fear of the General, but fear of the Judge. In the mean time, it seems Marquis Cornwallis is named to the command in Ireland, and that Lord O'Neil, Mr. Conolly, and the Duke of Leinster, have resigned their regiments. The example of the last has been followed by all the officers of the Kildare militia; this last circumstance is, in some degree, consolatory.

*June 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.* The sedition continues aboard the English fleet, and has reached the army. For the present, however, they seem to be appeased, but at the expense of dismissing a number of officers of the navy who were obnoxious to the seamen, and increasing the pay both of seamen and soldiers. When a Government is forced to such concessions, it seems to me an inevitable symptom of decaying empire. Martial law is proclaimed in Dublin, and I see that the presses of the *Northern Star* have been broken and burnt in Belfast by the Donegal militia. In return, it is said that Buonaparte has seized on thirty-two sail of the line, and twenty-six frigates, at Venice; but

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if the half of that only be true, it is a great prize. It is also certain, I believe, that Massaredo has sailed from Cadiz, with the Spanish fleet, on the 21st May. I wish he were safe and well in Brest Harbor. To-day I rode out with the rest of the Etat Major to pay our respects to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, who passed by Friedberg on his way to Hanau, where he reviews his troops to-morrow; I wish I were there. There is great talk, at head quarters, of an immediate rupture between the Emperor and the King of Prussia, which last is supported by the Landgrave. Time will show.

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*Written aboard the Vryheid of 74 guns, commanded by Admiral Dewinter, at the Texel, July 10, 1797.*

It is a long time since I have made a memorandum, notwithstanding I have been fully employed; but the fact is, I have had too much business. All I can now do is to make an imperfect abstract of what has passed, that is most material, in the last month.

**June 12.** Quartier General at Friedberg. This evening the General called me into the garden and told me he had some good news for me. He then asked, "Did I know one Lewines?" I answered I did, perfectly well, and had a high opinion of his talents and patriotism. "Well," said he, "he is at Neuwied, waiting to see you; you must set off to-morrow morning; when you join him, you must go together to Treves, and wait for further orders." The next morning I set off, and, on the 14th, in the evening, reached—

**June 14,** *Neuwied*; where I found Lewines waiting for me. I cannot express the unspeakable satisfaction I felt at seeing him. I gave him a full account of all my labors, and of every thing that had happened since I have been in France, and he informed me, in return, of every thing of consequence relating to Ireland, and especially to my friends now in jeopardy there. I cannot pretend to detail his conversation, which occupied us fully during our stay at Neuwied, and our journey to—

**June 17,** *Treves*; where we arrived on the 17th. What is most material is, that he is sent here by the Executive Committee of the United People of Ireland, to solicit, on their part, the

assistance in troops, arms, and money, necessary to enable them to take the field, and assert their liberty; the organization of the people is complete, and nothing is wanting but the point d'appui. His instructions are to apply to France, Holland, and Spain. At Hamburgh, where he passed almost two months, he met a Señor Nava, an officer of rank in the Spanish navy, sent thither by the Prince of Peace, on some mission of consequence; he opened himself to Nava, who wrote off, in consequence, to his court, and received an answer, general, it is true, but in the highest degree favorable; a circumstance which augurs well, in that, in forty days from the date of Nava's letter, he received the answer, which is less time than he ever knew a courier to arrive in, and shews the earnestness of the Spanish Minister. Lewine's instructions are to demand of Spain £500,000 stg. and 30,000 stand of arms. At Treves, on the 19th. Dalton, the General's Aid-de-camp, came express with orders for us to return to—

June 21. Coblentz; where we arrived on the 21st, and met General Hoche. He told us that, in consequence of the arrival of Lewines, he had sent off Simon, one of his Adjutant Generals, who was of our late expedition, in order to press the Executive Directory and Minister of the Marine; that he had also sent copies of all the necessary papers, including especially those lately prepared by Lewines, with his own observations, enforcing them in the strongest manner; that he had just received the answers of all parties, which were as favorable as we could desire; but that the Minister of the Marine was absolutely for making the expedition on a grand scale, for which two months, at the very least, would still be necessary; to which I, knowing Brest of old, and that two months, in the language of the Marine, meant four at least, if not five or six, remarked the necessity of an immediate exertion, in order to profit of the state of mutiny and absolute disorganization in which the English navy is at this moment, in which Lewines heartily concurred; and we both observed that it was not a strong military force that we wanted at this moment, but arms and ammunition, with troops sufficient to serve as a *noyau d'armée*, and protect the people in their first assembling; adding, that 5000 men, sent now, when the thing was feasible, would be far better than 25,000 in three months, when, perhaps, we might find ourselves again blocked

up in Brest Harbor; and I besought the General to remember that the mutiny aboard the English fleet would most certainly be soon quelled, so that there was not one minute to lose; that, if we were lucky enough to arrive in Ireland before that took place, I looked upon it as morally certain, that, by proper means, we might gain over the seamen, who have already spoken of steering the fleet into the Irish harbors, and so settle the business, perhaps without striking a blow. We both pressed these, and such other arguments as occurred, in the best manner we were able; to which General Hoche replied, he saw every thing precisely in the same light we did, and that he would act accordingly, and press the Directory and Minister of the Marine in the strongest manner. He shewed Lewines Simon's letter, which contained the assurance of the Directory, "that they would make no peace with England wherein the interests of Ireland should not be fully discussed agreeably to the wishes of the people of that country." This is a very strong declaration, and has most probably been produced by a demand made by Lewines in his memorial, "that the French Government should make it an indispensable condition of peace, that all the British troops be withdrawn from Ireland, and the people left at full liberty to declare whether they wished to continue the connexion with England or not." General Hoche then told us not to be discouraged by the arrival of a British negotiator, for that the Directory were determined to make no peace but on conditions which would put it out of the power of England longer to arrogate to herself the commerce of the world, and dictate her laws to all the maritime powers. He added, that preparations were making also in Holland for an expedition, the particulars of which he would communicate to us in two or three days, and, in the mean time, he desired us to attend him to—

*June 24*, Cologne; for which place we set off, and arrived the 24th.

*June 25*. At 9 o'clock at night the General sent us a letter from General Daendels, Commander-in-chief of the army of the Batavian Republic, acquainting him that every thing was in the greatest forwardness, and would be ready in a very few days; that the army and the navy were in the best possible spirit; that the Committee for Foreign Affairs (the Directory per interim of the Batavian Republic) desired most car-

nestly to see him without loss of time, in order to make the definitive arrangements ; and especially they prayed him to bring with him the deputy of the people of Ireland, which Daendels repeated two or three times in his letter. In consequence of this, I waited on the General, whom I found in his bed in the *Cour Imperiale*, and received his orders to set off with Lewines without loss of time, and attend him at—

*June 27.* The Hague ; where we arrived accordingly, having travelled day and night. In the evening we went to the *Comedie*, where we met the General in a sort of public incognito ; that is to say, he had combed the powder out of his hair, and was in a plain regimental frock. After the play, we followed him to his lodgings at the *Lion d'or*, where he gave us a full detail of what was preparing in Holland. He began by telling us that the Dutch Governor General Daendels, and Admiral Dewinter, were sincerely actuated by a desire to effectuate something striking to rescue their country from that state of oblivion and *decadence* into which it had fallen ; that, by the most indefatigable exertions, on their part, they had got together, at the Texel, sixteen sail of the line, and eight or ten frigates, all ready for sea, and in the highest condition ; that they intended to embark 15,000 men, the whole of their national troops, 3,000 stand of arms, 80 pieces of artillery, and money for their pay and subsistence for three months ; that he had the best opinion of the sincerity of all parties, and of the courage and conduct of the General and Admiral, but that here was the difficulty : The French Government had demanded that at least 5,000 French troops, the elite of the army, should be embarked, instead of a like number of Dutch, in which case, if the demand was acceded to, he would himself take the command of the united army, and set off for the Texel directly ; but that the Dutch Government made great difficulties, alleging a variety of reasons, of which some were good ; that they said the French troops would never submit to the discipline of the Dutch navy, and that, in that case, they could not pretend to enforce it on their own, without making unjust distinctions, and giving a reasonable ground for jealousy and discontent to their army ; “ but the fact is,” said Hoche, “ that the Committee, Daendels, and Dewinter, are anxious that the Batavian Republic should have the whole glory of the expedition, if it succeeds ;

they feel that their country has been forgotten in Europe, and they are risking every thing, even to their last stake: for, if this fails, they are ruined—in order to restore the national character. The demand of the French Government is now before the Committee; if it is acceded to, I will go myself, and, at all events, I will present you both to the Committee, and we will probably then settle the matter definitively.” Both Lewines and I now found ourselves in a considerable difficulty. On the one side, it was an object of the greatest importance to have Hoche and his 5000 grenadiers; on the other, it was most unreasonable to propose any thing which could hurt the feelings of the Dutch people, at a moment when they were making unexampled exertions in our favor, and risking, as Hoche himself said, their last ship and last shilling to emancipate us. I cursed and swore like a dragoon; it went to my very heart’s blood and midriff to give up the General and our brave lads, 5000 of whom I would prefer to any 10,000 in Europe; on the other hand, I could not but see that the Dutch were perfectly reasonable in the desire to have the whole reputation of an affair prepared and arranged entirely at their expense, and at such an expense. I did not know what to say. Lewines, however, extricated himself and me with considerable address. After stating very well our difficulty, he asked Hoche whether he thought that Daendels would serve under his orders, and, if he refused, what effect that might have on the Batavian troops? I will never forget the magnanimity of Hoche on this occasion. He said he believed Daendels would not, and, therefore, that the next morning he would withdraw the demand with regard to the French troops, and leave the Dutch Government at perfect liberty to act as they thought proper. When it is considered that Hoche has a devouring passion for fame; that his great object, on which he has endeavored to establish his reputation, is the destruction of the power of England; that he has, for two years, in a great degree, devoted himself to our business, and made the greatest exertions, including our memorable expedition, to emancipate us; that he sees, at last, the business likely to be accomplished by another, and, of course, all the glory he had promised to himself ravished from him; when, in addition to all this, it is considered that he could, by a word’s speaking, prevent the possibility of that rival’s moving one step, and find, at the same time, plausible reasons sufficient to

justify his own conduct,—I confess his renouncing the situation which he might command is an effort of very great virtue. It is true he is doing exactly what an honest man and a good citizen ought to do; he is preferring the interests of his country to his own private views; that, however, does not prevent my regarding his conduct, in this instance, with great admiration, and I shall never forget it. 'This important difficulty being removed, after a good deal of general discourse on our business, we parted late, perfectly satisfied with each other, and having fixed to wait on the Committee to-morrow in the forenoon. All reflections made, the present arrangement, if it has its dark, has its bright sides also, of which hereafter.

*June 28.* This morning, at ten. Lewines and I went with General Hoche to the Committee for Foreign Affairs, which we found sitting. There were eight or nine members, of whom I do not know all the names, together with General Daendels. Those whose names I learned, were citizens Hahn, (who seemed to have great influence among them,) Bekker, Van Leyden, and Grasveldt. General Hoche began by stating extremely well the history of our affairs, since he had interested himself in them; he pressed, in the strongest manner that we could wish, the advantages to be reaped from the emancipation of Ireland, the almost certainty of success, if the attempt were once made, and the necessity of attempting it, if at all, immediately. It was citizen Hahn who replied to him. He said he was heartily glad to find the measure sanctioned by so high an opinion as that of General Hoche; that originally the object of the Dutch Government was to have invaded England, in order to have operated a diversion in favor of the French army, which it was hoped would have been in Ireland; that circumstances being totally changed in that regard, they had yielded to the wishes of the French Government, and resolved to go into Ireland; that, for this purpose, they had made the greatest exertions, and had now at the Texel an armament of 16 sail of the line, 10 frigates, 15,000 troops in the best condition, 80 pieces of artillery, and pay for the whole for three months; but that a difficulty had been raised within a few days, in consequence of a requisition of the Minister of Marine, Truguet, who wished to have 5,000 French troops, instead of so many Dutch, to be disembarked in consequence. That this was a measure of extreme risk, inasmuch

as the discipline of the Dutch navy was very severe, and such as the French troops would probably not submit to; that, in that case, they could not pretend to enforce it with regard to their own troops, the consequence of which would be a relaxation of all discipline. This was precisely what General Hoche told us last night. He immediately replied, that, such being the case, he would take on himself to withdraw the demand of the Minister of Marine, and satisfy the Directory as to the justice of their observations; and that he hoped, all difficulty on that head being removed, they would press the embarkation without a moment's delay. It was easy to see the most lively satisfaction on all their faces, at this declaration of General Hoche, which certainly does him the greatest honor. General Daendels, especially, was beyond measure delighted.—They told us then that they hoped all would be ready in a fortnight, and Hahn observed, at the same time, that, as there was an English squadron which appeared almost every day at the mouth of the Texel, it was very much to be desired that the Brest fleet should, if possible, put to sea, in order to draw off at least a part of the British fleet, because, from the position of the Texel, the Dutch fleet was liable to be attacked in detail, in sailing out of the port; and even if they beat the enemy, it would not be possible to proceed, as they must return to refit. To this, General Hoche replied, that the French fleet could not, he understood, be ready before two months, which put it out of the question; and as to the necessity of returning to refit, he observed that, during the last war, the British and French fleets had often fought, both in the East and West Indies, and kept the seas after; all that was necessary being to have on board the necessary articles of *rechange*; besides, it was certainly the business of the Dutch fleet to avoid an action by all possible means. General Daendels observed that Admiral Dewinter desired nothing better than to measure himself with the enemy, but we all, that is to say, General Hoche, Lewines, and myself, cried out against it, his only business being to bring his convoy safe to its destination. A member of the committee, I believe it was Van Leyden, then asked us, supposing every thing succeeded to our wish, what was the definite object of the Irish people. To which we replied categorically, that it was to throw off the yoke of England, break forever the connection now existing with that country, and constitute ourselves a free and in-



dependent people. They all expressed their satisfaction at this reply, and Van Leyden observed that he had travelled through Ireland, and to judge from the luxury of the rich, and extreme misery of the poor, no country in Europe had so crying a necessity for a revolution. To which Lewines and I replied, as is most religiously the truth, that one great motive of our conduct in this business, was the conviction of the wretched state of our peasantry, and the determination, if possible, to amend it. The political object of our visit being now nearly ascertained, Hahn, in the name of the committee, observed that he hoped either Lewines or I would be of the expedition, as our presence with the General would be indispensable. To which Hoche replied "that I was ready to go," and he made the offer, on my part, in a manner peculiarly agreeable to my feelings. It was then fixed that I should set off for the army of Sambre et Meuse for my trunk, and especially for my papers, and that Lewines should remain at the Hague, at the orders of the committee, until my return, which might be seven or eight days. The meeting then broke up. We could not possibly desire to find greater attention to us, personally, or, which was far more important, greater zeal and anxiety to forward this expedition, in which the Dutch Government has thrown itself "*à corps perdu*." They venture no less than the whole of their army and navy. As Hoche expressed it, "they are like a man stripped to his breeches, who has one shilling left, which he throws in the lottery, in the hope of being enabled to buy a coat." The committee are very plain men in their appearance, not unlike my old masters of the sub-committee. On our return to the auberge with Hoche, we took occasion to express our admiration of the singularly disinterested conduct which he had manifested on this occasion. He then told us his plan; that the Minister of the Marine, thus far, had not been lucky, counting from his expedition against Sardinia, in the beginning of the war; that he had the greatest desire to do something which might give eclat to his administration; that he, General Hoche, had ceded to the wish of the Dutch Government, principally because he would press no measure, however grateful to himself, which might cool their zeal in this great business; and in the next place, because he knew that the instant the Dutch fleet was at sea, Truguet's vanity would be piqued, and that he would move

heaven and earth to follow them, and instead of waiting to complete the expedition on a great scale, according to his present system, would despatch, instantly, whatever was ready for sea; so that, in all probability, if we reached Ireland, the French army would be there in a fortnight after us. He told us, likewise, that the Dutch army was not now what it had been in the commencement of the war; that they had numbers of French among them, particularly in the *artillerié legere*; that they had also a great quantity of Austrians, particularly of the garrison of Luxembourg, and especially that Daendels was an excellent officer, and as brave as Cæsar, on whom we might rely; that he would send all such plans and papers as might be of service to him in this business, and, finally, that he hoped we would all speedily meet in Ireland. The main business being finished, we talked of other matters, particularly of the present state of Paris, where the audacity of the Royalists seems to have no bounds. Hoche made use of these remarkable expressions; "If these rascals were to succeed and put down the Government, I march my army that instant against Paris, and when I have restored the constitution, I break my sword and never touch it afterwards." Our meeting then broke up; the General set off for head-quarters at four, and I followed him at six in the evening.

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## JULY, 1797.

*July 1.* Arrived at Cologne, where I found the General. He told me that, as he had expected, the Minister of Marine was piqued, and had given orders, in consequence, to prepare every thing at Brest with the greatest possible expedition; that he had, if necessary, £300,000 at the disposal of the Minister; that he had just received orders from the Directory to proceed instantly to Paris, by way of Dunkirk; that from Paris he would set off for Brest, where every thing would be ready in a fortnight, and in a month he hoped to be in Ireland. He then ordered me £50 sterling, with orders to return immediately to the Hague, with a letter for General Daendels. I told him, that if he expected to be ready so soon, it was my wish not to quit him. He replied, he had considered it, and thought it best I should accompany

Daendels, on which I acquiesced. I then took occasion to speak on a subject which had weighed very much upon my mind, I mean the degree of influence which the French might be disposed to arrogate to themselves in Ireland, and which I had great reason to fear would be greater than we might choose to allow them. In the Gazette of that day there was a proclamation of Buonaparte's, addressed to the Government of Genoa, which I thought most grossly improper and indecent, as touching on the indispensable rights of the people. I read the most obnoxious passages to Hoche, and observed, that if Buonaparte commanded in Ireland, and were to publish there so indiscreet a proclamation, it would have a most ruinous effect; that in Italy such dictation might pass, but never in Ireland, where we understood our rights too well to submit to it. Hoche answered me, "I understand you, but you may be at ease in that respect; Buonaparte has been my scholar, but he shall never be my master." He then launched out into a very severe critique on Buonaparte's conduct, which certainly has latterly been terribly indiscreet, to say no worse of it, and observed that, as to his victories, it was easy to gain victories with such troops as he commanded, especially when the General made no difficulty to sacrifice the lives of his soldiers, and that these victories had cost the Republic 200,000 men. A great deal of what Hoche said was very true, but I could see at the bottom of it a very great jealousy of Buonaparte. I am also sorry to see the latter losing so fast that spirit of moderation, which did him as much honor at first as his victories. Hoche and I then talked of our own business: He said we must calculate on being opposed, at the landing, by 8 or 10,000 men; that, if they were not there, so much the better, but we must expect them; that the British would probably act as they did in America last war—retreat, and burn the towns behind them; that he did not desire more than twelve, or, at most fifteen thousand troops, and had made his arrangements, so that the maintenance of that force should not cost the Irish people above 12,000,000 livres, equal to £ 500,000 sterling. He then promised to send me his instructions for carrying on the war in La Vendée, which would exactly apply to our case in Ireland; and, giving me a letter for General Daendels, in which, amongst other things, he demanded for me the rank of Adjutant General in the service of the Batavian Repub-

lic, we embraced each other and parted. He set off that evening for Bonn, and I the next morning, at five, for the Hague, where I arrived in the morning of—

*July 4.* Instantly on my arrival I waited on General Daendels, whom I found on the point of setting out for the Texel. He read the letter, and told me every thing should be settled with regard to my rank, and that I should receive two months' pay in advance, to equip me for the campaign. His reception of me was extremely friendly. I staid with Lewines, at the Hague, three or four days, whilst my regimentals, &c. were making up, and at length, all being ready, we parted, he setting off for Paris, to join General Hoche, and I for the Texel, to join General Daendels.

*July 8.* Arrived early in the morning at the Texel, and went immediately on board the Admiral's ship, the *Vryheid*, of 74 guns, a superb vessel. Found General Daendels aboard, who presented me to Admiral Dewinter, who commands the expedition. I am exceedingly pleased with both one and the other; there is a frankness and candor in their manners which is highly interesting.

*July 10.* I have been boating about the fleet, and aboard several of the vessels; they are in very fine condition, incomparably better than the fleet at Brest, and I learn from all hands that the best possible spirit reigns in both soldiers and sailors. Admiral Duncan, who commands the English fleet off the Texel, sent in yesterday an officer with a flag of truce, apparently with a letter, but in fact to reconnoitre our force. Dewinter was even with him: for he detained his messenger, and sent back the answer by an officer of his own, with instructions to bring back an exact account of the force of the enemy.

*July 11.* This day our flag of truce is returned, and the English officer released. Duncan's fleet is of eleven sail of the line, of which three are three deckers. I do not yet exactly know our force, either by sea or land, but I must endeavor to learn it.

*July 13.* I have had a good deal of discourse to-day with General Daendels, and I am more and more pleased with him. His plan is, to place such of our people as may present themselves at first in the cadres of the regiments which we bring, until our battalions are 1,000 each; that then, we may be corps, and he will give us proper officers to discipline

ganize it; that he will keep the main army of 18 or 20,000 men in activity, and leave the security of our communications, the guarding of passes, rivers, &c. to the national troops, until they are in a certain degree disciplined. A great deal of this is good, but we must be brought more forward in the picture than that, for every reason in the world. I replied, that the outline of his plan was just, but that cases might occur where it would be necessary to depart from it occasionally. For instance, if the militia were to join us, they ought not, nor would they consent to be, incorporated in the Dutch battalions. Daendels said, "certainly not; that he knew what the esprit de corps was too well to think of it; that the militia battalions would, in that case, become themselves cadres of regiments;" so that affair will be settled to the satisfaction of all parties. We then spoke of the administration, and I gave him an idea how we had been circumstanced in that regard in the Brest expedition, where we had a little army of commissaries, ready to eat up the country, who would sacrifice the liberty of Ireland, the interests of the Republic, and the honor of the General, for half a crown; and I did not restrain myself in speaking of those gentry as they deserve. Daendels replied, that his instructions were to leave all the details of supplying the army to the Irish people: that he brought with him but five commissaries, who were to superintend the forage, the bread, the meat, &c., and that all their proceedings should be subject to his own immediate inspection, and nothing stand good that was not authorized by his signature; that he prided himself more on his character for administration than for military talents, and that I might rely on it we should have no difficulties on that head. I was very glad to hear all this, the more because I have confidence in him. If the Brest expedition had succeeded, we should have had damned work with those scoundrelly administrations, but I had made up my mind on that head, as to what we should do. With the Dutch I have by no means the same uneasiness, and this is one of the circumstances where we gain by the present expedition. But enough of this for the present. *"All is for the best in this best of all possible worlds."*

*July 14.* General Daendels showed me to-day his instructions from the Dutch Government. They are fair and honest, and I have no doubt he will act up to them. The spirit of them is al-

ways to maintain the character of a faithful ally, not to interfere in the domestic concerns of the people ; to aid them by every means in his power to establish their liberty and independence ; and to expect no condition in return, but that we should throw off the English yoke, and that, when all was settled on that score, we should arrange our future commerce with the Dutch Republic, on the basis of reciprocal advantage and accommodation. Nothing can be more fair and honorable, and I am convinced, from what I see of Daendels, and the frankness of his character, that he will act up to his instructions. The report to-day is, that we shall get under way to-morrow, and I see a bustle in the ship, which seems to confirm it : but I follow my good old rule, to ask no questions. Several boats full of troops have passed us to-day, going on board the different vessels ; the men are in the highest spirits, singing national songs, and cheering the General as they pass ; it is a noble sight, and I found it inexpressibly affecting. Daendels assures me, that in the best days of the French Revolution he never witnessed greater enthusiasm than reigns at present in the army. It is, to be sure, glorious, the prospect of this day. The following is our line of battle:—

*Avant garde.* Jupiter, 74 guns, Vice Admiral Reyntzies ; Cerberus, 68, Capt. Jacobson ; Haarlem, 68, Capt. Wiggerts ; Alkmaar, 56, Capt. Krafft ; Delft, 56, Capt. Verdoom. *Frigates*, Monnikendam, 44, Capt. Lancaster ; Minerva, 24, Capt. Elbracht ; Daphne, 16, Lieut. Fredericks. Five sail of the line, and three frigates and sloops.

*Corps de Bataille.* Vryheid, 74, Admiral Dewinter and Capt. Von Rossum ; Staaten General, 74. Rear Admiral Story ; Batavia, 56, Capt. Souter ; Wassenaer, 68, Capt. Holland ; Leyden, 68, Capt. Musquettier. *Frigates*, Mars, 44, Capt. Kolff ; Furie, Capt. Buschman ; Galatea, Lieut. Rivery ; Atalanta. Five sail of the line, and 4 frigates and sloops.

*Arriere garde.* Brutus, 74, Rear Admiral Van Tresling ; Hercules, 68. Capt. Reyscort ; Glykheid, 68, Capt. Ruysch ; Admiral De Vries, 68, Capt. Zeegers ; Beschermmer, 56, Capt. Heinst. *Frigates*, Embuscade, 44, Capt. Huys ; Waakzenheid, 24, Capt. Nicrop ; Ajax. Five sail of the line, and three frigates and sloops, with 27 sail of transports, from 150 to 450 tons burthen.

Our land force I do not yet accurately know. I should have remarked, that two or three days ago Noël, Minister of the French Republic, dined aboard us, with his wife. All was in grand costume, the shrouds manned, and 21 guns fired at his departure. He was dressed like a *representant du peuple aux armées*, in blue, with a tri-color sash, and his hat à la *Henry IV.* with a band and panache, also "*aux trois couleurs.*" Yesterday the Swedish Ambassador dined with us, with his unchat, &c. He is a damned dog, and a dunce, and an English partizan, as I soon found out, and, I understand, a spy. The rascal ! To-day, indeed at this present writing, I can see from the cabin windows ten sail of English ships of war, little and big, who have presented themselves off the mouth of the Texel. It put me in mind of the Goulet of Brest, where I have been often regaled in the same manner. Nobody here seems to mind them, and so, "*Je m'en fiche, allons !*"

*July 15.* The human mind, or, at least, my mind, is a singular machine. I am here in a situation extremely interesting, and, on the result of which, every thing most dear to me as a man and a citizen depends, and yet I find myself in a state of indifference, or rather apathy, which I cannot myself comprehend. My sole amusement is reading an odd volume of Voltaire's, which I found by chance ; and, for our expedition, I declare I think no more of it than if it were destined for Japan, which indifference, on my part, as I have already said, I cannot comprehend, but so it is. Yesterday I wrote to my wife, enclosing a bill which Admiral Dewinter accepted for 250 florins, "*moyennant,*" the like sum paid into his hands ; also to General Hoche, to Mr. Shee, to my sister, and to Lewines. I have now finished all my business, and to-morrow, I understand, we put to sea, if the wind permits. It is strange, but I feel as if I were to set out in the trakschuyt from the Hague, to go to Amsterdam. Hove up one of our anchors ; it was beautiful to see the men at work, in which our chasseurs assisted heartily ; all was executed in cadence to the music. General Daendels showed me a letter from General Dupont, announcing the immediate departure of General Hoche for Brest ; he also told me that he and I would go on board a sloop of war, and not mount the Admiral's ship until the issue of the affair (if any there may be) between the two fleets is determined. I am not sorry for that arrangement.

*July 16.* The General tells me just now that a spy, sent out by the Admiral, returned last night with the news that the English fleet is strong twenty-four sail of the line. A few days ago he said nineteen, but he explains that, by saying that five sail had been detached to assist at the execution of Parker, the mutineer. The Admiral's opinion is, that the fellow is a double spy, and that the story of 24 sail is a lie, in which I join him. In the Morning Chronicle of the 6th instant, is an article which mentions that Admiral Duncan had demanded a reinforcement, and that, in consequence, three sail had set off to join him, which, with ten or eleven that he had before, and, perhaps, two which he might draw from the Dogger Bank, where they are stationed to protect the fishery, may bring him up to fifteen or sixteen sail, and this calculation agrees with the reports made to the Government, and those of neutral vessels which have lately entered. Be that as it may, the Admiral summoned this morning all the Admirals and Captains of the fleet, and gave them their last instructions, which were, that the frigates of 44 guns should fall into the line; that they should fight to the last extremity, even to sinking of their vessels, in which case they were to take to their boats; that, if any Captain were to attempt to break the line and hang back, the others should immediately fire on him. This is resolute of Dewinter, and I have every reason to think his fleet will second him. He has, in the mean time, sent off a courier to the Government, to announce all this, and, if the wind springs up in our favor, we will set off instantly, without waiting for the answer.

*July 17.* Yesterday evening the Admiral told me his plan, as above set forth. He is a fine fellow, that is the God's truth. Received yesterday a letter from my dearest love, dated the ninth. Thank God, she and the babies are well and in spirits. To-day I received two letters, one from Madgett, and the other, dated the 13th June, from Napper Tandy, to which I have written two answers, which I will not despatch till we are just setting off. The wind is as foul as the devil. At Brest we had, against all probability, a fair wind for five days successively, during all which time we were not ready, and, at last, when we did arrive at our destination, the wind changed and we missed our blow. Here all is ready, and nothing is wanting but a fair wind. We are riding at single anchor. I hope the wind may



not play us a trick. It is terribly foul this evening. Hang it, and damn it for me ! I am in a rage, which is truly astonishing, and can do nothing to help myself. Well ! well !

*July 18.* The wind is as foul as possible this morning ; it cannot be worse. Hell ! Hell ! Hell ! Allah ! Allah ! Allah ! I am in a most devouring rage ! Well, what can't be cured must be endured, as our ancestors have wisely remarked. An officer sent out in disguise to reconnoitre, is just returned ; his report is favorable : he saw the English fleet, strong twelve sail of the line, and seven or eight frigates ; one of the frigates bore down on the Admiral, and spoke him, on which he instantly made signal, and the whole squadron stood to the S. W. I do not conceive what could be the reason of that manœuvre, for it leaves us clear, if the wind would let us stir out. Perhaps they are going to reinforce the fleet before Brest, perhaps something has happened again at the Nore. I should have mentioned yesterday, in its place, that when the Admiral had determined to fight the enemy in the manner I have recited, he supposed them to be, at least, nineteen sail of the line strong, which does the more honor to his courage. It is most terrible to be locked up by the wind, as we are now.

*July 19.* Wind foul still. Horrible ! Horrible ! Admiral Dewinter and I endeavor to pass away the time, playing the flute, which he does very well ; we have some good duets, and that is some relief. It is, however, impossible to conceive any thing more irksome than waiting, as we now are, on the wind ; what is still worse, the same wind which locks us up here, is exactly favorable for the arrival of reinforcements to Duncan, if Lord Spencer means to send him any. Naval expeditions are terrible for their uncertainty. I see, in the Dutch papers, for I am beginning, with the help of a dictionary, to decypher a little, that the Toulon fleet is at sea since the 20th June, strong, six sail of the line, two of 80, and four of 74 guns, and six frigates. I wish them safe and well in Brest harbor. There never was, and never will be, such an expedition as ours, if it succeeds ; it is not merely to determine which of two despots shall sit upon a throne, or whether an island shall belong to this or that state ; it is to change the destiny of Europe, to emancipate one, perhaps three, nations ; to open the sea to the commerce of the world ; to found a new empire ; to demolish an

ancient one ; to subvert a tyranny of six hundred years. And all this hangs to-day upon the wind. I cannot express the anxiety I feel. Well, no matter ! I can do nothing to help myself, and that aggravates my rage. Our ships exercise at great guns and small arms, one or other of them, every day ; they fire in general, incomparably well, and it is a noble spectacle.

*July 20.* This evening I had the pleasure to count nineteen sail of British vessels, which passed the mouth of the Texel, under an easy sail. The General assures me, however, that there are not above twelve sail of the line among them, according to the comparison of the best accounts which have been received. Wind foul, as usual. The following is a state of our army. Infantry, eighteen battalions, of 452 men, 8,136; Chasseurs, four battalions, at 540 men, 2,160; Cavalry, eight squadrons, 1,650; Artillery, nine companies, 1,049; Light Artillery, two companies, 389; Etat Major, 160; total, 13,544. It is more than sufficient. Would to God we were all arrived, safe and well, at our destination.

*July 21, 22, 23.* I pass my time here in an absolute torpor. When I was at Brest I was bad enough, but, at least, we had some conversation. But here—well, &c. The Admiral tells me to-day, that he had a letter from London, dated the 16th, which mentions, that Lord Bridport has put in for fresh provisions, and that three of his ships are still in revolt. That his destination is for before Brest; that Sir Edward Pellew is arrived at Falmouth, and that his report is, that the French fleet appears in a state not likely soon to put to sea; which, by-the-by, De-winter believes to be the case, and attributes to want of money. That Duncan has applied for a reinforcement, but that the reply was, that they must first finish the trial of the mutineers, in order to reduce the rest to a sense of their duty, from whence I infer, that they are afraid as yet to send the ships at the North to sea; however, the Warrior, of 74 guns, is arrived, which brings Duncan up to thirteen sail of the line. His report in England, is, that we have twenty, (I wish we had) besides frigates, with 15,000 troops, embarked, and 30,000 stand of arms, but that our destination is a secret. The wind is, to-day, at N. W. which is not quite so execrable as yesterday, and the day before. With a N. N. E. the Admiral says we might get out; ergo, we want yet six points of the compass. Damn it, then,

eternity for me. Was there ever any thing so terrible? Wrote to my wife on the 21st instant.

*July 24, 25, 26.* To-day I saw in the Dutch papers that great changes have taken place in the French Ministry. Talleyrand Perigord, cidevant Bishop of Autun, whom I saw in Philadelphia, is appointed to the Foreign Affairs, in place of Charles de la Croix; Pleville Pelet to the Marine, in place of Truguet; Lenoir Laroche to the Police, in place of Cochon; François de Neufchateau to the Interior, in place of Benezech; and Hoche to the War Department, in place of Potiet. Of all these new men I only knew Hoche. Sat down immediately and wrote him a letter of congratulation, in which I took occasion to mention the negotiation now going on at Lisle, with the English Plenipotentiary, Lord Malmesbury, and prayed him, in case that peace was inevitable, to exert his interest to get an article inserted, to restore to their country or liberty all the Irish patriots who are in exile, or in prison, and assuring him, at the same time, that I should never profit of such an article, as I never would return to Ireland whilst she remained in slavery. The wind has been detestable these three days. At this moment the Admiral tells me it is hauling to the northward, and that he will weigh one anchor to-night and heave short on the other, to be ready to profit of the first favorable breeze. God send! But I am sworn never to believe that our expedition will succeed, till I am once more upon the sod. I am, to-day, eighteen days aboard, and we have not had eighteen minutes of fair wind. Well, "Tis but in vain," &c.

*July 27, 28.* Yesterday we had a sort of fair wind, but which came so late, and was so feeble, that we could not weigh anchor; at eight in the evening it came round to the west, as bad as ever, and, to-day, it is not much better. I am weary of my life. The French are fitting out a squadron at Brest, which, it now appears, is to be only of twelve sail of the line. Lord Bridport's fleet is twenty-two sail; ergo, he may detach, with perfect security, seven sail, to reinforce Duncan, who will then have at least nineteen sail against our fifteen; ergo, he will beat us, &c. Damn it to all eternity for me. I am in a transport of rage, which I cannot describe. Every thing now depends upon the wind, and we are totally helpless. Man is a poor being in that respect. Fifty millions of money cannot,

purchase us an hour of fair wind, and talents and courage avail no more than money. But I am moralizing like an ass. "*Damn morality, and let the constable be married.*" Well, "'Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain," (for the 595th time.) (Six o'clock.) I am now alone in the great cabin, and I see from the window twenty-two sail of English vessels, anchored within a league of our fleet. It is impossible to express the variety of innumerable ideas which shoot across my mind at this moment. I think I should suffer less in the middle of a sea-fight; and the wind is still foul. Suspense is more terrible than danger. Little as I am of a Quixote, loving as I do, to distraction, my wife and dearest babies, I wish to heaven we were this moment under way to meet the enemy, with whom we should be up in an hour. It is terrible to see the two fleets so near, and to find ourselves so helpless. The sea is just now as smooth as a mill-pond. Ten times, since I began this note, I have lifted my eyes to look at the enemy. Well, it cannot be that this inaction will continue long. I am now aboard twenty days, and we have not had twenty minutes of a fair wind to carry us out. Well! Well!

*July 29.* This morning the wind is fair, but so little of it that we cannot stir. About mid-day it sprung up fresh, but the tide was spent, and it was too late. To sail out of the Texel there must be a concurrence of wind and tide. The Admiral went ashore to-day, and mounted the Downs with his perspective glass, like Robinson Crusoe; he counted twenty-five sail of three-masted vessels, and six luggers, or cutters, of the English, at anchor; he concludes they are about fifteen or sixteen of the line, the rest frigates. He tells me also, that his idea is, that, if there is any thing like parity of success, in case of an action, Admiral Duncan will not push the fight to extremity, as he is on an enemy's coast, and if any of his ships are dismasted, he must leave them; that, in that case, the action will be a cannonade until night, when both parties will draw off, sing *Te deum*, and claim the victory; in which case he will immediately push off with his convoy, and such of his ships as will be in state to keep the sea. I like Dewinter's behavior very much; there is nothing like fanfaronade in it; and I fancy Duncan will have warm work of it to-morrow morning. The wind to-night is excellent, and blows fresh; if it holds, as I trust in God it may, to-morrow, at eight o'clock, we shall be under

way, being the hour of the tide. God knows how earnestly I long for that moment. I hear nothing of our mounting a cutter, as the General mentioned to me, so I may happen to be taken in a sea-fight, against my expectation. Well, if it must be, it must be, but I had rather not. I do not love your sea-fights at all; however, happy go lucky! We shall see what is to be done in that case. (Sings.) "*Madam, you know my trade is war!*" &c.

July 30, 31, blank.

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AUGUST, 1797.

August 1, 2. Every thing goes on here from bad to worse, and I am tormented and unhappy more than I can express, so that I hate even to make these memorandums. Well, it cannot be helped. On the 30th, in the morning early, the wind was fair, the signal given to prepare to get underway, and every thing ready, when, at the very instant we were about to weigh the anchor and put to sea, the wind chopped about and left us. Nothing can be imagined more tormenting. The Admiral, having some distrust of his pilots, (for it seems the pilots here are all Orangists,) made signal to all the chiefs of the fleet, to know if they thought it possible to get out with the wind which then blew, (E. S. E.) but their answer was unanimous in the negative, so there was an end of the business. In an hour after, the wind hauled round more to the S. and blew a gale, with thunder and lightning; so it was well we were not caught in the shoals which environ the entry of this abominable road. At last it fixed in the S. W. almost the very worst quarter possible, where it has remained steadily ever since. Not to lose time, the Admiral sent out an officer with a letter addressed to Admiral Duncan, but, in fact, to reconnoitre the enemy's force. He returned yesterday with a report that Duncan's fleet is of seventeen sail of the line, including two or three three-deckers, which is pleasant. It is decided that we all remain on board the *Vryheid* and take our chance, which is very brave and foolish: for there is no manner of proportion between the good to be obtained, and the hazard to be run—a rule by which I am fond to examine questions. If General Daendels is killed, our expedition will be at least greatly embarrassed, and, perhaps, fail to.

tally thereby ; and as to my personal concerns, if I get knocked on the head, and the expedition does not take place after, both which circumstances are, at least, probable, what will become of my dearest love and our little babies, left without protection or support ? I cannot bear to think of it. If I were in Ireland, once fairly landed, and that I were killed, they would be taken care of by my country ; but here I have no such consolation. It is terrible ! but I cannot help it. “ *Slave ! I have set my life up—* “ *on the cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die.*” With all submission, it is a very idle point of honor of General Daendels, but it is determined, so there is an end of it. One thing more— If we should happen to be taken, the rest will be prisoners of war, but how will it be with me in that case ? “ *C’est une chose* “ *a voir.*” We shall see. Wrote to General Hoche, Lewines, and my wife. Wind still S. W. Damn it ! damn it ! damn it ! I am, to-day, twenty-five days aboard, and at a time when twenty-five hours are of importance. There seems to be a fate in this business. Five weeks, I believe six weeks, the English fleet was paralyzed by the mutinies at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the Nore. The sea was open, and nothing to prevent both the Dutch and French fleets to put to sea. Well, nothing was ready ; that precious opportunity, which we can never expect to return, was lost ; and now, that, at last, we are ready here, the wind is against us, the mutiny is quelled, and we are sure to be attacked by a superior force. At Brest, it is, I fancy, still worse. Had we been in Ireland at the moment of the insurrection at the Nore, we should, beyond a doubt, have had, at least, that fleet, and God only knows the influence which such an event might have had on the whole British navy. The destiny of Europe might have been changed forever ; but, as I have already said, that great occasion is lost, and we must now do as well as we can. “ *Le vin est tiré, il faut le boire.*”

August 3, 4. Wind foul. Proposed, to-day, to the Admiral, to try an experiment in firing shells from the lower-deck guns. He said he thought it would not answer, but that he would try, notwithstanding. *Nine at night*, tried the shell with a thirty-six pounder, and found it answer famously. The Admiral, I fancy, will profit of this circumstance, in case of an action with the English, and I am in hopes it will produce a considerable effect.

*August 5.* This morning arrived aboard the *Vryheid*, Lowry, of county Down, member of the Executive Committee, and John Tennant, of Belfast. I am in no degree delighted with the intelligence which they bring. The persecution in Ireland is at its height, and the people there, seeing no prospect of succour, which has been so long promised to them, are beginning to lose confidence in themselves, and their chiefs, whom they almost suspect of deceiving them. They ground their suspicions on the great crisis of the mutiny being suffered to pass by, without the French Government making the smallest attempt to profit of it, and I can hardly blame them. They held out till the 24th of June, the last day allowed by the British Government, in the proclamation offering a general pardon, and, that day being arrived, they have almost entirely submitted, and taken the oath of allegiance; most of them have, likewise, given up their arms, but it appears that the number of firelocks was much less than was imagined. In consequence of all this, the Executive Committee has doubled its efforts. M'Neven was despatched from Dublin to France, and sailed from Yarmouth on the 7th July; of course he is, I reckon, long before this, in Paris. Lowry, Tennant, and Bartholomew Teeling, came together to *Hamburgh*, where they arrived about a fortnight ago, and finding the letter I wrote to my sister, acquainting her with my being here, Teeling immediately sailed for England, and I am in hopes he will get back safe, in which case his arrival will give courage to the people; the other two came here. All this is very disagreeable, but, in fact, the matter depends upon one circumstance. If either the Dutch or the French can effectuate a landing, I do not believe the present submission of the people will prevent their doing what is right; and if no landing can be effectuated, no part remains for the people to adopt, but submission or flight. By what Lowry and Tennant tell me, there seems to me to have been a great want of spirit in the leaders in Dublin. I suspected it very much from Lewine's account, though I saw he put the best side out; but now I am sure of it. However, I did not say so to them, for the thing is passed, and criticising it will do no good, but the reverse. The people have been urgent more than once to begin, and, at one time, eight hundred of the garrison offered to give up the barracks of Dublin, if the leaders would only give the signal; the militia were

almost to a man gained over, and numbers of these poor fellows have fallen victims in consequence. It is hard to judge at this distance, but it seems to me to have been an unpardonable weakness, if not downright cowardice, to let such an occasion slip. With eight hundred of the garrison, and the barracks to begin with, in an hour they would have had the whole capital, and by seizing the persons of half a dozen individuals, paralyzed the whole Government, and, in my opinion, accomplished the whole revolution by a single proclamation. But, as I said already, it is hard to judge at a distance. Keogh, I know, is not fit for a "*coup de main*;" he has got, as Lewines tells me, M'Cormick latterly into his hands, and besides, Dick is now past the age of adventure. I am surprized that Emmet did not show more energy, because I know he is as brave as Cæsar of his person. It seems to me to have been such an occasion missed as we can hardly expect to see return. Lowry and Tennant say there are now at least 80,000 men in Ireland, of British troops, including the militia and yeomanry corps, who, together, may make 35,000; but in this account I am sure there is great exaggeration: for they spoke very much by guess, and a number that is guessed, as Johnson remarks, is always exaggerated. I suppose, however, there may be 50, or perhaps 55,000, of all kinds, and it is not that force, composed as I know it is, that would make me despair of success, if we could once get out of this damned hole, of which I see no sign; and, to comfort me still more, I learn that, in general, the westerly winds, which lock us up, prevail during the whole of this month, before the end of which time, we shall have eaten up our provisions, and probably be encumbered with sick: for it can hardly be supposed the troops will keep their health so long, cooped up as they are in transports, where they are packed like herrings. Add to this, the chance of a peace being concluded with England, and I think I am not too gloomy in saying that nothing can well be more unpromising than the appearance of things to-day. I have made out a list of Duncan's fleet, from Steel's list of the navy, and I see he has two ships of 98, two of 80, two of 74, eight of 64, and three of 50 guns, besides frigates. Wind still foul, viz. W. S. W.

August 6, 7, 8. Wind foul. We have now been detained here so long, that our hopes of undertaking the expedition to Iry



are beginning exceedingly to relax, and I more than suspect the General is speculating on one elsewhere, for I have remarked him, within these three days, frequently examining a map of England, particularly the eastern coast, about Yarmouth, and he has asked me several questions which lead that way. As Lowry and Tennant travelled that road very lately, I learn from them that there are few or no troops on that coast, except a small camp at Ipswich, about half way, or sixty-nine miles, to London. In consequence, last night, when the General and I were walking alone on the quarter deck, and cursing the wind, he began to mention his apprehensions on the score of our provisions running short, as well as the danger of attempting the passage north about so late in the season, and he began to moot again the point about Yarmouth. I said, that if, unfortunately, we were detained so far in the season as to render the Irish expedition utterly impracticable, it was, undoubtedly, desirable to do something in England, as well for the glory of the Dutch arms, as that all the expense hitherto incurred in the affair, might not be lost. That, in that case, my idea was, to run over to the English coast, and debark the army, not at Yarmouth, but at Harwich, or nearer London, if possible; to carry nothing with us but bread for six days, and ammunition; to make a desperate plunge, by forced marches, for the capital, where I did not consider it impossible to arrive, before the enemy could be in sufficient force to oppose us, supposing the eastern coast to be as unfurnished of troops as Lowry and Tennant had represented. That, if we were once there, we might defy all the force of England: for, if they were assembled to the number of 100,000 in Hyde Park, we could, at all times, make conditions, by threatening, in case they drove us to extremity, to set fire to the city, at the four corners, and defend ourselves afterwards to the last man; that I had no doubt, but, with such a pledge in our hands, we might make our own terms; and I dwelt a good deal, I cannot say with any great success, on the glory of such a desperate enterprise, if we had the good fortune to succeed, which seemed to me, though very far from certain, yet at least so possible as to deserve serious consideration. I mentioned likewise, as a subordinate circumstance, that, if we once reached London, we should, to a certainty, find a strong reinforcement, inasmuch as a large portion of the mob, and these

very desperate fellows, consisted of Irishmen, to the amount of many thousands, who, I was sure, would desire nothing more than to have their will of the English. All these arguments seemed, however, to make no great impression on Daendels, who still recurred to his Yarmouth scheme. He seems to me to expect some co-operation there, on what grounds I know not; but I fancy he will find himself egregiously deceived. If any thing can be done in England, it must be, in my mind, by a "*coup de main*," whereas, he talks of maintaining himself for sometime in the country, which, with 14,000 men, is flat nonsense. He asked me, if he were to land on the eastern coast, would it not be possible for any of the Irish to effectuate a landing on the other side, cross the country and join him—when he would give them arms? To this most extravagant of all questions, I contented myself with declaring, gravely, that I looked upon it as impracticable. To be sure it is most egregious nonsense to suppose, for an instant, that such a measure could, by any possibility, be executed by a body of unarmed men, without a single ship prepared to carry them over. Far from invading England, I wish to heaven they were able to take the field in their own country. I cannot conceive how such a wild idea could, for a moment, enter Daendel's head; yet he seemed to be in earnest. To return to my scheme. I think that Charles XII. with 14,000 men, would execute it, supposing he could effectuate the landing; but I readily admit that it requires much such a head and heart as his to attempt such an enterprize. Certain it is, that we will not try it. Daendels' answer at length was, that he was of opinion that the Dutch Government would not consent to it, and that, even if they did, it would require too much time, as he must, in that case, remodel the army, which I do not understand. I think Hoche, with 15,000 French grenadiers, would effectuate it, but for the Dutch I cannot pretend to say; it seems to me, however, at least possible. From Harwich to London, the distance is but seventy-two miles, which could be made by forced marches in three days, supposing we had horses to draw the artillery, which, in that case, we must bring with us. But this is raving, for the thing will not be done; so there is an end of it.

August 9. This morning, the General, Lowry, Tennant, and myself, took a walk ashore for a couple of hours. He examined

them particularly as to what they knew of the state of the public mind in Scotland, and the possibility of meeting support from the patriots in that country, in case the expedition to Ireland were so long delayed as to become impracticable, and that he should decide, in consequence, to try an attack on Scotland. They answered him very rationally: it seems emissaries have been sent from the north of Ireland to that country, to propagate the system of the United Irishmen, and that they have, to a certain degree, succeeded in some of the principal manufacturing towns, such as Paisley and Glasgow, where societies are already organized, and, by the last accounts, they had even advanced so far as to have formed a provincial committee; nevertheless, they observed that these facts rested on the veracity of the agents sent from the north, the Scotch having sent none of their body in return; that they could not pretend to say whether the Scotch patriots were up to such a decided part, as to take arms in case of an invasion, but their opinion rather was, that they were not so far advanced. As to the possibility of assistance from Ireland, on which head Daendels examined them pretty closely, they were decidedly of opinion that it was utterly impracticable, and not to be thought of. Certainly, it is a most extravagant expectation. After discussing the question fully, we parted, the General returning aboard the *Vryheid*, and Lowry, Tennant, and I, setting off for the *Texel*, where they are tolerably lodged in a little village. We walked over a great part of the island, which is, by nature, one of the most barren, uncomfortable spots that can be imagined; but such are the inconceivable efforts of liberty and good government, that this ungrateful soil is in a great degree reclaimed, enclosed, and drained, covered with flocks and herds, filled with neat and snug dwellings, and supporting five little towns, which are beautiful in their kind. The population is inconceivable for the extent, and the peasants all well fed and clothed. I thought of Ireland a thousand times, with her admirable soil and climate, and the vast advantages which nature has showered down upon her, and which are all blasted by the malignant influence of her execrable government, till my blood boiled within me with rage and vexation. Well, I cannot help it, so let me think no more, if possible, on that melancholy subject.

*August 10, 11.* Passed two days very agreeably with Lowry and Tennant, and then returned on board. They are a couple of fine lads, especially Lowry, whom I like extremely. I think he will make a figure, if ever we have the good fortune to reach our own country.

*August 12.* The General has been making an excursion ashore and is not yet returned. The wind is as foul as ever, and I begin fairly to despair of our enterprise. To-night Admiral Dewinter took me into secret and told me he had prepared a memorial to his Government, stating that the design originally was to be ready for the beginning of July, and that every thing was, in consequence, embarked by the 9th; that the English fleet at that time consisted, at the very most, of thirteen sail of the line, which could not make any effectual opposition; that contrary winds having prevailed ever since, without an hour's intermission, the enemy had had time to reinforce himself to the number of seventeen sail of the line, so that he had now a superiority in force over the Dutch fleet, which, of course, rendered the issue of an engagement, to a certain degree, doubtful; that, by this unforeseen delay, which might, and probably would, continue still longer, a great additional consumption of provisions had taken place, so that, in a very few days, there would be barely sufficient for the voyage north about; that the season was now rapidly passing away, and, if the foul wind continued a fortnight longer, the voyage would become highly dangerous, if not utterly impracticable, with a fleet encumbered with so many transports, and amounting to near seventy sail, of all kinds; and that, in consequence, even a successful action with the English would not ensure the success of the enterprise, which the very season would render impracticable; that, for all these reasons, his opinion was, that the present plan was no longer advisable, and, in consequence, he proposed that it should be industriously published that the expedition was given up; that the troops should be disembarked, except from 2,500 to 3,000 men, of the élite of the army, who, with twenty or thirty pieces of artillery, and all the arms and ammunition, should remain on board the frigates, and one or two of the fastest sailing transports; that, as the vigilance of the enemy would probably be relaxed in consequence, this flotilla should profit of the first favorable moment to put to sea and push for their ori-

ginal destination, where they should land the men, arms, and artillery, and he would charge himself with the execution of this plan: that, by this means, even if they failed, the Republic would be at no very great loss, and, if they succeeded, must gain exceedingly: that she would preserve her grand fleet, which was now her last stake, and, during the winter, would be able to augment it, so as to open the next campaign, in case peace was not made during the winter, with twenty sail of the line in the North sea, whereas, on the present system, to the execution of which were opposed the superiority of the enemy, extra consumption of provisions, and, especially, the lateness of the season, a successful engagement at sea would not ensure the success of the measure, and an unsuccessful one, by ruining the fleet, would render it impossible for the Republic to recover, for a long time at least, the blow. These are, most certainly, very strong reasons, and, unfortunately, the wind gives them, every hour, fresh weight. I answered, that I did not see at present any solid objection to propose to his system; and that all I had to say was, that, if the Batavian Republic sent but a corporal's guard to Ireland, I was ready to make one. So here is our expedition in a hopeful way. It is most terrible. Twice, within nine months, has England been saved by the wind. It seems as if the very elements had conspired to perpetuate our slavery and protect the insolence and oppression of our tyrants. What can I do at this moment? Nothing. The people of Ireland will now lose all spirit and confidence in themselves and their chiefs, and God only knows whether, if we were even able to effectuate a landing with 3,000 men, they might act with courage and decision. I hope they would, and believe it; yet, after all, it is uncertain, their hopes have been so often deceived, and they have suffered such a dreadful persecution in consequence of what they have already done in this business; yet, their sufferings must have only still more exasperated their minds, and I cannot suppose that, if they saw the arms, they would not instantly seize and turn them on their oppressors. I cannot doubt it. At all events, we should at least know the worst, and, if they had not courage to assert their liberty, they deserve to suffer their present slavery and degradation. But once again, I do not believe it. I shall, in consequence, as far as in me lies, support the Admiral's plan, the more, as it is, I

see now, our only resource, and feeble as it is, it is still better than nothing. We must now begin, if at all, like the French in La Vendée. Well, we have a good cause, and they had a bad one ; we are the People, and they were but a faction of two provinces ; we have powerful means, and, on the present plan, we must use them, *all*. All things considered, I do not know but there is something in the proposed expedition, more analogous to my disposition and habits of thinking ; which is a confession, on my part, more honest than wise ; for I feel very sensibly that there is no common sense in it ; but, after all, it is my disposition, and I cannot help it. I am growing utterly desperate, and there are times in which I would almost wish for death, if it were not for the consideration of my wife and my darling little babies, who depend for their existence upon mine. God Almighty forever bless them ! But this is a subject on which I must not think. Let me quit it here.

*August 13.* The General returned last night from his excursion, and this morning he mentioned to me the Admiral's plan, in which he said he did ~~not~~ well see his way, and was proceeding to give me his reasons, when we were interrupted by General Dumonceau, our second in command, and a heap of officers, who broke up our conversation. When he renews it. I will support Dewinter's plan, as far as I am able. The wind is as foul as ever, viz: S. W.; in or near which point it has now continued thirty-six days that I am aboard, viz: since the 8th of July last. (At night:) The General and I have been poring over the map of England, and he has been mooting a plan, which, in my mind, is flat nonsense, viz: to land at or near Lynn, in Lincolnshire, with his 14,000 men, where he thinks he could maintain himself until the fleet could return and bring him a reinforcement of as many more, and then march upon London and stand a battle. It is hardly worth while combating a scheme which will certainly never be adopted ; it is sufficient to observe, that his plan necessarily includes that he must be absolute master of the sea, during the whole time necessary for its execution, which, without going further, is saying enough. Besides, I presume it is hardly to be expected that, with even 28,000 men, supposing he had horses to mount his cavalry and draw his artillery, which he would not have, that he would be able to force his way through an enemy's country for above one hundred miles.

who would have time more than sufficient to collect his forces, and make the necessary dispositions to give him a warm reception. But it is unnecessary to combat this idea, because, as I have said already, it will never be attempted ; so let it lie there.

*August 14.* The General is gone off again, on a party of pleasure to North Holland. He invited me to accompany him, but I have no stomach for pleasure or enjoyment of any kind, so I refused, and set off for the Texel to see Lowry and Tennant, and talk over the Admiral's new plan, in order to have their opinion thereupon. After dinner we walked out to a pretty little farm, about half a mile from the town, where they are lodged, and sat down on a hillock, where we had a view of the fleet riding at anchor below. I then told them that I looked upon our expedition, on the present scale, as given up. and I stated the reasons assigned by Dewinter, and which are unanswerable. I then communicated his plan, and desired their advice and opinion on the whole, and especially as to the material fact, whether they thought the people would join us, if they saw no more than 3,000 men. After a long consultation, their opinion, finally, was, that the scheme was practicable, but difficult, and that, by great exertions and hazards on the part of their chiefs, the people might be brought forward : but that for that, it was indispensable that the landing should be effected in the counties of Down or Antrim, but especially the former, where there were, in June last, twenty-four regiments of a thousand men each, ready organized, with all their officers and sub-officers. They mentioned, at the same time, that, if the expedition had taken place three months ago with five hundred men, it could not have failed of success ; but that public spirit was exceedingly gone back in that time, and a great number of the most active and useful chiefs were either in prison, or exile, which would considerably increase the difficulty of carrying the present system into execution. I saw they were a good deal dejected by the change of the plan, and consequent diminution of our means, and did my best to encourage them. At last we all got into better spirits, consoling ourselves with the reflection, that, if we succeeded with so slender a force, the glory of our success would be the greater, and if we failed, there would be the less reason to reproach us. We agreed that we should be, at our landing, in the case of men who have burned their ships—that we had no retreat, but must con-

quer or die ; and we counted a good deal, and I think with reason, on the spirit of enthusiasm which we would be able to raise in the people. We likewise agreed, that we would stop at no means, necessary to ensure our success, rather than turn back one inch from our purpose. After this discussion, we returned to the inn, where we supped, and, after divers loyal and constitutional toasts, retired to bed at a very late hour.

*August 15.* As it will require from three weeks to a month, to arrange matters for the expedition on the present plan, Lowry and Tennant have determined to go on to the Hague, and if they have time, to Paris, in order to see Mac Neven and Lewines, and to join with them in endeavoring to procure assistance from France ; and especially, if possible, to obtain a small armament to co-operate with that from the Texel, and which, by spreading the alarm, and distracting the attention of the enemy, must produce the most beneficial effects. It is likewise their wish that I should accompany them, and if I had the time and money to spare, I should like it well enough, and I think it might do good. In consequence, it was determined this morning, that I should return immediately aboard the *Vryheid*, and propose the measure to Admiral Dewinter. I returned accordingly, but the Admiral was not on board. At my arrival, I found three frigates and four armed brigs just getting under weigh, which surprised me a little. Late in the evening the Admiral returned, and I told him of our project, which he approved highly, and will give Lowry and Tennant letters of introduction to the Dutch Government. I said nothing of my going until I see the General, who is not yet returned from his party. Dewinter told me, that the English frigates having approached very near the road, and stopped two or three neutral vessels laden with timber, he had ordered out a flotilla to the entry of the road, partly to protect the commerce, and partly to give the change to the enemy on the subject of our present plan, by habituating them to see the frigates going out and in ; his order being, that they should never hazard an action. He has not yet received the answer of the Dutch Government to his plan. Grasveldt, who came aboard the *Vryheid*, asked me what I thought of it. I answered that, undoubtedly, there was not an equal certainty of success, with our means so mutilated, as on the original plan ; but that, nevertheless, there was such a probability as, comparing



the object with the risk, ought to decide the Government to try the enterprize. and that such was also the opinion of my two friends. Grasveldt upon this wrote a letter, (I presume to the Committee for Foreign Affairs,) in *favor* of Dewinter's plan. I should have observed in its place, that the General, when he was setting off yesterday morning, told me that he was ready, on his part, to undertake the command with 2,500 men, provided he saw such a probability as would acquit him in the eyes of the world of downright insanity, in throwing away himself and his army: and that, in consequence, he would support the Admiral's plan. We must now wait, to see the answer of the Dutch Government: and, for that reason, I wish we were all three at the Hague: perhaps our opinion might decide them.

*August 16.* Went to the Texel to see Lowry and Tennant, and spent the day.

*August 17.* We all three came aboard the Vryheid, in order to settle about our journey to the Hague, and on our arrival found things as unpleasantly situated as possible. I see clearly there is a coolness pretty far advanced between the Admiral and the General, whose manner towards each other is marked with a manifest dryness which bodes no good. The General was the first who spoke to me. He said, that with 4,000 men, viz: four battalions of yagers, 2,000; two battalions of grenadiers, 1,300; two squadrons of hussars, 400; a company of light artillery, 150; artillerists, 100; and officers of the Etat Major, 50, he would undertake the enterprize, but not with less; that, if his Government ordered him, he would go with one battalion, but would give his opinion, decidedly, against trying the measure with less than 4,000 men. I replied that, undoubtedly, the Dutch Government would be decided, with regard to a military operation, by his opinion, which must necessarily influence theirs. I then addressed myself to the Admiral, to whom I communicated what the General had said, with regard to the number of troops which he thought indispensable. The Admiral answered at once, that it was impossible, and that 2,500 was the very utmost that he would undertake to transport; and that even that force would require eighteen sail to carry them, viz: six frigates, which might carry 600 men; six large transports, 1800, and the remaining 100, in six luggers and cutters. I think this calculation not reasonable. At Brest we had 250 men on board of each frigate,

whereas Dewinter allows but 100; certainly, they might carry 200 each. The Admiral also objected to the hussars, as being unnecessary, and requiring too much room for their baggage; in which I by no means agree with him. In short, our expedition seems now, independent of all other reasons, to be aground on the same shoal where so many others have been shipwrecked; I mean the disagreement between the land and sea service, about which I can no longer doubt. It is pleasant!

*August 18.* This morning we have had the same scene repeated, which has happened to us once or twice already. At four or five in the morning, the wind came round to the east; the signal was given to prepare to get under weigh, the capstern was manned, one anchor heaved, and the other hove short to be ready for the tide; the Admiral and General prepared their despatches, and I wrote to my wife. At nine, at length, the wind slackened, and at ten came round to the old point, S. W., where it stuck; so, there was an end of the business. I have been so often and so long disappointed, that I am now used to it; I, therefore, bore this very quietly. To console me, I received a letter from my wife, which gave me unspeakable satisfaction. Thank God, she is well, and my poor little babies. May God Almighty bless them all!

*August 19, 20.* Yesterday morning the General and Grasveldt set off for the Hague in one carriage, and Lowry, Tennant, and I, in another. We arrived safe this evening, *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.*

*August 21.* Breakfasted with the General. He told me, in the first place, that the Government had rejected the plan proposed by the Admiral, viz: to transport 2,500 men, and the arms, stores, and ammunition, and had determined to persist in their original design; that, however, in consideration of the lateness of the season, he had prepared a memorial, which he showed me, for a new arrangement, which is shortly this: To sail out and fight Admiral Duncan. If the issue of the battle be favorable, to pass over immediately 15,000 men, or as many more as we can send, in every thing that will swim, to Scotland; to seize, in the first instance, on Edinburgh, and march right on Glasgow, taking every possible means to alarm the enemy with the idea that we meant to penetrate by the North of England, which is to be done by detaching flying parties, making

requisitions, &c. on that side ; to maintain ourselves, mean time, behind the canal which joins the Frith of Forth to the Clyde, having our right at Dumbarton and our left at Falkirk, as well as I can remember. for I have not, at present, either the map or the memorial before me : to collect all the vessels in the Clyde, and pass over the army to the North of Ireland ; to send round, whilst these military operations were going on by land, the frigates, and such transports, as few as possible, as might be necessary, to carry over the artillery, stores, &c. Finally, that the English would probably be alarmed by all this for their own country, and perhaps recall a part of their troops from Ireland, which would very much facilitate the success of the enterprise. He added, in addition, that we waited only for General Dejean, who commands the army of the North, in order to settle with him the military arrangements, and that the Government would probably be decided in a day or two. In the mean time, he desired us to wait upon Van Kasterle, President of the Convention, which we did accordingly. Van Kasterle received us, of course, very civilly, and said, that, in case the Government had any questions to propose to us, he would send to request our attendance ; on which we took our leave.

*August 22, 23.* Breakfasted all three with Van Leyden, Secretary to the Committee for Foreign Affairs, whom I had seen with Lewines. We had a good deal of conversation on the state of Ireland, but nothing new, as it consisted entirely of questions on his part, and answers on ours. He was so good as to give us English papers from the 1st July to the 10th August, with which we retired to our lodgings and set ourselves to devour them.

*August 24.* Hard work at the newspapers. All we have found remarkable is, that Roger O'Conner surrendered himself, and was discharged about the middle of July ; Arthur O'Conner, the 3d of July, his sureties being Fitzgerald and Emmet ; and it should seem, though it is not very clearly expressed, that nearly if not the whole of the other state prisoners have been also enlarged. God Almighty send ! If we arrive, they will be of use ; if we do not, at least they are not languishing in prison.

*August 25, 26.* The General has submitted his plan to General Dejean, who approves of it entirely in a military point of view, provided the frigates can get round to meet us ; but if

this, barring some unforeseen accident, I think there can be little doubt, inasmuch as the Admiral himself, who seems at present cool enough in all that concerns the expedition, has already, in his project of the 10th instant, not only given his opinion in favor of the possibility of effectuating, with frigates, the passage North about, but even offered to command the expedition. The General's plan is now before the Government, with General De-jean's approbation, and he tells me he has strong hopes it will be adopted.

*August 27, 28, 29, 30.* The General set off, 27th August, on his return to the Texel, where we followed him next day, and arrived on the 30th.

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SEPTEMBER, 1797.

*September 1.* A new system, rendered indispensable by the course of events, has been mentioned to me to-day by the General, which will probably oblige me to make a course to the head-quarters of the army of Sambre and Meuse, and from thence to Paris. Admiral Duncan's fleet has been reinforced to twenty-one sail of the line, so that, even if the wind come round in our favor, it would be madness in us to venture an action, with such a terrible inferiority of force; in addition to which, we have now, in consequence of the delays occasioned by the wind, not above ten days' provisions remaining for the troops on board. The plan proposed is, in fact, but an improvement on the last one, viz. to land the troops, and quarter them in the neighborhood, so as to be able to collect them in forty-eight hours; to appear to have renounced the idea of the expedition, but in the mean time to re-victual the fleet with all diligence and secrecy, which may occupy probably a month; to endeavor even to reinforce it by one or two vessels, who might, in that time, be got ready for sea. All this will bring us to the time of the equinox, when it will be impossible for the enemy, who will, besides, it is probable, have relaxed in his vigilance, in consequence of these manœuvres, to keep the sea. When all is ready, the troops are to be reembarked with the greatest expedition, and a push to be made instantly for Scotland, as already detailed. “*Capot me, but if*

*wears a face.*" Such is the present idea, which we shall probably lick into more shape. The General talks of sending me to the Hague to confer with the Dutch Government and General Dejean, from thence to Wetzlar, to communicate with Hoche, and from thence to Paris, to open the affair to the Minister of Marine. *"A very pretty journey indeed, and, besides, where's the money?"* Well, I do not see how I can be so well employed during this vacant month: so, in God's name, I am ready.

September 2. 3. This day the General gave me my instructions to set off to join General Hoche at Wetzlar, and give him a copy of the memorial containing the plan already mentioned. In addition, he gave me verbal instructions to the following import: that, in addition to the written plan, it might be expedient to follow up the first debarkation by a second of 15,000 of the French troops, now in the pay of Holland, with which reinforcement the army being brought up to 30,000 men, could maintain itself in Scotland in spite of any force that could be brought against them: that they might even penetrate into England, and by that means force the enemy to a peace; that 25,000 might be employed on this service, and the remaining 5,000 detached into Ireland, from whence it was morally certain that a great portion of the troops would be withdrawn to defend England itself. That, if General Hoche would, in that case, take the command of the united armies, he (Daendels) desired nothing better than to serve under him; if not, he was ready to serve under any other French General, being a senior officer, in which case each army was, as to all matters of discipline, administration, &c. to remain under their respective chiefs. He mentioned Chaumont as a proper person, in case Hoche declined to command the expedition; MacDonald\* to command the French troops, and himself, of course, the Dutch. He desired me likewise, but this was matter of great confidence, to tell Hoche that in case he approved of the plan, he should write to the Directory, recommending to them to press the Dutch Government strongly to the adoption of it; that to this effect, the Directory should write a letter to the Committee for Foreign Affairs at the Hague, flattering and praising them extremely for what they had hitherto done, and the great exertions they had made, and exhorting them to continue the same laudable zeal, reminding

\* Now Duke of Tarente.

them that France was now negotiating with England, and if it were not for the interests of her allies, could have an honorable peace in an hour; that the success of the enterprise in question would exceedingly strengthen her hands, and infallibly secure the restitution of all the Dutch possessions in both Indies; finally, to make them feel that it was incumbent on them to make every effort on their part to second the Republic, at a time when she was exposing herself to war, merely for their interests; when she could, by renouncing them, secure that peace so necessary to herself, in all respects, at this moment. In addition to all this, Dacndels desired me to explain to Hoche the necessity of a greater degree of communication on the part of the French Government; that of the Batavian Republic being in utter ignorance of the state of preparations at Brest and elsewhere, and whether any or what degree of support or co-operation might be expected, which naturally threw a certain degree of damp, and had a sinister effect on their operations. With these instructions, I set off the same day with Lowry and Tennant, who determined to take this opportunity to go to Paris; the General accompanied us as far as Alkmaer, where we lay this night, and pursue our journey at six next morning.

*September 4 to 12.* These eight days I spent on the road 'twixt Alkmaer and Wetzlar. I came by Brussels, though it was out of my way, in order to accommodate my comrades, whom I put into the Diligence for Paris on the 8th. At Brussels, we heard the first rumor of the conspiracy of Pichegru, CARNOT, and the downfall of the Royalists, on the 18th Fructidor. Having sent them off, I proceeded by Liege to Juliers, where, luckily, finding the *Courrier des armées*, I got with him into the mail, and travelling day and night, arrived at length at head-quarters, extremely fatigued; my journey from Brussels having cost me, one way or other, about 160 livres.

*September 13.* This day I saw General Hoche, who is just returned from Frankfort; he has been very ill with a violent cold, and has still a cough, which makes me seriously uneasy about him; he does not seem to apprehend any thing himself, but I should not be surprised, for my part, if, in three months, he were in a rapid consumption. He is dreadfully altered. has a dry, hollow cough, that it is distressing to the ear to hear. I should be most sincerely and truly so

thing were to happen him, but I very much fear he will scarcely throw off his present illness. I immediately explained to him the cause of my arrival, gave him Daendel's plan, and the map of Scotland, and such further elucidation as I was able, in conversation. He shook his head at the idea of a second embarkation at the mouth of the Clyde, and observed, that, if we got into Scotland, the British would immediately detach a squadron of frigates into the Irish channel, which would arrive to a moral certainty before the Dutch frigates, which were, according to the plan proposed, to go North about, and that they would thus cut us off from all communication with Ireland. As to the officers whom Daendels named, he observed that "Chaumont was as much of a General as he was that bottle," pointing to one that stood on the table before him; "that, as to MacDonald, he was a good officer, but he knew he would not go." I replied that, as to the second embarkation, I was entirely of his opinion, and looked upon it as inexecutable; that, nevertheless, I thought well of the project, as a measure against England; that it would embarrass her most extremely if it succeeded, and if it failed, the French Republic would not lose a man nor a shilling, and that, consequently, it was, I thought, a measure which should be adopted, or, at least, very maturely weighed, as it might be, for example in his hands, susceptible of great improvements. He then told me that he would take it into his most serious consideration, and let me know the result in three or four days: in the mean time, I am to attend to his orders. Our conversation ended, by his desiring me to give him a note of the principal events which took place on board the Dutch fleet whilst I lay at the Texel, and so we parted.

*September 14.* I have read this day a great number of the pieces relative to the last Royal conspiracy; there can be no doubt of the guilt of Pichegru and several others. It seems that, so far back as three years ago, when he commanded the army of the Rhine, he was in treaty with Prince Condé to proclaim Louis XVIII. and march upon Paris: and, had it not been for the stupid obstinacy of Condé, who refused to let the Austrians have any share in the business, which Pichegru made an indispensable condition, the treason would have taken effect: that is, so far as Pichegru could ensure it: for I have no doubt but he would have found himself speedily deserted by his army, as was that

scoundrel Dumourier before him. Such treachery in a man of the situation, character, and high reputation of Pichegru, is enough to put a man out of humor with human nature. If I had any doubt of his guilt, the proclamation of Moreau to his army would decide me, where he mentions that papers had fallen into his hands, which proved the fact of the correspondence ; which papers he had transmitted to the Directory on the 17th Fructidor, the day before Pichegru and the other conspirators were arrested. This testimony is the stronger, inasmuch as Moreau has been the pupil and friend of Pichegru, and is, at this moment, on bad terms with the Directory. With regard to Carnot, who surprizes me much more, and who has made his escape, I see nothing to prove his guilt in the pieces as yet published. There are two Directors, Carnot and Barthélemi, about seventy Deputies of both Councils, and as many journalists, transported by order of the Corps Legislatif ; the report is, that they will be sent to Madagascar. For this time the Republic is triumphant : I hope to God they may know how to make a proper use of their victory.

*September 15, 16, 17.* The General's health is in a most alarming state, and nobody here seems to suspect it, at least, to the extent that I do. I look on it as a moral impossibility that he should hold out long, if he persists to remain at the army, as he seems determined to do. As for his physician, I have no great faith in his skill, and, in short, I have the most serious alarms for his life. I should be sincerely sorry, for every reason, public and private, that we should lose him. Urgent as the affair is on which I am here, I have found it impossible to speak to him about it, and God knows when, or whether I may ever find an opportunity, which, in addition to my personal regard and love for him, is a circumstance which very much aggravates my uneasiness. To-day he has been removed by four grenadiers from one chamber to another: for he is unable to walk. It is terrible to see a fine handsome fellow, in the very flower of his youth, and strength, so reduced. My heart bleeds for him. I am told that the late attacks made on him by the royalists in the Convention, and the journalists in their pay, preyed exceedingly on his spirits, and are the probable cause of his present illness. Is it not strange that a man who has faced death thousand times, with intrepidity, in the field, should sink up



the calumny of a rabble of miscreants? Wrote yesterday to General Daendels, to apologize for my silence, letting him know that I found it as yet impossible to speak to General Hoche about our affair, partly on account of the state of his health, and partly on account of his being so extremely occupied, as well by the command of the two armies of the Rhine and Sambre et Meuse, as by the late events in Paris, promising, at the same time, to write again in three or four days, and entreating him, in the mean time, to continue his preparations on the system we had settled at my departure from the Texel. I did not, in this letter, let him know the very dangerous state in which I consider the General to be. There is a rumor here that Massaredo and Jarvis have had a fight off Cadiz, and that the latter had the worst of it. It is too good news to be true, and, consequently, I do not believe it. I remember the last drubbing which the Spaniards got from Jarvis, was, in like manner, preceded for seven or eight days, by the report of a grand victory. Le Tourneur and Maret are recalled from Lisle, and two others, (Trellhard, I think, and another,) named in their place. This does not look, in my mind, like a speedy termination of the negotiation with England. Merlin de Douai, late Minister of Justice, and François de Neufchâteau, late Minister of the Interior, are nominated to replace in the Directory, Barthelémi and Carnot. There is no man in France so obnoxious to the Royalists as Merlin de Douai, of course his nomination is a proof that they are, at this moment, completely down. All is quiet at Paris.

*September 18, 19.* My fears, with regard to General Hoche, were but too well founded. He died this morning at four o'clock. His lungs seemed to me quite gone. This most unfortunate event has so confounded and distressed me, that I know not what to think, nor what will be the consequences. Wrote to my wife, and to General Daendels instantly. Yesterday Simon, by the General's orders, after communicating with me, wrote to the Minister for Foreign Affairs and of the Marine, but I know not to what effect.

*September 20, 21.* The death of General Hoche having broken my connection with the army of Sambre et Meuse, where I have no longer any business, I applied this day (20th,) for an order to set off for Paris, which I obtained instantly from General Lefebvre, who commands in chief. *per interim*. Set off at four

o'clock and travelled all night; arrived at twelve on the 21st, at Coblentz, and at night at Bonn.

*September 22.* This is the 1st Vendemiaire, the anniversary of the establishment of the French Republic. Called early on my friend Mr. Shee, whom I found occupied preparing for the fête which is to be celebrated on the occasion. At twelve, assisted at the fête, where Mr. Shee pronounced a discourse as President of the *Commission Intermediaire*. At one, accompanied the procession to the grande place, where the Municipality planted the Tree of Liberty under the auspices of France, and proclaimed the *Republique Cis-Rhenane*. The same ceremony has taken place at Cologne, Coblentz, and other cities, and the idea is to erect the country between the Meuse and Rhine into an independent Republic, in order to terminate the differences between France and the Empire as to that territory. After the ceremony, dined in state with the *Commission Intermediaire*, the Municipality of Bonn, the constituted authorities, and drank sundry loyal and constitutional toasts, &c. but not too many as appears by this journal, which I am peaceably writing at my inn. After dinner, Mr. Shee told me he had just received intelligence, from a quarter on which he very much relied, that the negotiation with England was knocked on the head, which, if it be true, as is highly probable, is excellent news. Settled to call upon him to-morrow early, and show him sundry papers, &c. and came home soberly and wrote to General Daendels. I had promised a very pretty woman at dinner, whose name I know not, but whose person I reverence, to meet her to-night at a grand ball given by the Municipality, but I will deceive her like a false traitor, and go to my innocent bed; yet she is very pretty for all that, and speaks very pretty German French, and I am sure has not one grain of cruelty in her composition, and besides, “*à la guerre, comme à la guerre;*” but then, I must set off to-morrow, and so, “*Oh cruel fate that gave thee “to the Moor.”*” Besides, I have just received a delightful letter from my dearest love, written three months ago, which has put me out of conceit with all women but herself, so, as before, I will go to my virtuous bed.



## PART V.

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### JOURNAL OF 1797—1798.

DURING THE PERIOD THAT GENERAL TONE WAS ATTACHED  
TO THE ARMÉE D'ANGLETERRE.

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OCTOBER, 1797.

N. B. *November 21.* It is, to-day, upwards of two months since I made a memorandum; which is downright scandalous: for many important circumstances have happened in that time. The only good in my journals is, that they are written at the moment, and represent things exactly as they strike me, whereas, when I write after an interval of some time — But I am going into an essay on journal writing, instead of my business. Let me endeavor to take up, as well as I can, from memory, the thread of my history.

*October 1,* or thereabouts, I arrived in Paris, where I had the satisfaction to find my wife and little babies in health and spirits; went to Lewines, who is in high favor here with every body; he is all but acknowledged as Minister from Ireland, and I am heartily glad of it: for I have an excellent opinion of his integrity and talents. He has the entrées libres with Barras, Pléville Lepelley, Minister for the Marine, and Talleyrand Perigord, Minister for Foreign Affairs, whom I saw in Philadelphia, when we were both in exile. In a day or two we went together to the Minister for the Marine, in order to ask him to give me a note of introduction to Barras, but we were not able to beat it into his head that we did not want him to present me formally to the Directory, as an agent from some foreign power. On which I set him down in my own mind for a dunce. In consequence of his refusal, we determined to go ourselves to the

Luxembourg. which we did accordingly, two or three evenings after. We found Barras at home, giving favorable audience to Madame Tallien, with whom he retired into an inner room, where they continued, I have no doubt, very seriously employed for about half an hour. On his return, we presented ourselves, and I delivered him the memorial, which General Daendels had entrusted me with, for General Hoche, and, at the same time, detailed to him fully, all the verbal instructions I had received from General Daendels. He heard me very attentively, and told me in reply, that he expected General Debelle, brother-in-law to General Hoche, in town every day, who had the thread of our affairs in his hands, and that, on his arrival, I should address myself to him. We then took our leave, after a short conversation between him and Lewines. Lewines tells me, that he has Barras's word, that if the Directory can make a separate peace with the Emperor. they will never quit England, until our independence shall be recognised. This is going a very great length on their part.

*October 5*, or thereabouts, General Debelle arrived, and I immediately waited on him, agreeably to Barras's orders. After telling him all that I was instructed to do, he desired me to make a note of it, which I did accordingly, and delivered to him a day or two after. Some short time after, he told me generally, that the Directory were determined to take up our business, and that most probably it would be Simon, Adjutant General in the army of Sambre et Meuse, and who was in the same capacity with us, in the expedition to Bantry Bay, who would be charged with the command. I saw clearly the fact, that Debelle knew nothing of the determination of the Government; however, I received his information thankfully, and told him, as indeed the fact was, that I had a very good opinion of Simon, and that if they were decided to try an expedition, on a small scale, I would not desire a better General to command it. Debelle set off for the army in a day or two after, and I have not seen him since. As it was now time to think a little of my own affairs, I applied to General Hédouville, whom I had known at Rennes and Brest, and who has just been nominated to the command of St. Domingo, to obtain me an order to stay in Paris, in order to follow up the affair wherewith I was charged by Generals Hoche and Daendels, and to receive the arrears of

my appointments, which are due to me. General Hédouville charged himself with my business, in a manner so friendly, that I shall never forget it. Besides speaking to Barras, he brought me to the Luxembourg, and presented me to La Reveilliere Lepaux, to whom he spoke of me in terms of great commendation. La Reveilliere received me with attention, and desired me to draw up a memorial stating my request, and to get it certified by the Ministers at War and for Foreign Affairs. In consequence, on—

October 15, General Hédouville introduced me to Talleyrand Perigord, who signed my memorial immediately, and the same day to Scherer, Minister at War, to whom he presented my memorial. Scherer took it, and promised to expedite it directly, but from that to this, (viz. Nov. 21,) he has given himself no concern about it, which delay on his part, I attribute to the circumstance of my being attached to General Hoche, whose very memory Scherer abhors, and to my having spoken respectfully of him in my memorial. If that be so, it is shabby in the last degree in Scherer, but we shall see more about it.

The peace is at last concluded with the Emperor, and England only remains. With the conditions of the peace, strictly speaking, I have nothing to do, my great object and wish being confined to the prostration of English tyranny. Yet it is a great satisfaction to me, to see that they are as favorable as I think any reasonable man can desire. The Cisalpine Republic is acknowledged, and I fancy we have got the Rhine for our limit. Venice goes to the Emperor, which is bad, if it could be helped, but we cannot get every thing. General Berthier was the bearer of this great news. Firing of cannon, bonfires, illuminations—Paris was that day in great glory.

The day after the proclamation of the peace, I saw an *arrêté* of the Directory, ordaining the formation of an army, to be called *L'armée d'Angleterre*; and appointing Buonaparte to command it. Bravo! This looks as if they were in earnest. General Desaix, of the army of the Rhine, who distinguished himself so much by his defence of Kehl against Prince Charles, in the last campaign, is ordered to superintend the organization of the army until the arrival of Buonaparte. All this is famous news.

It is singular enough, that I should have forgotten to mention in its place, the famous battle fought on the 11th of October,

between the English fleet, under Admiral Duncan, and the Dutch, commanded by Dewinter. It shows the necessity of making memorandums on the moment. There never was a more complete victory than that gained by the English. The fleets were equal in number, but they had the advantage in number of guns and weight of metal. Dewinter fought like a lion, and defended himself to the last extremity; but was at length forced to strike, as were nine of his fleet out of sixteen, whereof it consisted. With him were taken the Admirals Reynzies, who is since dead, and Meurer. Bloys lost his right arm, and Story is the only one who came off clear; the two last were not taken. I cannot conceive why the Dutch Government sent out their fleet at that season, without motive or object, as far as I can learn. My opinion is, that it is direct treason, and that the fleet was sold to Pitt, and so think Barras, Pleville le Pelley, and even Meyer, the Dutch Ambassador, whom I have seen once or twice. It was well I was not on board the *Vryheid*. If I had, it would have been a pretty piece of business. I fancy I am not to be caught at sea by the English: for this is the second escape I have had, and by land I mock myself of them.

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NOVEMBER, 1797.

*November 1, 2, 3.* My brother Matthew joined me from *Hamburgh*, where he arrived about a month ago. It is a great satisfaction to me, and I hope he arrives just in time to take a part in the expedition.

*November 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.* This day General Hédouville brought me to General Berthier, and presented me to him, recommending me in the warmest manner. We had very little conversation, but he promised to speak of me to General Buonaparte, whom he sets off to join, in three or four days. Two days after, I called, and left for him a memorial of about five lines, addressed to Buonaparte, offering my services, &c. It is droll enough I should be writing to Buonaparte.

*November 20.* Yesterday General Hédouville presented me to Desaix, who is arrived within these few days. I could not possibly desire to meet a more favorable reception; he examined

me a good deal as to the localities of Ireland, the face of the country, the facility of finding provisions; on which I informed him as well as I could. He told me that he had not directly the power himself, to name the officers who were to be employed in the army of England, but that I need not be uneasy, for I might rely I should be of the number. His expression, at parting, was "*Lais-  
sez moi faire, nous arrangerons tout cela.*" So I may happen to have another offer at John Bull before I die. God knows how I desire it. I like Desaix at least as well if not better than any of his *confreres* I have yet seen. There is a soldier-like frankness and sincerity in his manner, from which I augur every thing favorable.

*November* 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. This day we, viz. Lewines, Lowry, Tennant, Orr, Teeling, and myself, gave a grand dinner at Méots, to General Desaix, Hédouville, Watrin, Mermet, Dufalga, and one or two of their aids-de-camp. Watrin and Mermet we asked as being friends of General Hoche, and embarked in the expedition of last year. Our dinner was superb, and every thing went off very well; we had the fort of Kehl represented in the dessert, in compliment to Desaix.

*November* 26, 27, 28, 29. This day received my arrears for four months, so now I am at my ease as to cash—2,330 livres.

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### DECEMBER, 1797.

*December* 1 to 10. This day was a grand fete, to receive the ratification of the treaty of peace by the Emperor, which has been brought up by Buonaparte in person to the Directory. It was superb, and I was particularly pleased with Barras, the President's speech, wherein reigns a spirit of the most determined hostility to England. As far as I can observe, all parties in France are sincerely united in this sentiment.

*December* 11, 12. Called this day, with Lewines, on General Desaix, and gave him Taylor's map of Ireland. He tells us to be under no anxiety; that the French Government will never quit the grip which they have got of England; that they will bring her to the dust; that it is their wish, and their wish for all France, as well as of Ireland,) that the G-



had means, and powerful ones, particularly money, and they would devote them all to this great object; it might be a little sooner or a little later, but that the success of the measure was inevitable. Barras has lately, in one or two different conversations, gone as far with Lewines as Desaix with me.

*December 13.* Talleyrand Perigord sent for Lewines this morning, to tell him that the Directory were positively determined on our business; that the arrangements were all concluded upon, and that every thing would be ready for April next, about four months from this. All this is very good.

*December 14, 15, 16, 17.* Called with Lewines on Desaix, and gave him a letter from General Daendels. Desaix repeated the assurances which Talleyrand had given on the 15th, and told us further, that Buonaparte and the Directory were now occupied in the reorganization of the marine, and the funds, and that, when that was arranged, the military part of the business would be easily settled. Finally, he desired us to set our hearts at ease: for that every thing was going on as well as we could possibly desire it.

*December 18, 19, 20, 21.* General Desaix brought Lewines and me this morning and introduced us to Buonaparte, at his house in the Rue Chanteraine. He lives in the greatest simplicity; his house is small, but neat, and all the furniture and ornaments in the most classical taste. He is about five feet six inches high, slender, and well made, but stoops considerably; he looks at least ten years older than he is, owing to the great fatigues he underwent in his immortal campaign of Italy. His face is that of a profound thinker, but bears no marks of that great enthusiasm and unceasing activity by which he has been so much distinguished. It is rather, to my mind, the countenance of a mathematician than of a General. He has a fine eye, and a great firmness about his mouth; he speaks low and hollow. So much for his manner and figure. We had not much discourse with him, and what little there was, was between him and Lewines, to whom, as our Ambassador, I gave the pas. We told him that Tennant was about to depart for Ireland, and was ready to charge himself with his orders if he had any to give. He desired us to bring him the same evening, and so we took our leave. In the evening we returned with Tennant, and Lewines had a good deal of conversation with him; that is to say, Lewis in-

sensed him a good deal on Irish affairs, of which he appears a good deal uninformed: for example, he seems convinced that our population is not more than two millions, which is nonsense. Buonaparte listened, but said very little. When all this was finished, he desired that Tennant might put off his departure for a few days, and then, turning to me, asked whether I was not an Adjutant General. To which I answered, that I had the honor to be attached to General Hoche in that capacity. He then asked me where I had learned to speak French. To which I replied, that I had learned the little that I knew, since my arrival in France, about twenty months ago. He then desired us to return the next evening but one, at the same hour, and so we parted. As to my French, I am ignorant whether it was the purity or barbarism of my diction which drew his attention, and as I shall never inquire, it must remain as an historical doubt, to be investigated by the learned of future ages.

*December 22.* Good news to-day. The merchants of Paris have presented a famous address to the Directory, encouraging them to the war with England; and (which is the criterion of their sincerity) offering to advance money for that purpose. The Directory, of course, received them with the greatest respect, and made a flourishing reply; which, as well as the address, they transmitted immediately to the two Councils, where the news was received with great applause and satisfaction. I regard this as of great consequence; not so much on account of the money, (25,000,000 livres, as I understand,) though that sum is very convenient just now, as on account of the spirit which dictates the loan, and, above all, of the confidence which, it seems, the moneyed men, (no bad judges in such affairs,) have in the establishment of the Government. I have no doubt but, in this point of view, it will produce a great effect on the mind of every thinking man in England. It will prove that the Republic and Directory have taken an *assiette* or *aplomb* which may embarrass J. Bull not a little in his future discussions with the Great Nation, as the French have begun latterly, and not without great reason, to call themselves. This, without doubt, is the money to which Desaix alluded the other day.

*December 23.* Called this evening on Buonaparte, by appointment, with Tennant and Lewines, and saw him for about five minutes. Lewines gave him a copy of the memorials I delivered

to the Government in February, 1796, (nearly two years ago,) and which, fortunately, have been well verified in every material fact, by every thing that has taken place in Ireland since. He also gave him Taylor's map, and showed him half a dozen of Hoche's letters, which Buonaparte read over. He then desired us to return in two or three days, with such documents relating to Ireland as we were possessed of, and, in the mean time, that Tennant should postpone his departure. We then left him. His manner is cold, and he speaks very little; it is not, however, so dry as that of Hoche, but seems rather to proceed from languor than any thing else. He is perfectly civil, however, to us; but, from any thing we have yet seen or heard from him, it is impossible to augur any thing good or bad. We have now seen the greatest man in Europe three times, and I am astonished to think how little I have to record about him. I am sure I wrote ten times as much about my first interview with Charles de la Croix, but then I was a greenhorn; I am now a little used to see great men, and great statesmen, and great generals, and that has, in some degree, broke down my admiration. Yet, after all, it is a dull thing that I should become acquainted with Buonaparte. This time twelve months, I arrived in Brest, from my expedition to Bantry Bay. Well, the third time, they say, is the charm. My next chance, I hope, will be with the *Armée d'Angleterre*—*Allons! Vive la République!* I make no memorandums now at all, which is grievous; but I have nothing to write.

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JANUARY, 1798.

January 1. I wish myself the compliments of the season; a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Received a letter from my sister, wherein she informs me that my father has at length received a letter from my brother William, of whom I have not heard since 1794; he is alive and well, in the service of the Mahratta's, with a liberal appointment of £750 per annum, and this is the whole of what she tells me, and, I suppose, of what she knows. It is most provoking that they did not send her his letter, or at least a copy of it; I do not even know the

date. I cannot express the satisfaction I feel at this news, which is certainly not diminished by the reflection that he is not in the British service. Poor fellow! Well, we may meet yet: for our family, I see, are not to be sunk; we are, to be sure, a strange set, for proof of which, see *the history of my life and opinions*, written by myself. Wrote to my sister, desiring her, of all love, to procure and forward me a copy of Will's letter. One or two things have happened lately which gave me, personally, some pleasure: The Minister of Foreign Affairs has written to the Minister of Police, that whereas Pitt may probably endeavor to slide in some of his emissaries under the character of Refugee United Irishmen, none be permitted to remain but such as I may vouch for; which shows they have some confidence in me, and the Minister of Police has given his order in consequence. The first use I made of it, was to apply for the liberty of two lads, named Burgess and Macan, who are detained at Liege, and I hope they are enlarged before this. Another thing is, a young man, whom I do not know, named McKenna, who was recommended, as he says, by Tallien, applied to Buonaparte to be employed as his Secretary and Interpreter. Buonaparte, after some discourse, gave him, for answer, to address himself to me, and that I should report thereupon to him, Buonaparte. All this is very good; I have not seen the General since, but expect I shall in a few days.

*January 2 to 6.* Called on my old friend General Clarke, who is at last returned to Paris; his close connection with Carnot has thrown him out of employment, and I am heartily sorry for it: for I have a very good opinion of him. He is, however, very well with Buonaparte, to whom he tells me he has spoken of me in the strongest manner, for which I feel most sincerely obliged. Buonaparte, among other things, asked him whom he had most confidence in as to Irish affairs, and Clarke answered "in me, by all means;" I thanked Clarke heartily for all this, and, at the same time, explained to him the nature of Lewins' mission, and my wish to cede him the pas on all occasions; we talked a great deal of Hoche, of our Bantry Bay expeditions, &c. and parted the best friends in the world; I was very glad to see Clarke, and it is a great loss and pity that he is not employed.

*January 6 to 13.* Saw Buonaparte this evening with Lewins, who delivered him a whole sheaf of papers relative to

Ireland, including my two memorials of 1795, great part of which stands good yet. After Lewines had had a good deal of discourse with him, I mentioned the affair of McKenna, who desires to be employed as Secretary. Buonaparte observed that he believed the world thought he had fifty Secretaries, whereas he had but one; of course there was an end of that business; however, he bid me see what the man was fit for, and let him know. I took this opportunity to mention the desire all the Refugee United Irishmen, now in Paris, had to bear a part in the expedition, and the utility they would be of in case of a landing in Ireland. He answered that they would all be undoubtedly employed, and desired me to give him in, for that purpose, a list of their names. Finally, I spoke of myself, telling him that General Desaix had informed me that I was carried on the tableau of the Armée d'Angleterre; he said "I was." I then observed that I did not pretend to be of the smallest use to him whilst we were in France, but that I hoped to be serviceable to him on the other side of the water; that I did not give myself to him at all for a military man, having neither the knowledge nor the experience that would justify me in charging myself with any function. "*Mais vous êtes brave,*" said he, interrupting me. I replied that, when the occasion presented itself, that would appear; "*Eh bien,*" said he, "*cela suffit.*" We then took our leave.

*January 14 to 22.* There has been an 18th Fructidor in Holland, and some of those whom I saw at the Hague, at the head of affairs, are now in arrestation, particularly Becker and Hahn. It was Hahn who drew up the proclamation which was to have been published on our landing, in case the expedition had taken place. It is three months, at least, since Meyer, the Dutch Ambassador here, told Lewines and me that this event would take place; and the fact is, it seems to me to have been full as necessary in Holland as in France. If the late Government was honest, which I very much doubt, they were evidently incapable; witness their conduct in the maritime affairs of their country, and especially their sending out Dewinter to be sacrificed on the 11th of October, without rhyme, reason, or apparent object, that I can hear of from any quarter. Some time since Daendels sent up Adjutant General Vischery, who brought me a letter, desiring me to present him to General Desaix as a per-

son in whom Daendels had the utmost confidence, which I did accordingly, without prying at all into the nature or object of his mission. From the conversation, however, I could collect that the French Government were determined, at length, to speak intelligibly to the Dutch, and give them to know that they must adopt a more decided and energetic line of conduct. Desaix's expression was, "*Puisque vous ne voulez pas vous faire une constitution, ou vous priera d'en accepter que, et j'espere que vous ne la refuserez pas.*" I could likewise see that the support of the French was in a manner set up to auction between the party that is in, and the party that wants to get in, in Holland, and I was very glad to find the price was to be paid in maritime support. The party now uppermost offered twenty-five sail of the line for the approaching campaign, which I learn from Vischery absolutely exceeds the faculties of the Dutch Republic to accomplish; however, if they promise twenty-five, it is probable they will have eighteen, or perhaps twenty; at least it is certain they will move heaven and earth to bring it to bear. If the late Government had not sacrificed, either through treachery or incapacity, the fleet of Dewinter, there might have been, by April next, a fleet of at least twenty-five sail of the line at the Texel, in which case the English would have been obliged to keep one, of at least thirty sail, in the North Sea: for they would not hazard an equality of force; and then what a powerful diversion would that have been for our projected invasion? This is one of the fruits of the incapacity, or, as I rather think, the treachery of the late Dutch Government. Well, I hope now they are in a great degree regenerated, and especially as France has interfered with a high hand, that they may conduct themselves better for the future. I cannot blame the French at all for their interposition in this occasion; having conquered Holland, they had a right, if they pleased, to have thrown it into the Zuyderzee. Instead of that, they left the Dutch at liberty to organize their own Government, and frame their own Constitution. After nearly three years of independence, they are not farther advanced than they were the first month; the plan of the Constitution, which they devised, having been rejected by an immense majority of the people. Under these circumstances, and especially in a crisis like the present, where great and active energy is so necessary, the French are justi-

fied in retracing their steps, and obliging the Dutch to accept a Constitution, since, after three years' experiment, they have shown that they want either talents or integrity to frame one for themselves. Individually, I wish most heartily it were otherwise: for I am sorry to see a people incapable to profit of such a great occasion as the Dutch have had in their hands; but if, unfortunately, the fact be against them, I must once more acquit the French for their interposition; and, I think I should do so, even in the case of my own country, if she were to show similar incapacity in like circumstances, which, however, I am far from apprehending. I do not know how Daendels may stand now, but I hope well: for I have an esteem for him, and should be sorry he were to lose the confidence that his past services and sacrifices have procured. Meyer is decidedly with the new men, and I know he has no great devotion for Daendels. Well, time will show.

*January 23 to 31. Blank.*

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FEBRUARY, 1798.

*February 1.* The number of Irish refugees is considerably increased. Independent of Lewines, Tennant, and Lowry, of whom I have spoken, there are Teeling, of Lisburn, Orr, of Derry, M-Mahon, of County Down, Macan and Burgess, of County Lowth, Napper Tandy, and my brother. There is also one Maguire, who was sent by Reynolds from Philadelphia, in consequence of my letter to him by Monroe, and one Ashley, an Englishman, formerly Secretary to the Corresponding Society, and one of those who was tried with Thomas Hardy, in London, for high treason. We all do very well except Napper Tandy, who is not behaving correctly. He began some months ago by caballing against me with a priest of the name of Quigley, who is since gone off, no one knows whither; the circumstances of this petty intrigue are not worth my recording. It is sufficient to say that Tandy took on him to summon a meeting of the Irish refugees, at which Lewines and I were to be arraigned, on I know not what charges, by himself and Quigley. Lewines refused to attend, but I went, and went

I appeared, there was no one found to bring forward a charge against me, though I called three times to know, "whether any person had any thing to offer." In consequence of this manoeuvre, I have had no communication since with Tandy, who has also lost ground, by this mean behavior, with all the rest of his countrymen; he is, I fancy, pestering the Government here with applications and memorials, and gives himself out for an old officer, and a man of great property in Ireland, as I judge from what General Murat said to me in speaking of him the other night at Buonaparte's. He asked me did I know one Tandy, "*un ancien militaire, n'est ce pas?*" I said I did know him, but could not say that he was exactly "*un ancien militaire*, as he had never served but in the volunteer corps of Ireland, a body which resembled pretty much the *Garde nationale* of France at the beginning of the Revolution." "*Mais c'est un très riche propriétaire.*" I told him I believed he was always in easy circumstances: and there the discourse ended. By this I see how he is showing himself off here. He has got lately a coadjutor in the famous Thomas Muir, who is arrived at Paris, and has inserted two or three very foolish articles, relating to the United Irishmen, in the Paris papers, in consequence of which, at a meeting of the United Irishmen, now in Paris, with the exception of Tandy, it was settled that Lowry, Orr, Lewins, and myself, should wait upon Muir, and, after thanking him for his good intentions, intreat him not to introduce our business into any publications which he might hereafter think proper to make. Accordingly, we waited on him a few days since, but of all the vain, obstinate blockheads that ever I met, I never saw his equal. I could scarcely conceive such a degree of self-sufficiency to exist. He told us roundly that he knew as much of our country as we did, and would venture to say he had as much the confidence of the United Irishmen as we had; that he had no doubt we were very respectable individuals, but could only know us as such, having shown him no powers or written authority to prove that we had any mission. That he seldom acted without due reflection, and when he had once taken his party, it was impossible to change him; and that, as to what he had written, relative to the United Irishmen, he had the sanction of, ~~his~~ <sup>he</sup> would say, the most respectable individual of that body, and deserved to have,



their entire confidence and approbation, and whose authority he must and did consider as justifying every syllable he had advanced. This most respectable individual of the body, we presume to be Tandy: for we did not ask his name. So that, after a discussion of nearly three hours, we were obliged to come away *re infectâ*, except that we gave Mr. Muir notice, that he had neither license nor authority to speak in the name of the People of Ireland, and that if we saw any similar productions to those of which we complained, we should be obliged to take measures that would conduce neither to his ease nor respectability: for that we could not suffer the public to be longer abused. On these terms we parted very drily on both sides. The fact is, Muir and Tandy are puffing one another here for their private advantage; they are supporting themselves by endorsing each other's credit, and issuing, if I may so say, accommodation bills of reputation. This conversation has given the *coup de grace* to Tandy, with his countrymen here, and he is now in a manner completely in Coventry. He deserves it. These details are hardly worth writing, but as there may be question of the business hereafter, I thought I might as well put them down.

*February 2 to 10.* Lewines was the other night with Buonaparte, when a conversation took place, which I think from his relation of it, worth recording. Since the 18th Fructidor, the Jacobins are, in a certain degree, more tolerated by Government than formerly, and some of their leaders, who had been tried at Vendome with Babœuf, venture to show themselves a little. On that evening, a person called on the General from the Minister of Police, and spoke to him for a considerable time in a low voice, so that Lewines did not hear what he said, but it appears by the sequel, that it was probably relative to some overtures from the chiefs of that party: for Buonaparte, all at once, sprung into the middle of the room, with great heat, and said, "What would these gentlemen have? France is revolutionized! Holland is revolutionized! Italy is revolutionized! Switzerland is revolutionized! Europe will soon be revolutionized! But this, it seems, is not enough to content them: I know well what they want; they want the domination of thirty or forty individuals, founded on the massacre of three or four millions; they want the constitution of 1793, but they

“shall not have it, and *death* to him who should demand it. We  
 “did not fail to reduce them to order, when we had but 1,500  
 “men, and we will do it much easier now, when we have  
 “30,000. We will have the present constitution, and we will  
 “have no other, and we have common sense and our bayonets  
 “to maintain it. I know these persons, in order to give them-  
 “selves some little consequence, affect to spread reports of  
 “some pretended disunion between the Government and the  
 “Legislative Body. It is false. From the foundation of the  
 “Republic to this day, there never was, perhaps, a moment,  
 “where there reigned such perfect harmony between the con-  
 “stituted authorities, and, I may add, since it seems they are so  
 “good as to count me for something in the affair, that I am perfect-  
 “ly in union of sentiment and esteem with the Government, and  
 “they with me. He that fears calumny is below me. What I  
 “have done, has not been done in a *boudoir*, and it is for Eu-  
 “rope and posterity to judge me. No! we will not have the  
 “assistance of those gentlemen who call themselves chiefs and  
 “leaders of the people; we acknowledge no chiefs or leaders  
 “but those pointed out by the Constitution, the Legislative  
 “Body, and the Executive Directory; and to them only will  
 “we pay respect or attention. For the others, we know very  
 “well how to deal with them, if necessary, and, for my part,  
 “I declare for one, that if I had only the option between roy-  
 “alty and the system of those gentlemen, I would not hesitate  
 “one moment to declare for a King. But we will have neither  
 “the one nor the other; we will have the Republic and the  
 “Constitution, with which, if those persons pretend to inter-  
 “fere, they shall soon be made sensible of their absolute nul-  
 “lity.” He spoke to this effect, as Lewines reported to me, but  
 in a strain of the greatest animation, and with admirable elo-  
 quence. From two or three words he dropped, Lewines con-  
 cludes that Sotin, the present Minister of Police, will probably  
 not continue long in office.

*February 11.* In conversation, to-day, with Gen. Clarke, I  
 mentioned to him how happy I was when the news of the ar-  
 mistice between Buonaparte and the Austrians arrived, as I  
 began to be extremely uneasy at his situation. Clarke assured  
 me I was quite right in that respect; that the fact was, the di-  
 vision of Joubert was completely beaten out of the Tyrol by the

peasants, with no better arms than chance furnished, down to clubs and sticks, with which they charged the French like madmen, and drove before them the very same troops who had so often defeated the best disciplined forces of Austria. Of such an uncertain nature is the courage of armics, and so much are they disconcerted by a mode of fighting, different from that to which they had been accustomed. That the Venetians were rising *en masse*, and Trieste was retaken, so that the communication with Italy was exceedingly embarrassed. That, if the army had met with the least check in front, it was ruined, and every step that Buonaparte advanced, increased his difficulties and multiplied the probabilities against him. I was glad to hear my own opinion confirmed by Clarke, who is a military man of experience and character, and especially who was at the spot, on the moment.

*February 12 to 28, blank.*

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#### MARCH, 1798.

*March 1.* An event has taken place, of a magnitude scarce, if at all, inferior in importance to that of the French Revolution. The Pope is dethroned and in exile. The circumstances relating to this great event, are such, as to satisfy my mind, that there is a special Providence guiding the affairs of Europe at this moment, and turning every thing to the great end of the emancipation of mankind, from the yoke of religious and political superstition, under which they have so long groaned. Some months ago, in the career of his victories, Buonaparte accorded a peace, and a generous one, to the Pope; it was signed at Tolentino, and Louis Buonaparte, brother to the General, proceeded to Rome, as the first Ambassador from the Republic. Many people thought at the time, and I was of the number, that it was unwise to let slip so favorable an opportunity to destroy for ever the Papal tyranny; but it should seem the necessity of following up close the impression made on the Austrian armies, overbore all inferior concerns, and as I have said already, peace was made with the cabinet of Rome. One would have thought that so narrow an escape might have prevented the Pope from rushing

barking into a second contest with the Republic, holding, as he did, his very existence dependent on the breath of Buonaparte, who might with a single word have annihilated him. But Providence, for its own wise and great purposes, the happiness of man, and the complete establishment of civil and religious liberty, seems to have utterly taken away all sense and understanding from the Pope and his councils. After a fruitless attempt to trepan the French ambassador into a fabricated insurrection, they procured a tumultuous mob to assemble under the windows of his palace, and within the circuit of his jurisdiction; the guards were immediately called out and began to fire; the ambassador rushed out, attended by Generals Duphot, Sherlock, and some other officers, all dressed in the costume of their respective situations. in order, if possible, to restore tranquillity, or assert at least the neutrality of the *enceinte* of the ambassador's palace, which is, in all nations, privileged ground: They are received with a running fire, which levels Duphot to the ground; he recovers his feet, though dreadfully wounded, and whilst supporting himself on his sabre, a corporal advances and discharges his piece in his bosom. The ambassador and his suite escaped the fire as it were by a miracle, and regained the palace by a back way, leaving the body of Duphot at the mercy of his assassins, who covered it with wounds, and had even the barbarity to pelt it with stones. The unfortunate Duphot had commanded the grenadiers of the army of Italy, and was the next morning to have been married to the ambassador's sister-in-law. That no doubt might remain as to who authorized this massacre, both the captain who commanded the guard, and the corporal who committed the murder, were rewarded, and the latter promoted to the rank of sergeant. But now the measure of the folly and wickedness of the Papal government was filled, even to running over. The ambassador instantly quitted Rome with his family, announcing these events to the Directory, who gave orders to General Berthier, to advance with the invincible army of Italy on the ancient capital of the world. A few days put him in quiet possession of Rome, from whence all those concerned in the late abominable transaction had fled; the Pope alone remaining. On his arrival, the Roman people assembled in the Capitol, formally deposed the Pope, and declared themselves free and independent: choosing a provisory government,

under the ancient Roman names of Consuls, Prætors, and Ædiles. Two or three days after, the Pope left Rome, attended by two French aids de camp, and where he is gone to, I do not yet know. Thus has terminated the temporal reign of the Popes, after an existence of above 1,000 years. What changes this great and almost unparalleled event may produce on the moral and political system of Europe, I cannot pretend to conjecture: but they must be numerous and of the last importance. It seems to me once more, to be an absolute fatality, which drove that unfortunate and guilty government into this most frantic of all attempts, at the precise time when all the potentates of Europe were obliged to receive the law from the victorious Republic; without friends, allies, or support, without pretext or excuse, to wantonly commit a most barbarous outrage on the person of a gallant officer, on the dignity of France, and the allowed rights of all civilized nations, is such a degree of infatuation as I am utterly at a loss to conceive, especially in a court so long celebrated for the depth of its cunning, and its art and address in steering with whatever wind might blow. So it is, however—the fact is certain, and the Pope, who has so often, at his will and pleasure, disposed of crowns and monarchs, is himself deposed without effort or resistance. “*How art thou fallen from Heaven, Oh Lucifer, Son of the Morning!*” The Revelations have many fine things on this subject, touching the “Beast and Babylon.” &c. “*Of the Pope’s ten horns, God bless us, I’ve knocked off four already.*” He is now a Prelate in partibus, his means are gone, his cardinals, his court, his wealth, all disappeared, and nothing remains but his keys. It is a sad downfall for the “Servant of the Servants of God.” But I scorn to insult the old gentleman in his misfortunes: *Requiescat in pace!*

*March 2.* Received a letter from General Daendels, desiring me to send on Aherne to him, without loss of time, to be employed on a secret mission. The letter also contains a very favorable testimony to my good conduct during the time I had the advantage to be attached to him in Holland, which certificate I am very proud of and will carefully keep. Gave Aherne immediately his instructions to set off in a very few days.

*March 3.* I have seen lately in the paper, called the *Bien Informé*, two articles relating to Napper Tandy, which are most

ridiculous rhodomontades. They describe him as an Irish general, to whose standard 30,000 United Irishmen will fly the moment he displays it, and other trash of the like nature. This must come directly or indirectly from himself; for I remember some time ago, at a dinner given to him, Madgett, and myself, by Aherne, as soon as he got warm with wine, he asserted he would answer, himself, for raising all the yeomanry of Ireland, who were at least 30,000 men, precisely the number above stated. This is sad pitiful work, puffing a man's self in this manner, especially when it is *not true*.

*March 4.* On the 19th February last, as I see in the Courier of the 26th, Lord Moira made a motion of great expectation in the Irish House of Lords, tending to condemn the vigorous measures which have been pursued by the British government in that country, and to substitute a milder system. I was exceedingly disappointed at his speech, which was feeble indeed, containing little else than declamation, and scarcely a single fact, at a time when thousands of crimes of the most atrocious nature have been perpetrated for months over the whole face of the country. In times like ours, half friends are no friends. A man in his situation, who can tell the truth with safety, or even with danger, and does not, is a feeble character, and his support is not worth receiving. He must speak out ALL, boldly, or be silent. Independent of this, which, I cannot but consider as a timid and unmanly suppression of facts, which at this great occasion, especially, should be sounded through Europe if possible, by every man having a drop of genuine Irish blood in his veins, there is introduced a strained compliment to the virtues of the King, and a most extravagant and fulsome eulogium on the magnanimity of his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, which completely disgusted me. A pretty time, indeed, to come out with a panegyric on the royal virtues, and the virtues of the princely heir, when his ministers and his army are laying the country waste with fire and with sword. "*I hate such half-faced fellowship.*" His lordship, at the conclusion of this milk and water harangue, comes to his conciliatory plan, which is to check the army in their barbarities, and to grant Catholic emancipation, and parliamentary reform. It is really amusing to see the various shifts, and struggles, and turns, and twists, and wry faces, the noble Lord makes, before he can bring himself to

swallow this last bitter pill. This kind of conduct will never do well at any time, but it is downright folly, in times like the present. His Lordship has mortally offended one party, and not at all satisfied the other, as will always be the case in similar circumstances. I am sorry for all this, because I esteem him personally : politically I must give him up, the more so, as he OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN BETTER. But if Lord Moira speaks in this half and half style, the Chancellor, on the other side, appears not to have been so reserved ; he openly calls the United Irishmen *rebels* ; and says they should be treated as such ; he mentions me by name, as having been Adjutant General in Hoche's expedition, and again in the armament at the Texel, and says I am at this very moment an accredited envoy at Paris, from that accursed Society, who had also, as he is pleased to say, their envoys at Lisle, by whose insidious and infernal machinations, it was, that Lord Malmesbury's negotiation was knocked on the head. He also makes diverse commentaries, on a well known letter, written by me to my friend Russell, in 1791, and which, one way or other, he has brought regularly before the House, at least once a session ever since, and which figures in the secret report made by Secretary Pelham, in the last one. From all these facts, and diverse others which he enumerates, he infers, that the design of the United Irishmen is to separate Ireland from Great Britain, and that, consequently, all measures to destroy that infamous conspiracy, are fair and lawful : of which opinion the House of Lords was also, Lord Moira's motion being rejected by a large majority. I can hardly, I think, be suspected of partiality to the Chancellor, but I declare I have a greater respect for his conduct on this occasion, than for that of Lord Moira. He is at least an open and avowed enemy ; he takes his party, such as it is, like a man who expects no quarter, and is, therefore, determined to give none. Had Lord Moira brought as much sincerity to the attack, on that most atrocious of all Governments, as the Chancellor did to its defence, though I am far from thinking he would have been able to influence the decision of the House of Lords, he would at least have been able to scandalize it to all Europe. Instead of that, he has trimmed, and by trimming has lost himself : for to repeat it once more, in terrible times as ours now are, a man must speak out the whole truth or be silent. There

is no mean, especially when, as in the case of Lord Moira, he may do it with perfect safety to his person. But to return to my friend Fitzgibbon. Though his speech be sincere, I cannot think it very wise, under all the circumstances of the case. If the people of Ireland had any doubts, as to the determination of the French Government to support them, he has taken care to remove them all, by dwelling on the reception their envoys have met with here. If the United Irishmen, groaning so long under a horrible persecution, might be supposed to relax a little in their resolution, he has been so kind as to raise their drooping spirits, by showing them that a simple emissary from their Society has had such influence with the Executive Directory, as to outweigh all the offers of his Majesty's Ministers to obtain peace, and even to cause the sending away of his ambassador, in a manner certainly not the most grateful to his feelings; in short, he has let out the grand secret, that there is a regular communication between the Patriots, or, as he is pleased to call them, the rebels of Ireland, and the French Executive; that the independence of our country is the common object of both, which they are determined to pursue in concert, until it is attained; and that all the efforts of Government, to stop the progress of this most fearful event, have been and continue to be vain. Whether this candid avowal of such important facts, coming from such authority, be likely to raise the spirits of the adherents to the English Government, and to extinguish all hope in the breasts of the patriots, is, I confess, more than I can bring myself to believe. On the whole, I do not think the Chancellor's speech that of a profound and temperate statesman; such as it is, however, I will take care to submit, or cause it to be submitted, to Buonaparte, and one or two other Republicans here, who I think will be edified by the contents thereof. With regard to what he says of Lewines and myself, who, I presume, are the envoys of this pernicious Society that he alludes to, his information, wherever he got, or however he came by it, is correct enough; what relates to me, is quite right; and as to Lewines, though he certainly was not at Lisle, artfully undermining Lord Malmesbury, I do admit he was doing his best to defeat him at the Luxembourg and elsewhere, and I hope and believe with success. What weight his representations may have had, we cannot exactly know, not being in the secrets of the Directory;.



without vanity, he may reasonably conclude that some weight they certainly had, and if it was they which turned off my Lord Malmesbury, according to the Chancellor's assertion, Lewine may boldly say that he has, in that instance, deserved well of his country. The fact is, he and I have both done our best here, to serve the cause of liberty in Ireland, but we have neither done as much good, nor as much evil, as Fitzgibbon is pleased to lay to our charge, and, for example, in the present instance, I do not think in my conscience, that it was we, who hunted Lord Malmesbury out of the country.—*Allons!*

*March 5 to 20.* It is with the most sincere concern and anxiety, that I see in the late English papers, that Arthur O'Connor has been arrested at Margate, endeavoring to procure a passage for France; the circumstances mentioned, indicate a degree of rashness and indiscretion on his part, which is astonishing. It seems he set off from London in company with four others, viz. Quigley the Priest, who was some time since in Paris, and of whom I have no great reason to be an admirer, Binns of the Corresponding Society, Alley, also of the Corresponding Society, and his servant of the name of Leary. Quigley called himself at first Captain Jones, and afterwards Colonel Morris, the others passed for his servants. Their first attempt was at a place called Whitstable, where the vigilance of the customhouse officers embarrassed them. They then hired a cart, which they loaded with their trunks, of which it seems they were sufficiently provided, and crossed the country on foot for twenty-five miles to Margate. It does not appear they made much mystery of their intended destination, but be that as it may, at Margate they were arrested by the Bow-street runners, Fugin and Rivet, who had followed them *à la piste* from London. From Margate they were brought back with their luggage to London, where they were examined, two or three successive days, before the Privy Council, and finally committed to the Tower. Since their committal, several other persons have been arrested, particularly a Colonel Despard, a Mr. Bonham, a Mr. Evans. It is inconceivable, that five men should attempt such an enterprize, and with such a quantity of luggage; it is equally incredible, that they should bring papers with them, of which the newspapers say several have been found, and especially one in the great coat pocket of Quigley, purporting to be

an address from the Executive Directory of England to that of France, and desiring the latter to give credit to Quigley, as being "*the worthy citizen whom they had lately seen.*" These last expressions stagger me, or I should not believe it possible any man living would leave a paper of such consequence, in such a careless extraordinary place. Other newspapers, however, say that no papers have been found, but the expressions above quoted shake me a good deal. It is also said that O'Connor has said, that his friends may be easy about him, as he has nothing to fear. God send it may be so, but I am very much afraid he will find it otherwise. It is dreadful to think of a man of his situation, character, and talents, being caught in so extraordinary and unaccountable a manner. I cannot conceive it. Time, and time only, will explain, whether there is any treachery in the business. It is certain, Government had notice of their intentions before they set off: for the Bow-street officers left London as soon as they did. The report is, that they will be tried at Maidstone, by a special commission consisting of Justices Buller, Heath, and Lawrence: which is expected to sit before the 10th of April. I expect that event with the most anxious solicitude, but fear the very worst, for a thousand reasons.

*March 21 to 24.* This day I received my orders to set off for head-quarters at Rouen, where I am to remain at the suite of the Etat Major, till further orders. There is at least one step made.

*March 25.* Received my letters of service from the War Office, as Adjutant General in the Armée d'Angleterre. This has a lofty sound to be sure, but God knows the heart! Applied to the Minister at War for leave to remain a few days in Paris, to settle my family, which he granted.

*March 26.* I see in the English papers of March 17th, from Irish papers of the 13th, news of the most disastrous and afflicting kind, as well for me individually as for the country at large. The English government has arrested the whole committee of United Irishmen for the province of Leinster, including almost every man I know and esteem in the city of Dublin. Amongst them are Emmet, M'Neven, Dr. Sweetman. Bond, Jackson, and his son; warrants are likewise issued for the arrestation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, M'Cormick, and Sampson; who have not however yet been found. It is by far the most terri-

ble blow which the cause of liberty in Ireland has yet sustained. I know not whether in the whole party it would be possible to replace the energy, talents, and integrity, of which we are deprived by this most unfortunate of events. I have not received such a shock from all that has passed since I left Ireland. It is terrible to think of, in every point of view. Government will move heaven and earth to destroy them. What a triumph at this moment for Fitzgibbon. These arrestations, following so close on that of O'Connor, give rise to very strong suspicions of treachery in my mind. I cannot bear to write or think longer on this dreadful event. Well, if our unfortunate country is doomed to sustain the unspeakable loss of so many brave and virtuous citizens, wo be to their tyrants, if ever we reach our destination. I feel my mind growing every hour, more and more savage. Measures appear to me now justified by necessity, which six months ago, I would have regarded with horror. There is now no medium. Government has drawn the sword, and will not recede, but to superior force—if ever that force arrives. But it does not signify threatening. Judge of my feelings as an individual, when Emmett and Russell are in prison, and in imminent peril of a violent and ignominious death. What revenge can satisfy me for the loss of the two men I most esteem on earth? Well, once more, it does not signify threatening. If they are sacrificed, and I ever arrive, as I hope to do, in Ireland, it will not go well with their enemies. This blow has completely deranged me—I can scarce write connectedly.

*March 27, 28, 29.* The last arrestations seem to be followed up by others—Government will now stop at nothing.

*March 30, 31.* Called with Lewines on Talleyrand, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to take leave previous to my setting off for the army, and met with a gracious reception. I took that opportunity to tell him, that I had reason to think, that Lewines and I, as is the fact, were exposed to some little dirty intrigues here, and that all we desired was, that he would judge us, not after any calumnious report, but after our conduct, such as he himself had observed it. He replied, that we might make ourselves easy on that head; that he had heard nothing disadvantageous with regard to us, but even if he had, he should pay it no attention; the opinion of government being made up in our favor. This is pleasant, the more so as poor Lewines and I,

have been tormented latterly with dirty cabals and factions, which I scorn to commit to paper. We have, God knows, done our best to content every body, but we find it impossible, whilst one of us is Adjutant General, and the other is well received, and with attention by the French Government. I solemnly declare I believe these are our sole offences, but, also, they are offences not to be forgiven. I hate such pitiful work, and I am heartily glad I am getting off to the army, where I shall be out of the reach of it. If I would dirty my paper with them, I could record some anecdotes which are curious enough, were it only for their singular meanness; but I will not: let them die and rot; my conduct will stand the test, and to that I trust. When a man knows he has nothing to accuse himself of, it is not very difficult to bear the malevolence of others, with which profound observation I dismiss this chapter.

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APRIL, 1798.

*April 1, 2.* Lewines waited yesterday on Merlin, who is President of the Directory for this *Trimestre*, and presented him a letter of introduction from Talleyrand. Merlin received him with great civility and attention. Lewines pressed him, as far as he could with propriety, on the necessity of sending succors to Ireland the earliest possible moment, especially on account of the late arrestations; and he took that occasion to impress him with a sense of the merit and services of the men for whom he interested himself so much on every account, public and personal. Merlin replied, that, as to the time or place of succour, he could tell him nothing, it being *the secret of the State*; that, as to the danger of his friends, he was sincerely sorry for the situation of so many brave and virtuous patriots; that, however, though he could not enter into the details of the intended expedition, he would tell him thus much to comfort him. “*That France never would grant a peace to England on any terms, short of the independence of Ireland.*” This is grand news. It is far more direct and explicit than any assurance we have yet got. Lewines made the proper acknowledgments, and then ran off to me to communicate the news. The fact is, whatever the

our countrymen here may think, Lewines is doing his business here fair and well, and like a man of honor. I wish others of them whom I could name, had half as good principles.

*April 3.* Lewines is determined to take a journey to Holland or perhaps to Hamburgh, on his private affairs; he will probably set off about the same time I do; He waited, in consequence, to-day, on Barras, who by-the-by, it seems has been looking for him these some days. From Barras, in the course of conversation, he received a confirmation of the assurance that Merlin had given him two days ago, “that the French Government would never make peace with England, until our independence was acknowledged,” which, indeed. Barras had promised himself, conditionally, before the peace with the Emperor. My name happening to be mentioned, Lewines spoke of me as he thought. Barras replied, that the French government were sensible of the merits of Adjutant General Smith. All this is *darned fine*, as poor Will used to say—Well: we shall see. Apropos of Lewines’ private affairs. He has been now on the continent for the public business above fifteen months, at his own expense, to the amount of at least £500 sterling; during which time his colleagues at home have not thought proper to remit him one farthing; and it is now in order to raise money that he is going to Holland. It is to me unaccountable how men under whose good faith and authority he came here, can so neglect their engagements, the more so. as M. Neven, when he was here, undertook to remind them of their duty, and that proper remittances should be made. It is the less excusable, as several of the individuals concerned are not only in easy, but in affluent circumstances. So, however, it is, and what is better, Lewines is accused here by some of his countrymen and fellow sufferers, of neglecting, if not sacrificing the public cause to his own private interests: in which accusation, by-the-by, I have the honor to find myself included; but as to that, “*je m’en fiche. Allons!*” To be sure, if any thing could shake the determination of a man, who has made up his mind on our question, it would be the pitiful and mean persecution which he and I find ourselves exposed to here, for some time back. There is no sort of *desagrément* that we have not suffered. Well, it is no matter; that will all pass away, and, in the long run, it will be seen, whether we have not, each of us in his vocation, done our best for

the country. Certain it is, however, that the pleasure I formerly felt in pursuing this great object, is considerably diminished by recent experience. But once more, no matter: It is my duty to go on, and go on I will, arrive what may. I hope yet to do some good and prevent some mischief, and I foresee sufficient grounds to exercise me, both at one and the other. At all events, I will do my duty, and discharge my conscience, and then come what may, I can abide the consequences.

*April 4.* This day, at three o'clock, having previously received my letters of service, order to join, frais de route, &c. I set off for the head quarters of the *Armée d'Angleterre* at Rouen.

*April 5.* After travelling all night, arrived at twelve next day, and took up my lodgings at the Maison Wattel. Met General Kilmaine by accident, who invited me to dinner; where I found General Lemoine, and Bessierres, Commandant of the guides of Buonaparte, &c. &c. Comedy in the evening.

*April 6.* Strolling about the town, which is large, ugly, and dirty. It wears, however, a great appearance of manufacturing and commercial activity, which, I have no doubt, in time of peace, is considerably augmented. The Cathedral is a beautiful relic of Gothic architecture. I have seen the inside of Westminster Abbey, and Notre Dame, of Paris, as well as several others in Germany and elsewhere, but I prefer the inside of the Cathedral of Rouen to them all. It is a magnificent coup d'œil. But, what is provoking, between the body of the church and choir, some pious Archbishop, who had more money than taste, has thrown a very spruce colonnade, of pure Corinthian architecture, which totally destroys the harmony of the building, and ruins what would otherwise produce a most magnificent effect. This little specimen of Grecian architecture is more truly Gothic than all the rest of the edifice.

*April 7.* On a second inspection of the Cathedral this day, I find that the Corinthian colonnade, which is described in terms of such just indignation in yesterday's journal, turns out to be Ionic, but all's one for that. The Archbishop I still hold to be a blockhead in all the dialects of Greece, and all the orders of architecture; and, moreover, he is a fellow of no taste.

*April 8.* Heard part of a sermon, this being Easter Sunday. Sad trash! a long parallel, which I thought would never end, be-

tween Jesus Christ and Joseph, followed by a second, equally edifying, comparing him with the prophet Jonas, showing how the one lay three nights in the tomb, and the other three nights in the belly of a great fish, &c.; at all which, I profited exceedingly. The church was full of women, but I did not see twenty men. I wonder how people can listen to such abominable nonsense.—Apropos, I should have mentioned in its place, that Lewines, called a day or two before we left town, on Buonaparte, to endeavor to interest him in behalf of our unfortunate friends now in arrestation, and try whether it would be possible to obtain a declaration from the Directory, similar to that which they issued in the case of the patriots of the Pays de Vaud, for whose safety they made the aristocracy of Berne personally responsible. Buonaparte replied, that the case was totally different; with regard to the Swiss, France was in a situation to follow up the menace by striking instantly; with England, it was not so. She was a power of the first rank, and the Republic must never threaten in vain. Under these circumstances, he thought any interposition on the part of the French Government, in favor of the Irish patriots, might injure them materially, by inflaming still more the English Government against them, and could, at the same time, do them no possible service. In this reasoning Lewines was obliged to acquiesce, and, in fact, the argument is unanswerable. Lewines, however, has the consolation to think he has left nothing untried, on his part, to rescue our unfortunate friends from the peril which menaces their lives. It is a melancholy comfort, but still it is some comfort.

*April 9 to 15.* This day I have got lodgings, by order of Adj. Gen. Boulant, *Provisoirement Chef de l'Etat Major*, in the house of Citizen Bigot. It is a large hotel, and I am well lodged. Mine host invited me to dinner, which passed tête-à-tête. He has been *President à mortier* in the *ci-devant Parlement de Normandie*. His father has been, I believe, *Maire de Rouen*, under the *ancien regime*, and they have lost a considerable property besides lying eleven months in prison during the *terreur*. It is easy to judge from all this, that my host is no great admirer of the Revolution, which he always qualifies with the title of *mal heureuse*. I forgive, with all my soul, aristocrats of his description, who were really something before the Revolution,

and who find themselves now nothing or worse; besides, he seems a man of a gentle, not to say timid temper, and I rather fancy his sufferings and his fears have weakened his mind; if it be not so, justice must have been strangely administered in France, in times when men of his capacity could arrive at the first stations in the law. He is downright weak; however, I sat him out with great civility, though it was a terrible *corvée* to me, and we parted very good friends. He has asked me again for the day after to-morrow, when there is to be company. I am glad of that circumstance, for, in truth, I have no great stomach for another dinner tête-à-tête. My landlord is a bore.

April 16 to 20. I pass my time here "*worse than the mutines in the bilboes,*" but there is no remedy, so "*what can't be cured must be endured,*" as the poet sweetly sings. Seeing, yesterday, in the papers, an article, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald had made his escape from Ireland, and got safe into France, I wrote immediately to the Chef-de-Bureau in the police, charged with the Foreigner's Department, to know if the report were true, and, in that event, praying the Minister to show Lord Edward every attention, &c.; but I am afraid it is too good news to be true. Walked out this evening along the river, to see the *batteaux plats* which are building here for the descent. There are ten of them, four of which are launched. I judge the whole might be ready in three weeks or a month at farthest; they cost 13,000 livres apiece, or £541 13s. 4d. sterling. Apropos, of the expedition. I am utterly at a loss what to think since my departure from Paris. Dcsaix, whom I hoped to find here, seems certainly to be at Toulon; and the report in the papers of this day, as well as in my brother Mathew's letter, is, that Buonaparte is to set off in three days to join him, and take the command of the inconceivable armament which is preparing in the ports of the Mediterranean, the destination of which nobody knows. It is certain that Buonaparte's guides set off from this on the road to Paris, three days ago. In the mean time, it seems General Kilmaine commands, *per interim*, the army of England. All this I confess utterly *deroutes* me. "*I am lost in sensations of troubled emotions.*" The prevailing opinion in the Paris papers is, that Egypt is the object of this armament, and that the Turk is to concur with us in the expedition. If it were not for our own business, I should like extremely, in that case, to be



with General Desaix. But that is "castle building." What, if, when all was embarked, Buonaparte were suddenly to turn to the right on Gibraltar, and surprise Lord St. Vincent with a visit one of these fine mornings. But I am afraid he won't—the thing is, however, possible. His lordship would, in that case, find himself between two fires, and it may be, at last, those miserable Spaniards might make an exertion. But, no ! Well, —time will show more, which observation I take to be a very safe one on my side. It is not a fortnight since the Directory passed a decree, conferring the command of both fleet and army to Buonaparte, with orders to render himself at Brest in ten days. How is that to be reconciled with the present reports ? At any rate, all this is well calculated to puzzle John Bull: for I am sure, I am puzzled with a vengeance. In short, I will torment myself no more with conjectures, in which I only lose myself—time will explain all.

*April 21 to 24.* The last Paris papers mention, that Buonaparte is decidedly set off to take the command of the expedition which is preparing in the Mediterranean. It is, I learn, to consist of three divisions, one to embark at Toulon, commanded by Buonaparte, in person ; another at Genoa, by Kleber ; and the third, at Civita Vecchia, by Desaix. The object declared is Egypt and Syria. With regard to this last country, in which Palestine is included, I see to-day an article in the *Telegraph*, which has struck me very much. It is a proposal to invite the Jews from all quarters of the world, to return to their parent country and restore their ancient temple : it has not struck me so much in a political, as in a far different point of view. I remember Whitley Stokes, more than once, mentioned to me an opinion of his, founded on an attentive study and meditation of the Old and New Testament, that he did not despair, even in his own life time and mine, of seeing this great event take place ; and I remember I laughed at him heartily for his opinion, which, however, seems this day far less visionary than it was at that time, in 1793. It is now not only possible, but highly probable, that the Jews may be once more collected, and the temple restored. The French will naturally take care to stipulate for advantages in return, and there is a giant's stride made at once into Asia, the extent and consequences of which I am at this moment utterly unable to calculate or perhaps to comprehend. I see

every day more and more, that after ten years of war, and the defeat of all the despots of Europe united, the French Revolution is but yet begun; the Hercules is yet in swaddling bands. What a people! Combining this intended measure with the downfall of the Pope, already accomplished, I have no doubt but a person who had made the prophecies and revelations his study, (Stokes for example,) might build very extraordinary systems. For my part, I happily know nothing of Daniel and his seventy weeks, nor of St. John in his island of Patmos. I leave divinity to those who have a turn that way, and confine my humbler speculations to the state of this world. I do not see the prodigious good sense of the Great Turk, in abetting and encouraging, as he seems to do, this grand operation. I do not think the neighborhood of the French will be wholesome for the crescent; but that is his affair. Moreover, if the Jews are restored, as their wealth is immense in Europe and in Asia incalculable, the Republic will of course exact certain "*shekels of gold*," before they consent to the elevation of the Tabernacle, which will be convenient. I would I had a good map of Asia, to see how far it is from Jerusalem to Madras, for I have a great eye upon the Carnatic. Once again I lose myself utterly in the contemplation of the present position of the Republic. What miserable pigmies, we unfortunate Irish are! But that is no fault of ours; we may be better yet. It is a great consolation to me, the assurance of Merlin and Barras with regard to our independence—I count upon it firmly.

*April 25:* Wm. Hamilton, who married J. Russell's daughter, is arrived, a few days since, in Paris. He was obliged to fly from London, in consequence of the arrestation of O'Connor and his party. On his way, he met Lewines at Brussels, and, also, saw in an English paper, of the 3d, that the Revolution in Ireland was commenced, having broken out in the South, and that General Abercrombie and the army were in full march to suppress it. Both he and Lewines believe it. For my part, I do not—it is, at most, some partial insurrection—and so much the worse. I wrote, however, to General Kilmaine, to request an order to join him at Paris, in case the news was true, which, however, I am sure it was not. My brother writes me word that there is a person waiting for Lewines, at the Hague, who has made his escape with plans, charts, and other military

information, and that Lewines is expected, with him, in Paris every day. Who can this be? I wish Lewines was returned.

*April 26.* I see in the Paris papers to-day, extracts from English ones, of a late date, by which it appears, as I suspected, that the news of an insurrection in Ireland was, as yet, premature; nevertheless, things in that country seem to be drawing fast to a close. There is a proclamation of Lord Camden, which is tantamount to a declaration of war; and the system of police, if police it can be called, is far more atrocious than it ever was in France in the time of the *terreur*. There is, however, no authentic account of any hostilities, except at a place called Holy Cross, where the people were easily dispersed by the Cashel Fencible Cavalry, and a party of the Lowth Militia, with the loss of three killed, and about twenty wounded and prisoners; but that is nothing. I see it is the policy of Government to employ such Irish troops as they can depend upon, to avoid, or at least lessen, the odium which would fall, otherwise, on the English and Scotch. It should seem, however, that they cannot reckon on all the troops: for, in the same papers, there is a report, but it is only a report, that several regiments of militia had refused to march against the People. What they ought to do, if they were in earnest, would be to march and then join them. On the whole, notwithstanding the menacing appearance of things in Ireland, it is my belief that there will be no serious hostilities there, unless the French arrive. Then, indeed, it would not be Lord Camden's proclamation which would stop our Revolution. I see, also, in the papers, that Arthur O'Connor is transferred to Maidstone, where his trial, and that of the others, will come on immediately. I attend the result with the most anxious expectation. Whatever may be O'Connor's fate, he will at least sustain the dignity of his situation, and in the worst event, he will bear it like a man.

*April 27.* I am sadly off for intelligence here, having nothing but the imperfect extracts in the Paris papers. I see to-day, and am very glad to see it, that my friend, Sir Lawrence Parsons, has resigned the command of the King's county militia, in consequence of the sanguinary measures about to be adopted by the English Government, in which he will take no share. His example should be imitated by every country gentleman in Ireland; but they have neither the sense nor the virtue to do so.

that. Alarming as the state of Ireland really and truly is to the English Government, I have no doubt on my mind that it is their present policy to exaggerate the danger as much as possible, in order to terrify the Irish gentry out of their wits, and, under cover of this universal panic, to crush the spirit of the People, and reduce the country to a state of slavery more deplorable than that of any former period of our deplorable history. They take a chance against nothing. They see that Ireland will escape them without a struggle, if they adopt lenient measures. They, therefore, prefer force. If it succeeds, well and good; if it fails, still Ireland is the material sufferer; it is she that bears all the actual calamities of war; and if England must, at last, renounce her sovereignty, at least she will desolate what she cannot subdue. It is a most infernal policy, but no new one for her to adopt. In this point of view, the conduct of the English Government, though atrociously wicked, is by no means deficient in system and arrangement. They have begun by seizing almost the whole of the Chiefs of the People, and now they are about to draw the sword, in order to anticipate the possibility of assistance, and to reduce them to that state, that, if assistance should at length arrive, they may be unable to profit of it. In this last design, however, I am sure they will find themselves mistaken; the spirit is, I think, too universally spread to be checked now, and the vengeance of the People, whenever the occasion presents itself, will only be the more terrible and sanguinary. What miserable slaves are the gentry of Ireland! The only accusation brought against the United Irishmen, by their enemies, is, that they wish to break the connexion with England, or, in other words, to establish the independence of their country; an object in which, surely, the men of property are most interested. Yet the very sound of independence seems to have terrified them out of all sense, spirit, or honesty. If they had one drop of Irish blood in their veins, one grain of true courage or genuine patriotism in their hearts, they should have been the first to support this great object; the People would have supported them; the English Government would never have dared to attempt the measures they have since triumphantly pursued, and continue to pursue; our Revolution would have been accomplished without a shock, or, perhaps, one drop of blood spilled; which now can succeed, if it should, only by all the ca-

lamities of a most furious and sanguinary contest : for the war in Ireland, whenever it does take place, will not be an ordinary one. The armies will regard each other, not as soldiers, but as deadly enemies. Who, then, are to blame for this? The United Irishmen, who set the question afloat, or the English Government and their partisans, the Irish gentry, who resist it. If independence be a good, for a country, as liberty for an individual, the question will be soon decided. Why does England so pertinaciously resist our independence? Is it for love of us—is it because *she* thinks *we* are better as we are? That single argument, if it stood alone, should determine every honest Irishman. But, it will be said, the United Irishmen extend their views farther : they go now to a distribution of property, and an Agrarian law. I know not whether they do or no. I am sure, in June, 1795, when I was forced to leave the country, they entertained no such ideas. If they have since taken root among them, the Irish gentry may accuse themselves. Even then, they made themselves parties in the business: not content with disdaining to hold communication with the United Irishmen, they were among the foremost of their persecutors: even those who were pleased to denominate themselves Patriots, were more eager to vilify, and, if they could, to degrade them, than the most devoted and submissive slaves of the English Government. What wonder, if the leaders of the United Irishmen, finding themselves not only deserted, but attacked, by those who, for every reason, should have been their supporters and fellow laborers, felt themselves no longer called upon to observe any measures with men only distinguished by the superior virulence of their persecuting spirit? If such men, in the issue, lose their property, they are, themselves, alone to blame, by deserting the first and most sacred of duties—the duty to their country. They have incurred a wilful forfeiture, by disdaining to occupy the station they might have held among the People, and which the People would have been glad to see them fill : they left a vacancy, to be seized by those who had more courage, more sense, and more honesty; and not only so, but by this base and interested desertion, they furnished their enemies with every argument of justice, policy, and interest, to enforce the system of confiscation. Besides, if the United Irishmen succeed, there is no rational man can doubt but that a very short period will suffice to do away the evils

inseparable from a contest : and that, in seven years, or less, after the independence of Ireland is established, when she can apply all her energy to cultivate her natural resources—her trade, commerce, agriculture, and manufactures will be augmented to a degree amply sufficient to recompense her for the sacrifices she will be undoubtedly obliged to make, in order to purchase her liberty. The example of America is an evidence of this truth; and England knows it well ; it is one reason why she is so eager in the contest. On the other hand, if the English party succeed, and the United Irishmen are put down, what will be the consequence to Ireland? Her eternal prostration at the feet of her tyrant, without a prospect of ever being able to rise. What then is to be said of a faction, to whom defeat is extermination, and whose victory would be but the perpetuation of their slavery? At least, the United Irishmen have a great and glorious object to terminate their prospect, and which sanctifies almost any means they may take to attain it. The best that can be said, in palliation of the conduct of the English party, is, that they are content to sacrifice the liberty and independence of their country to the pleasure of revenge, and their own personal security. They see Ireland only in their rent rolls, their places, their patronage, and their pensions. There is not a man among them, who, in the bottom of his soul, does not feel that he is a degraded being, in comparison of those whom he brands with the names of incendiaries and traitors. It is this stinging reflection which, amongst other powerful motives, is one of the most active in spurring them on to revenge. Their dearest interests, their warmest passions, are equally engaged. Who can forgive the man that forces him to confess that he is a voluntary slave, and that he has sold, for money, every thing that should be most precious to an honorable heart? That he has trafficked in the liberties of his children, and his own, and that he is hired and paid to commit a daily parricide on his country ? Yet, these are charges which not a man of that infamous caste can deny to himself, before the sacred tribunal of his own conscience. At least, the United Irishmen, as I have already said, have a grand, a sublime object in view. Their enemies have not, as yet, ventured, in the long catalogue of their accusations, to insert the charge of interested motives. Whilst that is the case, they may be feared and abhorred, but they can

never be despised; and I believe, there are few men who do not look upon contempt as the most insufferable of all human evils. Can the English faction say as much? In vain do they crowd together, and think, by their numbers, to disguise or lessen their infamy. The public sentiment, the secret voice of their own corrupt hearts, has already condemned them. They see their destruction rapidly approaching, and they have the consciousness that, when they fall, no honest man will pity them. *“They shall perish like their own dung; those who have seen them shall say, Where are they?”*

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MAY, 1798.

*From April 27 to May 17.* Having obtained leave of absence for two decades, I have spent the last twenty days deliciously, with my family, at Paris. During that time, we received a letter from my brother William, dated from Poonah, the 7th of January, 1797, sixteen months ago, at which time he was in health and spirits, being second in command of the infantry of the Peschwa, or chief of the Mahratta state, with appointments of 500 rupees a month, which is about 750*l.* sterling a year. I cannot express the pleasure which this account of his success gave us all; great as has been his good fortune, it is not superior to his merit. Six years ago he went to India a private soldier, unknown, unfriended, and unprotected; he had not so much as a letter of introduction; but talents and courage like his, were not made to rust in obscurity; he has forced his way to a station of rank and eminence, and I have no doubt that his views and talents are extended with his elevation. The first war in India, we shall hear more of him. He complains of never having received a letter from me, (his being addressed to James Bell, in Dublin,) by which I see, that one I wrote to him, in June, 1795, when I was on the point of sailing for America, never came to his hands. I wrote to him on the 8th instant, in as clear a manner as I durst venture, mentioning simply, that my adventures had been nearly as romantic as his own; that in consequence of my political conduct, I had been obliged to go into exile in America, after narrowly escaping with my life.

from Ireland ; that since, I had come to France, where, after some time, I had risen to the rank of Adjutant General, which I then held, and that I thought about one year would settle my fate definitively, for good or evil. I desired him to write to me under cover, to Mr. G. Meyer, at Mr. Edward Simeon, Bishopsgate-street, London ; and also, in case of meeting an American ship at Bombay, to Mr. Benjamin Franklin Bache, at Philadelphia : this letter, to which every body added a postscript, I sent to Meyer at Hamburgh, to be forwarded to his brother at London. and so by way of the India house to Leonard Jacques, Esq. at Bombay, who is, it seems, William's agent, and to whom he desires Bell to address his answer. It is very uncertain whether my letter will ever reach him, having so many difficulties to encounter in the way, and our name being a suspicious one in the English post office ; at any rate, my father, mother, and Bell, can write to him with greater certainty ; so, one way or other, I am in hopes he will hear of us. His letter was enclosed in one from my mother to Mary, by which I see, she and my father are in health and spirits. Two or three days after the receipt of Will's letter, we were agreeably surprised by one from poor Arthur, of whom we had no news for a long time, viz: since Mat. parted from him at Philadelphia, some time in July last, at which period he spoke of making a voyage to the West Indies, where he had been once already. His letter is dated from Hamburgh, where Meyer had shown him all possible kindness and friendship. We answered it immediately, desiring him to come directly to Paris, where I judge he may arrive in about a month. Poor fellow, he is but sixteen years of age, and what a variety of adventures has he gone through. It is now two years and a-half since he and I parted at Philadelphia, when I sent him home in the *Susannah*, Captain Baird, to notify to my friends, my immediate departure for France. It was a delicate commission for a boy of his age, and he seems to have acquitted himself well of it ; at least, I have heard no complaint of his indiscretion. When the first arrestations took place in Ireland, in September, 1796 ; when my dear friend Tom Russell, Neilson, and so many others, were arrested in Belfast ; those of my friends in Dublin, who were in the secret, driving the possibility of the Government seizing on Arthur either by art or menaces, wringing it from him, &c.



and sent him again to America, with the consent of my father and mother, who were with reason afraid for his personal safety. In America, where he arrived after my wife and family had sailed for Europe, he met with Mat. and after some little time, embarked on board a sloop bound for the West Indies; on his return from this voyage, he again met with Mat. who was on the point of sailing for Hamburgh, in consequence of my instructions. At Philadelphia they parted, and what poor Arthur's adventures have been since, I know not. He is, however, safe and sound, having supported himself these two years, without assistance from any body. When I saw him last, he was a fine manly boy, with a beautiful countenance. I hope and trust he will do well; if we ever come to have a navy in Ireland, he is the very stuff of which to make a *Jean Bart*. I do not yet know what we shall or can do for him, but when he arrives, we shall see. Perhaps I may be able to accomplish something, through Admiral Bruix, who is now Minister of the Marine, and with whom I became acquainted at Brest, at the time of our last expedition, the nautical part of which he in effect conducted. I see in the papers, that Bedout, who commanded the *Indomptable*, on board of which I was embarked, is returned from a cruise in the West Indies, and promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral, which his services have well merited. Perhaps, by one or both of these channels, I may be able to fix him, especially if Bedout takes a part, as I sincerely hope he may, in the present expedition. I am not superstitious, yet I cannot but remark the singularity of the circumstance, that Mary, Mat, Arthur, and myself, with my family, should, after such a diversity of strange events, be all re-assembled in France, on the eve of this great expedition, and that, precisely at the same time, we should have the happiness of hearing from my father and mother, and especially from Will, after a silence of above four years. It is one of the singular traits in the history of our family, and increases the confidence I feel, that we shall all meet together yet, well and happy. "Which that we may do," &c. &c., as the Parson ends his Sermon. Well, we shall see.

*May 18.* Dined to-day with Adjutant General Rivand, Chef d'Etat Major *par interim* of the army of England; there were, also, General Marescot, of the Engineers, and Adjutant Generals Boulant and Dugommier. The last is son to Dugommier.

who retook Toulon, and was afterwards killed, commanding the army of the Pyrenees ; the dinner was very pleasant ; all the war was talked over ; the characters of the Generals canvassed, &c. At the battle of Jemnappes the French were 50,000, the Austrians 18,000 ; the French lost 3,500 killed and wounded, every man of whom might have been spared, as the enemy's position could have been turned, in which case they had no choice but to evacuate their redoubts or be taken prisoners. It is to be observed, however, in defence of Dumourier, that it was absolutely necessary, at that time, to gain a victory, in order to raise the credit of the French arms, and the spirit of the soldiers, both of which were sunk very low by a succession of unfortunate events. It is certain that Houchard might have taken the Duke of York, and his whole army, at the time of his famous retreat, or rather flight, from before Dunkirk. There was but one passage open by which he could possibly escape, and Jourdan, with his division, was within half a league of it, when Houchard's orders overtook him, commanding him to halt instantly, on pain of immediate destitution. In consequence, he was obliged to stop short, and had the mortification to see the English army defile quietly before him, every man of whom he could have made prisoner. By this account it appears that Houchard, at least, was justly condemned. On the whole, I got over this day pretty well.

*May 19.* I do not know what to think of our expedition. It is certain that the whole left wing of the army of England is, at this moment, in full march back to the Rhine : Buonaparte is, God knows where, and the clouds seem thickening more and more in Germany, where I have no doubt Pitt is moving heaven and hell to embroil matters, and divert the storm which was almost ready to fall on his head. In the mean time, Treilhard, principal negotiator at Rastadt, is elected into the vacant place in the Directory, in the room of Francois de Neufchateau, and Sieyes goes to Berlin as Ambassador Extraordinary, taking Rastadt in his way. Perhaps we may be able to arrange matters ; I look for great things from his talents and activity. The Toulon expedition, of which so much was lately said, is no more spoken of, and the others from Genoa and Civita Vecchia, are said to be given up. The fact is, that the gazettes speak in such various and contradictory terms with regard to these expeditions, that it is impossible to make any thing out of them.

only conclusion I draw is, that they know nothing whatsoever of the matter. Nearer home, however, there has been an expedition, the failure of which has vexed me, not on account of the importance of the affair, for it was a trifle, but for the sake of example. A flotilla of about thirty gun-boats, under the command of Muskein, an officer who had made himself a reputation in this kind of *petite guerre*, sailed from Lahogue to attack the *Isles Marcon*; he had on board a detachment of the 4th demi-brigade. It appears, however, that, on their arrival before the islands, five sail only attacked, and the remainder kept out of the range of fire; in consequence, after a cannonade of three or four hours, the five sail were obliged to fall back, having lost six men killed and fifteen wounded. The outcry is now against Muskein, whose conduct, the wits of Lahogue say, smells not of musk; they have "*made ballads upon him, and sing them to filthy tunes*;" and the report is, that he is dismissed, and that Rear Admiral Lacrosse takes the command. I know Lacrosse, having seen him in our last expedition, where he commanded *Les Droits de l'homme*, and distinguished himself in an action with two frigates under Sir Edward Pellew, which ended in his driving one of the frigates, and being himself driven ashore; he is one of the boldest officers in the French navy, and is, at this moment, confined to his room by a wound which he received in a *rencontre* with General Vandam. But to return to this check; I am sorry for it, principally on two accounts, first, that it may have a bad effect on the spirit of the troops, and perhaps disgust them with maritime expeditions; and, secondly, on the score of reputation. What! may the English well say, you are going to conquer England, and you cannot conquer the *Isles Marcon*! It is a bad business, take it any way. I wonder will the Directory examine into it? If they do not seriously establish a rigid responsibility in the Marine, it is in vain to think of opposing England by sea. There is a bad spirit existing in that corps, and I see nor hear of any means taken to correct it. "*They do not order this thing better in France.*"

May 20. During my stay in Paris, I read, in the English papers, a long account from the Dublin Journal, of a visitation held by the Chancellor in Trinity College, the result of which was the expulsion of nineteen students, and the suspension, for three years, of my friend Whitley Stokes.

communicated to Sampson, who communicated to Lord Moira, a paper which he had previously transmitted to the Lord Lieutenant, and which contained the account of some atrocious enormities committed by the British troops in the South of Ireland. Far less than that would suffice to destroy him in the Chancellor's opinion. who, by-the-bye, has had an eye upon him this long time : for I remember he summoned Stokes before the Secret Committee long before I left Ireland. I do not know whether to be vexed or pleased at this event, as it regards Whitley; I only wish he had taken his part more decidedly: for, as it is, he is destroyed with one party, and I am, by no means, clear that he is saved with the other. He, like Parsons and Moira, have either their consciences too scrupulous, or their minds too little enlarged to embrace the only line of conduct in times like ours. They must be with the People, or against them, and that for the whole, or they must be content to go down without the satisfaction of serving or pleasing any party. With regard to Stokes, I know he is acting rigidly on principle : for I know he is incapable of acting otherwise ; but I fear very much that his very metaphysical unbending purity, which can accommodate itself neither to men, times, nor circumstances, will always prevent his being of any service to his country, which is a thousand pities : for I know no man whose virtues and whose talents I more sincerely reverence. I see only one place fit for him, and, after all, if Ireland were independent, I believe few enlightened Irishmen would oppose his being placed there—I mean at the head of a system of national education. I hope this last specimen of Fitzgibbon's moderation may give him a little of that political energy which he wants : for I have often heard him observe, himself, that nothing sharpened men's patriotism more than a reasonable quantity of insult and ill usage ; he may now be a living instance, and justify his doctrine by his practice.

*May 21.* Rivaud, Chef de l'Etat Major, tells me this morning that the English have landed about 10,000 men near Ostend, undoubtedly with a view to bombard it, and burn the shipping and small craft preparing there for the expedition ; I believe the number must be extremely exaggerated : be that as it may. he ~~has~~ **French** are already collected, and that is more than 1 account of 10,000 English. Champion-  
-ion, and Bessieres is in the town.

where there is a garrison of about 700 men, which is not, by any means, enough. If they suffice, however, to prevent the enemy from succeeding, by a coup de main, that will be sufficient: for a very few days will bring together a force which will make the English remember the attack with a vengeance. In the mean time, Rivaud has dispatched expresses to the Directory and to General Kilmaine, Commander-in-chief. To-morrow will let us know more of the matter.

*May 22. 23.* Yesterday passed without any news: to-day the Journals announce that the English have attempted to bombard Ostend; that, to this effect, they landed 4,000 men, who were almost immediately attacked and defeated, the General wounded and taken with 2,000 men, besides 3 or 400 killed or wounded, five or six pieces of cannon, and about forty boats. This is all that the Journals mention, the news having come by the Telegraph: of course we must wait for the particulars till the next courier. Rivaud, in speaking of this affair to-day, made a remark, which I think worth recording. He said the French generals of to-day undoubtedly had not the extent and variety of knowledge of those under the old regime; but they made up for that deficiency by superior intrepidity: and where the chiefs are intrepid, the French soldier, who is intrepidity itself, will always follow them, and undoubtedly beat any troops they meet with. I have no doubt but Rivaud is right. There is a very circumstantial account in the Journal of to-day, of the arrival of Buonaparte at Toulon, which I cannot yet bring myself entirely to credit: they go so far as to give his speech to the army, which seems however to me somewhat apocryphal; at least, if it be genuine, it is not in his best manner. On the whole, I doubt the authenticity of the intelligence, as well as of another article which comes from Dunkirk, and mentions the English being off that coast with eight sail of the line and 400 transports. That seems to me rather too much—400 transports would easily carry 60,000 men, with their horses, stores, and artillery, for so short a passage. That the English are off the coast, I well believe, but not in such numbers.

*May 24, 25.* It is certain that Buonaparte is at Toulon and embarked since the 14th: his speech, as I suspected, is not as it was given in the last journals. The genuine one I read to-day, and there are two sentences in it which puzzle me completely.

In the first, at the beginning of the address, he tells the troops that they form a wing of the Army of England; in the second, towards the end, he reminds them that they have the glory of the French name to sustain in countries and seas the most distant. What does that mean? Is he going, after all, to India? Will he make a short cut to London by way of Calcutta? I begin foully to suspect it. He has all his servants embarked with him, with their apparatus; that can hardly be for England. As for Egypt, of which so much has been said, I never paid much attention to the report. If it be for India, I wish to God I were with him; I might be able to co-operate with Will, and perhaps be of material service; but what would become of my family in my absence? I am in more perplexity at this moment than I have been in, since my arrival in France. I have a good mind to write to the Minister at War, or of the Marine, whom I know. Why not to Barras? Allons! I will write to Bruix—happy go lucky.

May 26. I have changed my mind, and written this day a letter to General Kilmaine, acquainting him with Will's present situation in India, and offering to go thither, if the government thinks that my services can be useful, requesting secrecy and a speedy answer. I know not how this may turn out. It is a bold measure; my only difficulty is about my family; but if the Directory accepts my offer, I hardly think they will refuse to pay my wife one half of my appointments during my absence; if they do that, I will go cheerfully; notwithstanding that the age for enterprize is almost over with me. My blood is cooling fast. "*My May of life is falling to the sear, the yellow leaf.*" It would be singular, if, after all, I were to go out to India. Twice or thrice already, I have narrowly escaped the voyage, and I confess my rage for such an expedition is considerably abated; nevertheless, under all the circumstances, I have thought it, on due reflection, my duty to make the offer, and it rests now with the Government to decide; a few days and I shall probably know the result. In the mean time, there is no more question or appearance here of an attempt on England, than of one on the Moon, and I am in consequence devoured with ennui. The last papers bring no further news of Buonaparte and his expedition, which seems to be still at Toulon; but I see that Admiral Nelson has joined Earl St. Vincent before Cadiz, which will not

much facilitate the sortie of the Toulon fleet, in case their destination should be to pass the Straits of Gibraltar. I see also that it was a body of only 300 French, of the 46th and 94th demi-brigades, who defeated the English before Ostend, and made 1,500 prisoners. It was a most brilliant exploit.

*May 27, 28.* The English having appeared in force before Havre, and attempted to throw some bombs into the city, Adjutant General Rivaud, Chef de l'Etat Major, determined to send me off at a moment's warning to join General Bethencourt, who commands the division. In consequence, having received orders, and made up my kit, I set off post, and ran all night.

*May 29.* Arrived this morning at Havre, about four o'clock. At twelve, waited on General Bethencourt, who received me very politely. This being the Fete de la Victoire, all the officers in garrison accompanied the General to the Municipality, in order to assist at the ceremony. The President made an excellent discourse, full of animosity against the English, which I perceived was most cordially received by the military. In the evening, the Spectacle; very bad. On my return home, saw two corvettes, working out of the basin, in order to put to sea. God send them well over it. I am lodged in the same hotel where I put up at my first landing in France. How many scenes have I witnessed since !

*May 30.* This morning at four o'clock, there was a heavy cannonade to the southward, which continued at intervals until ten. The weather is hazy, so that we can see nothing distinctly. I walked out on the batteries three or four times, but could make nothing of it : I fear however the worst for our corvettes. Dined with General Bethencourt, and made after dinner the tour of the ramparts with him and Captain Gouregc, who commands l'Indienne, a 44, now in the basin. He thinks the corvettes are driven ashore. I am as melancholy as a cat upon these news. I see, too, in the papers, that the system of persecution goes on without intermission in Ireland ; the Government has seized five pieces of cannon at Clarke's, in King-street, and I know not how many pike staves in Bridgefoot-street. I hope sincerely poor Clarke may come to no trouble, for I never can forget his kindness to my father. Altogether, I am devoured this evening by the blue devils, and I must be on the batteries again to night, at ten, being the hour of high water, with General Bethencourt. “ *Heigh*

*ho ! When as I sat in Babylon ! And a thousand fragrant posies."* Mercy on me, I have a great mind to cry. Ten at night. Took a walk alone round the batteries, and delivered to the commandant of the place, a message from the General. Home and to bed, where I slept like a top.

*May 31.* My fears were too true about the corvettes. They fell in with a squadron of five English frigates. and immediately the captain of the *Vesuve* of thirty-two guns, took fright and ran his ship ashore; his name is *l'Eccolier*. He fired but two broadsides. His comrade, however, who commanded the *Confiante*, and whose name is *Pevrieux*, fought his ship in another guess manner; he engaged the *Diamond* within pistol shot for three hours, and it was not until the rest of the squadron were closing fast around him, that he ran his ship ashore, where he continued to defend himself for two hours; so that the English could not succeed in their attempt to burn her; but she is dismantled and torn to pieces by their shot. This affair is the more honorable for him, as the *Diamond* carries twenty-four pounders, and his ship twelve pounders. In the mean time, there are two corvettes gone, though there are some hopes the *Vesuve* may be got off. All this does not promise violently in favor of the invasion, and indeed the English seem by the papers to have no longer any uneasiness on that score. What will be the result after all, God only knows. Twelve at night; rode out with General Bethencourt, and made the tour of the different posts and batteries. "All's well !" Returned in perfect safety, having met with nothing worse than ourselves. "*Dan caught nothing in his net.*" Laughed immoderately at that foolish quotation as we rode away.

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JUNE, 1798.—HAVRE.

*June 1.* Read this morning an article in a Paris Journal, which astonishes me more than I can express. It states that General Daendels has fled from the Hague, and has been proclaimed a deserter by the Dutch government. It seems orders were given to arrest him, which he avoided by flying into France, and it is supposed he is now at Paris. The true reason



to be his having given his opinion too unguardedly on the measures of his Government. This is the whole of the article, and I confess it astonishes me most completely. Judging from my own experience, I would say that Daendels is an honest man and a good citizen. if there is one existing; and I learn by a letter from Lewines, dated May the 4th, and which is obscure in some parts, from a prudent caution, that parties run exceedingly high in Holland, so that I must conclude he is a victim to his principles. Go now and make revolutions! Daendels was obliged to fly to France ten years ago, from the fury of the Orange faction: in his absence he was beheaded in effigy. In 1794, he returned triumphant with Pichegru, another memorable instance of the caprices of fortune, and was appointed to the chief command of the Batavian army. Now, in 1798, he is again obliged to fly to France, with the disgraceful epithet of deserter attached to his name, to avoid, as I conclude from circumstances, the fury of the Democratic party. It is with me a great proof of a man's integrity, when, in times of revolution, he is sacrificed alternately by both parties; but certainly what he gains on the score of principle, he loses on that of common sense. In order to do any good, with any party, a man must make great sacrifices, not only of his judgment, but what is much worse, I fear of his conscience also. If he cannot bring his mind to this, there is but one line of conduct for him to pursue, which is to quit the field. He is the best politician, and the honestest man, who does the most good to his country and the least evil: for evil there will be, in his despite, and he must be at times, himself the instrument thereof, whatever it cost him. He must keep a sort of running account with his conscience, where he is to set off the good against the bad, and if the balance be in his favor, it is all he can expect. This is but a melancholy speculation for a man at the beginning of his political career, but I am afraid that it will be found, in effect, the only practicable one. If ever I am thrown by chance into a political situation, God knows how I may act. Thus far, at least, I have preserved my principles, and therefore I register my opinion beforehand, that I may see how my practice will square with it, in case, as I have already said, that the occasion should ever present itself; of which, at this day, there is very slight appearance indeed. Poor Daendels! I am sincerely sorry for him, and will never give

him up on any charge that is not accompanied by an absolute demonstration of his guilt, which I do not apprehend will ever be the case. I see also in the papers, that they have begun to arrest the women in Ireland, for wearing United Irish rings. Will the men submit to this, or is it humanly possible for them to resist? I hate to turn my thoughts that way, and avoid it as much as possible. I have already done all that, humanly speaking, I could do, to serve my country in France. I can only now wait the event.

*June 2.* Last night, walked all round the ramparts, and inspected the state of the works with General Bethencourt. Went the rounds with him, as far as the battery of La Hève, which is above a league from the town, among the rocks, and returned at one this morning. "*How merrily we live that soldiers be.*" All this afternoon there has been a heavy cannonade to the southward, opposite the *Pointe de Dives*. We conjecture it is the flotilla of Muskein, which is endeavouring to return, and having, as we suppose, fallen in with the English, has taken shelter under a little fort of four pieces of cannon at the point. Be that as it may, the fire has continued until an hour after dark. Walked out with the General to the Battery de la Neige, in order to try an experiment, which did not succeed, for setting fire to the enemy's vessels, by a kind of combustible machine, attached to an eighteen pound shot. It will never answer. We are not sure that we may not be attacked ourselves to night. I do not, however, apprehend it.

*June 3.* Last night passed over quietly, but this morning at six, the cannonade recommenced at the *Pointe de Dives*, which is about seven leagues to the southward of this. We can see the fire distinctly from the tower. There are five frigates, which relieve each other alternately, and there are generally three at a time, on the poor little fort of four guns: for we see no traces of Muskein's flotilla. At one o'clock, whilst I write this, the fire still continues with great violence, and the fort still holds out. I am astonished it is not torn to pieces long since. *At night.* The fire slackened soon after one, and the tide beginning to ebb, the frigates retired, but a bombketch continued to throw shells, from time to time, till half after two, when she fell off also. All quiet for the rest of the day.

*June 4.* Yesterday I received a letter from Admiral Rivaud, informing me that I might return to

I pleased. I answered it to day. letting him know that as the enemy continued still before the place. I considered it my duty to remain until further orders. Nominated the citizens Fayolles, Captain of Infantry, and Favory. of the Engineers, to be my Adjoints, and despatched the letters of nomination to the Minister at War. So now I am fairly afloat. "*If I had bought me a horse in Smithfield. I were manned, horsed, and wired.*" I had like to have forgotten. This is his Majesty's birth day. (Sings.) "*God save Great George our King.*" I feel myself extremely loyal on the sudden. methinks. Well, "God knows the heart. Many a body says well, that thinks ill," &c. &c. &c.

June 5. Last night went my rounds as Adjutant General, in all the forms. "*I brought in the bear's head, and quitted me like a man.*" I do not see, myself, that this quotation is extremely apposite; but no matter. I like the idle activity of a military life well enough. and if I were employed in an Irish army, I should make a tolerable good officer; but the difference of the language here, is terribly against me. However, I made myself understood at all the outposts, which is sufficient for my purpose. *Vive la Republique.* I do not know what that sally is for, I am sure. The report in Havre this morning is, that the Toulon fleet has beaten an English squadron in the Mediterranean, and taken four sail of the line. "*Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh.*"

June 6. 7. 8. Citizen Fayolles, my Adjoint, is arrived from Rouen, so I am something more at my ease. Yesterday the enemy appeared before Havre, and from their manoeuvres we expected an attack. In consequence, all the batteries were manned and the furnaces heated. I was stationed in the Batterie Nationale. About three o'clock in the afternoon, they bore down upon us, within two cannon shot: but after some little time, hauled their wind and stood off again: so we were quit for the fright. As they passed the battery, at the Pointe la Hève, they threw about half a dozen shells, to answer as many shot the battery had fired at them. *à toute volée.* but neither the one nor the other did any damage. I saw three of the shells fall in the water, and all the shot. Two of the latter passed very near the bombketch, but the distance was entirely too great, to wonder the General does not give orders never to fire at that distance to do mischief. If the enemy waste their

there is no reason we should waste ours. *Au reste*, it was a fine sight, and I should have enjoyed it more, had it not been for certain "speculations on futurity and the transmigration of souls," which presented themselves to my fancy at times. I defy any man to know whether he is brave or not, until he is tried, and I am very far from boasting of myself on that score; but the fact is, and I was right glad of it, that when I found myself at my battery, and saw the enemy bearing right down upon us, and as I thought to begin the cannonade, though I cannot say with truth, that I was perfectly easy, yet neither did I feel at all disconcerted; and I am satisfied, as far as a man in that situation can judge of himself, that I should have done my duty well, and without any great effort of resolution. The crowd and the bustle, the noise, and especially the conviction that the eyes of the cannoniers were fixed on the *chapeau galonné*, settled me at once; it is the etiquette in such cases, that the General stands conspicuous on the parapet, whilst the cannoniers are covered by the *epaulment*, which is truly amusing for him that commands. Nevertheless, I have no doubt that it is easier to behave well on the parapet, exposed to all the fire, than in the battery, where the danger is much less. I had time to make all these, and diverse other wise remarks during my stay: for it was six in the evening before the English stood off; and, on the faith of an honest man, I cannot truly say I was sorry when I saw them decidedly turn their backs. There were eight sail, viz: four frigates, two bombketches, one brig, and one cutter. Huzza! Vive la Republique! "*Thus far our arms have with success been crowned. For though we have not fought, yet have we found no enemy to fight withal.*" Huzza! Huzza!

June 9, 10, 11, 12. Yesterday I read in the French papers, an account of the acquittal of Arthur O'Connor at Maidstone, and of his being taken instantly into custody again. Undoubtedly Pitt means to send him to Ireland, in hopes of finding there a more complaisant jury. Quigley, the priest, is found guilty; it seems he has behaved admirably well, which I confess was more than I expected; his death redeems him. Alley, Binns, and Leary, the servant, are also acquitted and discharged. O'Connor appears to have behaved with great intrepidity. On ~~being taken~~ into custody, he addressed the judges, desiring to be ~~in~~ <sup>sent</sup> to the dungeon with his brother, who, like him, was

acquitted of high treason. and, like him, was arrested in the very court. The judge. Buller. answered him coldly, that their commission expired when the sentence was pronounced, and that the court could do nothing farther in the business. He was instantly committed. My satisfaction at this triumph of O'Connor. is almost totally destroyed by a second article in the same paper. which mentions that Lord Edward Fitzgerald has been arrested in Thomas-street. Dublin, after a most desperate resistance. in which himself. the magistrate, one Swan, and Captain Ryan, who commanded the guard, were severely wounded. I cannot describe the effect which this intelligence had on me; it brought on, almost immediately, a spasm in my stomach, which confined me all day. I knew Fitzgerald but very little, but I honor and venerate his character. which he has uniformly sustained. and. in this last instance, illustrated. What miserable wretches by his side are the gentry of Ireland! I would rather be Fitzgerald, as he is now, wounded in his dungeon. than Pitt at the head of the British Empire. What a noble fellow! Of the first family in Ireland, with an easy fortune. a beautiful wife. and family of lovely children, the certainty of a splendid appointment under Government. if he would condescend to support their measures, he has devoted himself wholly to the emancipation of his country, and sacrificed every thing to it, even to his blood. My only consolation is the hope that his enemies have no capital charge against him, and will be obliged to limit their rage to his imprisonment. The city and county of Dublin are proclaimed, and under martial law. When I combine this with the late seizure of cannon at Clarke's, I am strongly inclined to think that Fitzgerald was organizing an attack on the capital. Poor fellow. He is not the first Fitzgerald who has sacrificed himself to the cause of his country. There is a wonderful similarity of principle and fortune between him and his ancestor Lord Thomas, in the reign of Henry VII. who lost his head on Tower-hill. for a gallant, but fruitless attempt, to recover the independence of Ireland. God send the catastrophe of his noble descendant be not the same. I dread every thing for him. and my only consolation is in speculations of revenge. If the blood of this brave young man be shed by the hand of his enemies, it is no ordinary vengeance which will content the People, whenever the day of retribution arrives. I

cannot express the rage I feel at my own helplessness at this moment; but what can I do? Let me if possible think no more; it sets me half mad.

June 13. Yesterday evening, about six o'clock, the enemy approached again, almost within random shot of the batteries. They were immediately manned, and the furnaces heated, but the enemy keeping a cautious distance, nothing ensued. We fired two or three shot from the Batterie du Nord, but observing they fell short, we ceased firing; the enemy did not return one gun, and stood off at eight. This morning, at eight o'clock, I was roused by two or three guns; I dressed myself in a hurry, and ran to the batteries, where I arrived before the cannoniers, or any of my comrades; the enemy were, as the evening before, something more than a random shot from the line. The gunboats had opened their fire, but to no effect; of at least one hundred shot, not one reached aboard, though the guns were admirably pointed. By what I can observe, we always begin to fire a great deal too soon. They complain here that the English powder is better than the French, in the proportion of near two to one. Yet we fire on them at full one-third more than the distance. We fired two or three shot from the batteries, merely to show the gunboats that we were there to support them; but without any expectation of reaching the enemy, who, all this time, never condescended to return us one gun. After about half an hour the fire ceased, and the enemy stood off. I do not well conceive the object of these two visits, last night and this morning. It is now eleven, A. M. and we expect them again with the evening tide; may be then we shall see something. I have been running over in my mind the list of my friends, and of the men whom, without being so intimately connected with them, I most esteem. Scarcely do I find one who is not or has not been in exile or prison, and in jeopardy of his life. To begin with Russell and Emmett, the two dearest of my friends, at this moment in prison on a capital charge. McNeven and J. Sweetman, my old fellow-laborers in the Catholic cause; Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur and Roger O'Connor, whom, though I know less personally, I do not less esteem; Sampson, Bond, Jackson and his son, still in prison; Robert and William Simms, the men in the world to whose friendship I am most obliged, but just discharged; Neilson, Hazlitt, McCracken, the same: M'Cor-

mick, absconded : Rowan and Dr. Reynolds in America; Lowines, Tennant, Lowry, Hamilton, Teeling, Tandy, &c. and others, with whom I have little or no acquaintance, but whom I must presume to be victims of their patriotism, not to speak of my own family in France, Germany, and elsewhere. Stokes disgraced on suspicion of virtue. It is a gloomy catalogue for a man to cast his eyes over. Of all my political connections I see but John Keogh who has escaped, and how he has had that inconceivable good fortune, is to me a miracle.—*Ten at night.* I have been these two hours at the batteries, but the enemy keeps at a most prudent distance. It is downright wearying to be in continual expectation of an attack, and I begin to lose my patience. To-night I was almost sure we should have had a brush, but it ended in nothing. Confound them, they tease me; "*my soul's in arms, and eager for the fray,*" and the enemy won't indulge me, which is unkind. It is not that I thirst unreasonably for their destruction; for I am like Parson Adams, "*I would not have the blood, even of the wicked upon me.*" Apropos. I should remark that the cannoniers of the town shew the greatest zeal; they were this morning the first on the batteries, and I remarked among them several *collets noirs*, (royalists,) who seemed to desire nothing better than to begin the cannonade. The fact is, that the French are a most intrepid people, and I forgive the *jeunes gens* a great deal of their frivolity and nonsense in favor of their courage. For my part, I was on my parapet, and I could not help laughing at my own wit, or rather Shoridan's, in a bright quotation I made from Acres, in the Rivals, "*Oh, that I were at Clodhall now, or that I could be shot before I was aware.*" Allons! Courage! Vive la Republique!

June 14, 15, 16. Last night, at the *Comédie*, I had a conversation with General Kilmaine, who has been here these two days, which did not much encourage me, on the present posture of our affairs. He began on the subject of my letter of the 26th May, offering to go to India. He said he had not answered it, because the Directory not having communicated to him the object of the Toulon expedition, if he had made the offer, on my part, it would have looked as if he were fishing for information; but, at the same time, he would keep it in his mind, and mention it, if he saw a fit occasion. I told him it was not a thing that I pressed, or wished to give for more than it was

worth; my object was merely to inform the Government that, if nothing were likely to be done in Europe, and an attempt were to be made in India, if they thought that, under the circumstances, my services could be of any use, I was ready to go in twenty-four hours. General Kilmaine answered, that a short time would let us see the object of Buonaparte's plan; that, in the mean time, there was a supplementary armament preparing at Toulon, of two ships of the line, with some frigates and transports, and, if it were destined for India, we would then see what was to be done. This conversation naturally introduced the subject of the grand expedition against England or Ireland, of which, from Kilmaine's report, I do not see the smallest probability. The Marine is in a state of absolute nullity; the late Minister, Pleville Lepeley, towards the end of his ministry, had disarmed all the ships of the line, so that when he was pressed by the Directory, it appeared that nothing was ready, and, in consequence, after about a month's shuffling, he was obliged to resign. I mentioned that I had better hopes of the present Minister, Bruix, who, besides being a man of acknowledged talents and activity, was, in a certain degree, bound in honor to try the expedition, having taken so active a part in conducting the last, and been even indirectly implicated by his enemies in its failure, which ought naturally to pique him to make the greatest exertions. Kilmaine said, "that was all true: but what could Bruix do? In the first place, he had no money: in the next, the arsenals of Brest were empty, and what stores they had in other ports, they could not convey thither, from the superiority of the naval force of the enemy, which kept every thing blocked up; finally, that of fourteen sail of the line, now in the port of Brest, there were but three in a state to put to sea; that the Government, towards the end of Pleville Lepeley's ministry, being apparently uninformed of the real state of the Marine, had ordered him (Kilmaine) to have the army prepared; in consequence of which, he had marched about 17,000 men towards the coast, where they still remained, viz. six demi-brigades of infantry, one regiment of dragoons, one of hussars, and one of chasseurs, besides the artillery; but that there was no manner of appearance of any thing being done by the Marine." All this is as bad as can be. I then asked whether he could tell me the determination of the Government



with regard to the cadres of regiments, formed by General Hoche for the last expedition, and whether the Irishmen now in Paris were to be employed in them? He said he had spoken of it twenty times to the Directors; that, in fact, the existence of those cadres was authorized by no law, and if there was any question about them, the consequence would be their immediate suppression; that, if the expedition took place, the matter would be managed; but, in the mean time, nothing could be done, the constitution being express against employing foreigners, and that jealousy carried so far, that the Directory were obliged to refuse the offer of a regiment of hussars, made to them by the Cisalpines: which fact I remember myself, and, in truth, cannot blame the French for adopting a principle so reasonable in itself. I then mentioned that the situation of those young men now in Paris was very painful, and that I was afraid, if something were not done in their behalf, they would be reduced to great difficulties. He said he felt all that; at the same time, the conduct of many of the Irish in Paris, was such as to reflect credit neither on themselves nor their country. That there was nothing to be heard of amongst them, but denunciations, and if every one of them, separately, spoke truth, all the rest were rascals. At the same time, there was one thing in their favor: hitherto they had asked nothing for themselves, which, in some degree, saved their credit—except one, named O'Finn, who appeared in the light of a mere adventurer; that Tandy had also applied for assistance, and that he (Kilmaine) believing the poor old man to be in distress, had signed a paper to the Minister at War, requesting he might be employed. I answered, that I was heartily sorry for the account he gave me of the conduct of our countrymen, which I had some reason to believe he had not exaggerated, having been denounced myself more than once, for no other offence, as I believe in my conscience, than the rank I held in the French army, which caused heart-burnings amongst them; that the misfortune was, that they came into France with their ideas mounted too high; from having had a certain degree of influence among the people at home, and finding themselves absolutely without any in France, their tempers were soured, and their ill humor vented itself in accusations of each other. I then took occasion to ask the General, whether, in the worst event, of a general peace, leaving Ireland

under the British yoke, he thought the French Government would do any thing for the Irish patriots, who had suffered so much in their cause; and who, by the number of men they employed, and the quantity of money they had cost England, had served as a powerful diversion in favor of the Republic, without putting her to the expense of one shilling; and I mentioned the example of England, after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, who had received with open arms, and given all possible encouragement to the French Protestants, with far less reason than in the present instance. The General answered, that, in the event I mentioned, he had no doubt but the French Government would give every possible encouragement to the Irish Refugees. I then observed to him, that I had been thinking, whether the islands in the Gulf of Venice, Corfou, &c., did not offer a convenient occasion for affording a settlement, and especially as their destiny was yet unsettled—at the same time, that I merely threw it out as a hint for him to think of, having myself no definite ideas on the subject. He said he would turn it in his mind, and so our conversation ended. All this is as discouraging as it can well be. I am sworn not to despair. It is my motto, but if it were not for that, I know not what I should do to-day. It is now twenty-eight days since Buona-parte sailed from Toulon, and the only certain news that we have from the Mediterranean is, that Lord St. Vincent's fleet has been reinforced by six sail of the line from England, and four from Portugal, (these last Portuguese;) that he has left eighteen sail to blockade Cadiz, and has passed the Straits of Gibraltar with sixteen sail, of course his prime vessels; if that be so, and he falls in with the French fleet of thirteen sail, encumbered with a large convoy, there is an end of the Toulon expedition, even supposing, what I hardly think possible, that the French, with that inferiority, should not be utterly defeated. It is dreadful. I should have observed in its place, that General Kilmaine told me, that denunciations of the Irish had even reached the Government, and had of course lowered the nation in their esteem; he added that Lewines, however, was not implicated, of which I am heartily glad. I did not ask him how it was with regard to myself.

*January 17, 18.* The news I have received ~~+~~ <sup>morning,</sup> partly by the papers, and partly by letters <sup>1</sup>

brother, are of the last importance. As I suspected, the brave and unfortunate Fitzgerald was meditating an attack on the capital, which was to have taken place a few days after that on which he was arrested. He is since dead in prison ; his career is finished gloriously for himself, and, whatever be the event, his memory will live forever in the heart of every honest Irishman. He was a gallant fellow. For us, who remain as yet, and may perhaps soon follow him, the only way to lament his death is to endeavor to revenge it. Among his papers, it seems, was found the plan of the insurrection, the proclamation intended to be published, and several others, by which those of the leaders of the People, who have thus far escaped, have been implicated, and several of them seized. Among others, I see Tom Braughall, Lawless, son of Lord Cloncurry. Curran, son of the Barrister. Chambers and P. Byrne, printers, with several others, whom I cannot recollect. All this, including the death of the brave Fitzgerald, has, it appears, but accelerated matters ; the insurrection has formally commenced in several counties of Leinster, especially Kildare and Wexford ; the details in the French papers are very imperfect, but I see there have been several actions. At Monastereven, Naas, Clain, and Prosperous, the three last immediately in my ancient neighborhood, there have been skirmishes, generally, as is at first to be expected, to the advantage of the army : at Prosperous, the Cork militia were surprised and defeated. The villains—to bear arms against their country. Killcullen is burnt ; at Carlow, four hundred Irish, it is said, were killed ; at Castledermot, fifty ; in return, in County Wexford, where appears to be their principal force, they have defeated a party of six hundred English, killed three hundred, and the Commander, Colonel Walpole, and taken five pieces of cannon. This victory, small as it is, will give the people courage, and show them that a red coat is no more invincible than a grey one. At Rathmines, there has been an affair of cavalry, where the Irish had the worst, and two of their leaders, named Ledwich and Keogh, were taken, and, I presume, immediately executed. I much fear that the last is Cornelius, eldest son to my friend, J. Keogh, and a gallant lad ; if it be so, I shall regret him sincerely ; but how many other valuable lives must be sacrificed, before the fortune of Ireland be decided ! Dr. Esmonde, and eight other gentlemen of my

County, have been hanged ; at Nenagh, the English whip the most respectable inhabitants, till their blood flows into the kennel. The atrocious barbarity of their conduct is only to be excelled by the folly of it ; never yet was a rebellion, as they call it, quelled by such means. The eighteen thousand victims sacrificed by Alva in the Low Countries in five years, and on the scaffold, did not prevent the establishment of the liberty of Holland. From the blood of every one of the martyrs of the liberty of Ireland, will spring, I hope, thousands to revenge their fall. In all this confusion of events, there is one circumstance which looks well. The English Government publish, latterly, no detailed accounts, but say, in general, that all goes well, and that a few days will suffice to extinguish the rebellion ; at the same time they are fortifying the pigeon house in Dublin, in order to secure a retreat for the Government in case of the worst, which does not savor, extremely, of the immediate extinction of the rebellion. These are all the details I recollect, and they are of the last importance. What will the French Government do in the present crisis? After all, their aid appears to be indispensable: for the Irish have no means but numbers and courage—powerful and indispensable instruments, it is true, but which, after all, require arms and ammunition, and I fear they are but poorly provided with either. They have an army of at least 60,000 disciplined men to deal with: for, to their immortal disgrace and infamy, the militia and yeomanry of Ireland concur with the English to rivet their country's chains, and their own ; and, to my great mortification, I see some of my old friends in the number : Griffith and his yeomen, for example, in County Kildare, and Plunkett, in the House of Commons. They may yet be sorry for this base prostitution of their character and talents. If ever the day of retribution arrives, as arrive I think it must, they will fall unpitied victims, and thousands of other paricides like them, to the just fury of the People, which it will be impossible to restrain. What must I do now? General Bethencourt returns this evening, the English seem to have given up all idea of an attack on this port, so I may go with honor. I will apply for an order to join General Kilmaine at Rouen, and when we are there, we will see farther.

*June 19.* This evening, at five, set off for Rouen, having taken leave of General Bethencourt last night.

with civilities. Arrived at five in the evening, and met General Rivaud. General Kilmaine is also arrived ; so I shall see him to-morrow. General Grouchy, who commanded the *Armée expéditionnaire* in Bantry Bay, and to whom I was much attached, is also here. I had written him a letter, two days ago, from Havre, to felicitate him on his appointment to the command of the cavalry of the Army of England. Rivaud tells me he was delighted to hear I was employed, and intended to apply for me to be his Adjutant General, of which I am very glad, for a variety of reasons. I will call on him, and on the General-in-chief, to-morrow morning. No news yet of the Toulon expedition—it is inconceivable!

June 20. To-day is my birth-day. I am thirty-five years of age ; more than half the career of my life is finished, and how little have I yet been able to do. Well, it has not been, at least, for want of inclination, and, I may add, of efforts. I had hopes, two years ago, that, at the period I write this, my debt to my country would have been discharged, and the fate of Ireland settled for good or evil. To-day it is more uncertain than ever. I think, however, I may safely say, I have neglected no step to which my duty called me, and, in that conduct, I will persist to the last. Called this morning on General Grouchy—I find him full of ardor for our business ; he has read all the details, and talks of going to Paris in two or three days, to press the Directory upon that subject. His idea is to try an embarkation aboard the corvettes and privateers of Nantes ; on which, he thinks, at least 3000 men with 20,000 muskets can be stowed, and he speaks as if he meant to apply for the command of this little armament. What would I not give that he should succeed in the application. I once endeavored to be of service to General Grouchy, when I saw him unjustly misrepresented, after our return from Bantry Bay, and he does not seem to have forgotten it: for nothing could be more friendly and affectionate than his reception of me to-day. We talked over the last expedition. He said he had shed tears of rage and vexation fifty times since, at the recollection of the opportunity of which he had been deprived ; and there was one thing which he would never pardon in himself—that he did not seize Bouvet by the collar, and throw him overboard, the moment he attempted to raise a difficulty as to the landing. He also mentioned his intention to apply for me

to be his Adjutant General, of which I am very glad, and added, that, as he believed he would have the command of the fourth division of the Army of England, besides his command of the cavalry, in which Nantes was included, in case the Government relished his offer, he would be at hand to execute our plan, making, at the same time, a great parade at Brest, and elsewhere, to divert the attention of the enemy. In short, he shows the same zeal and ardor in our cause that I had occasion to remark in him during the late expedition ; and I look on it as a fortunate circumstance for me to be attached to him. From General Grouchy I went to visit the General-in-chief, Kilmaine, and mentioned to him, that, under the circumstances, especially as there was no appearance of any event at Havre, I had thought it my duty to return near him, to receive his orders. He said I did very right, but, he was sorry, at the same time, to tell me, that he was much afraid the Government would do nothing ; and he read me a letter from the Minister of Marine, which he had received this very morning, mentioning, that, in consequence of the great superiority of the naval force of the enemy, and difficulty of escaping from any of the ports during the fine season, the Directory were determined to adjourn the measure, until a more favorable occasion. I lost my temper at this, and told him that if the affair was adjourned, it was lost. The present crisis must be seized, or it would be too late ; that I could hardly hope the Irish, unprovided as they were of all that was indispensable for carrying on a war, could long hold out against the resources of England, especially if they saw France make no effort whatsoever to assist them ; that, thus far, they had been devoted to the cause of France, for which, if they had not been able to do much, at least they had sufficiently suffered ; but who could say, or expect, that this attachment would continue, if, in the present great crisis, they saw themselves abandoned to their own resources ; that now was the moment to assist them—in three months it might be too late, and the forces then sent, if the Irish were overpowered in the mean time, find themselves unsupported, and, in their turn, be overpowered by the English. General Kilmaine answered, that he saw all that as well as I did ; but what could he do ? He had pressed the Directory again and again on the subject, but they were afraid to incur the charge of sacrificing a handful of the troops of the Rep

would not try the enterprise except on a grand scale. He then showed me two different plans he had prepared, the one for an embarkment of 17,500 men, the second for about 9,500, both of which he had sent by his Aid-de-camp to Paris, and expected his return. I answered, that I should be heartily glad that either one or the other were adopted, but that I saw infinite difficulties in the way, and had always been of opinion, that 5,000 men that could be sent, were better than 50,000 that could not. I added, that one demi-brigade of light infantry, with two or three companies of light artillery, at this moment, might be better than 20,000 men in six months. He shook his head, and replied, he was morally certain the Directory would attempt nothing on so small a scale. He then gave me the French papers, and after settling to dine with him, we parted. I see in the papers, first of all, the safe arrival of my friend, General Hédouville, at St. Domingo, of which I am sincerely glad: for I shall never forget his kindness to me on my return to Paris, after the death of General Hoche—poor Hoche! It is now that we feel the loss of his friendship and influence! If he were alive, he would be in Ireland in a month. if he went only with his Etat-major in a fishing boat. I fear, after all, we shall not easily meet with his fellow. I see, likewise, that my friend Daendels is returned in triumph to the Hague, where he has smashed the Dutch Directory like a pipe stalk, dissolved the Government, and framed a new one, at the head of which he is himself. All this, certainly, with the approbation of the French Government, and, as it appears, with that of the Dutch People also. Charles De la Croix, who was the support of the late Dutch Directory, is recalled, and General Joubert, who was of the opposite party, continued in the command of the French troops in Holland. I do not see my way clearly in all these movements: however, I have the best opinion possible of Daendels, and, to say the truth, my anxiety for Ireland at this moment leaves me very little leisure or inclination to think of the politics of other countries. Quigley has been executed, and died like a hero! If ever I reach Ireland, and that we establish our liberty, I will be the first to propose a monument to his memory: his conduct, at the hour of his death, clears up every thing. *“Nothing in his life became him, like the legend of his death.”* Poor Pamela—she is in London, which she has been

quit in three days. The night of her husband's arrestation, she was taken in labor, and—will it be believed hereafter? not one Physician could be found in Dublin, hardy enough to deliver her. The villains! the pusillanimous and barbarous scoundrels! It was a lady, who was not even of her acquaintance, that assisted her in her peril. I do not think there is a parallel instance of inhumanity in the annals of mankind. She is said to be inconsolable for the death of Fitzgerald. I well believe it—beautiful and unfortunate creature! Well, if Ireland triumphs, she shall have her full share of the victory, and of the vengeance. There is, also, under the head of Waterford, 2d June, an article which gives me the highest satisfaction, inasmuch as it proves that, notwithstanding the death, exile, and arrestation of so many leaders of the Irish, enough are still at large to conduct their affairs, and give them a consistency which I was afraid they wanted. It is an extract from the proclamation of the Supreme Committee, as it is called in the French papers, consisting of three articles. The first invites all Irishmen, absent from their native country, to return instantly, or, if that be impossible, to transmit all succor in their power, in money or otherwise, in order to assist their countrymen in throwing off the yoke of English tyranny. The second enjoins all Irishmen in the British service to quit it instantly, under pain of forfeiting their rights as Irish citizens. All Irish in the British service, now employed in Ireland, who shall be taken with arms in their hands, to be shot instantly. The third is a solemn promise to recompense all soldiers and seamen who abandon the enemy to join the standard of their country: all ships brought in, to be the property of the captors, and preference to be given, in the distribution of the national property, to such as shall act in conformity with the present proclamation. These three articles are of the highest importance, as they show the existence of something like regular authority among the Irish. It is curious that they are contained, almost verbatim, in the memorial I delivered to the Executive Directory, two years ago. (*Vide second Memorial, Articles 2, 3, 4.*) I am anxious to see the effect this will produce. It is later in date than any Irish news I have yet seen. The militia have thus far, as well as the yeomanry, to their eternal degradation, supported the enemy. If the Irish can hold out till Winter, I have every reason to hope that the



French will assist them effectually. All I dread is, that they may be overpowered before that time. What a state my mind is in at this moment! In all this business I do not see one syllable about the North, which astonishes me more than I can express. Are they afraid? Have they changed their opinions? What can be the cause of their passive submission, at this moment, so little suited to their former zeal and energy? I remember what Digges said to Russell and me, five or six years ago: "If ever the South is roused, I would rather have one Southern than twenty Northerns." Digges was a man of great sense and observation. He was an American, and had no local or provincial prejudices. Was he right in his opinion? A very little time will let us see. If it should prove so, what a mortification to me, who have so long looked up with admiration to the North, and especially to Belfast. It cannot be, that they have changed their principles; it must be, that circumstances render all exertions on their part, as yet, impossible.

*June 20 to 30.* Having determined to set off for Paris, in consequence of the late news from Ireland, I got leave of absence, for a fortnight, from General Kilmaine. My Adjoint, Citizen Favory, called on me the next morning after my arrival, to inform me that the Minister of War had despatched an order for me to come to Paris in all haste. I waited upon him in consequence. He told me it was the Minister of Marine who had demanded me, and gave me, at the same time, a letter of introduction for him.

CÆTERA DESUNT.

**NARRATIVE**  
**OF**  
**THE THIRD AND LAST EXPEDITION**  
**FOR THE**  
**Liberation of Ireland,**  
**AND OF**  
*The Capture, Trial, and Death, of Theobald Wolfe Tone.*  
**BY THE EDITOR:**

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IN order to give a clear and full narrative of the third and last expedition for the deliverance of Ireland, it will be necessary to ascend somewhat higher. When Carnot, the only able and honest man in the Councils of the Directory, was proscribed, and when General Hoche died, the friends of a revolution in that Island lost every chance of assistance from France. Those two great statesmen and warriors, earnest in the cause, of which they perceived the full importance to the interests of their country, and to the extension of Republican principles, had planned the expeditions of Bantry Bay, and of the Texel, on the largest and most effective scale which the naval resources of France and Holland could afford. The former failed partly by the misconduct of the navy, and partly by the indecision of Grouchy, of that honest but wavering man who twice held the fate of Europe in his hands, at Bantry Bay and at Waterloo, and twice let it slip through them, from want of resolution. The second failed only through the fault of the elements.

On the death of Hoche, the French Government recalled, to succeed him, the most illustrious of their warriors; he who afterwards wielded the destinies of Europe, and who then, under the name of General Buonaparte,\* was already acknowledged the first Commander of the age: and yet it was an age fertile in great Chiefs. But he who, before the age of thirty, had already achieved the immortal campaigns of Italy; subdued that beautiful country; founded one Republic, (the Cisalpine,) and extinguished another, (Venice;) humbled the power of Austria, and compelled her, by his private authority,† to liberate Lafayette from the dungeons of Olmutz, and acknowledge the French Republic by the treaty of Campo Formio, was more than a mere General. It is, however, with extreme reluctance that I feel myself called upon, by the nature of my subject, to point out any errors in the conduct of the sovereign, chief, and benefactor, under whom I bore my first arms and received my first wounds; of him who decorated me with the insignia of the legion of honor, and whom I served with constant fidelity and devotion to the last moment of his reign. But the imperious voice of truth compels me to attribute to the influence and prejudices of General Buonaparte, at that period, the prime cause of the failure of the third expedition for the liberation of Ireland.

The loss of Hoche was irreparable to the Irish cause. Although he died in the prime of his youth—and his deeds, eclipsed by those of his still greater rival, are now nearly forgotten—at that period they were competitors in glory, and formed two opposite parties in the army. The Generals and officers of the two Schools continued, for a long time, to view each other with dislike. Both these great men were ambitious; both eager for

\* The petty and impotent malice of that great man's adversaries was very unkind in the choice of the nicknames by which they chose to call him. When the English would only address the Royal prisoner, whose title they had fully acknowledged, in the Conference of Chatillon, by the appellation of General Buonaparte, they gave him the most illustrious name which appears on the pages of history, from the days of antiquity, and one which shines, perhaps, with purer lustre than that of the Emperor Napoleon. When the French Royalists pretended that *Nicholas*, and not *Napoleon*, was his real name, they were probably ignorant that the meaning of the word, in Greek, is derived from Victory.

† The Directory were so far from approving of this noble act, that they would not even allow Lafayette to return to France. It was not till Napoleon became First Consul, and was thereby enabled to grant this permission, that it was obtained. One of the first acts of his administration.

their personal fame, and for that of France; and bent on raising her to an unequalled rank amongst nations. But Hoche was an ardent and sincere Republican: he could sacrifice his own hopes and prospects to the cause of liberty, as he nobly proved, when he resigned to Daendels the command of the Texel expedition. Buonaparte always associated in his mind the power of France and his own aggrandizement; nor could he be satisfied with *her* being raised to the pinnacle of power and prosperity, unless *he* was the guide of her march and the ruler of her destinies. Admirably formed by nature for a great administrator and organizer, he meditated already in his mind those vast creations which he afterwards accomplished, and which required an unlimited authority for their execution; he loved the prompt obedience and regulated order of absolute power, and felt a secret dislike to the tumultuous and wavering conflicts of a Republican Government, whose energy is so frequently counteracted by the disunion of its parties, and the necessity of persuading instead of commanding. In short, he never was a Republican. This feeling he could scarcely disguise, even then, when it was most necessary to conceal it: for no man who ever rose to such power, perhaps, ever made so little use of dissimulation. Stern, reserved, and uncommunicative, he repelled with haughty disdain the advances of the Jacobins; and the Emperor Napoleon, the future sovereign and conqueror, might already be discerned in the plain and austere General of the Republic.\*

But circumstances, at this precise period, rendered that conduct the best which he could pursue. The enthusiasm of democracy was extinct in France; the People were weary of the successive revolutions which had placed so many weak and worthless characters at the head of affairs, and longed for the firm hand and the bit and bridle of a ruler. The mean and rapacious members of the Directory, who, in expelling their colleague Carnot, had driven all credit and respectability from their councils, sought support, and thought to make this young and popular Chief their instrument. He was courted by every party. He felt, however, the public pulse, and judged that a premature attempt would be hopeless. It was then that, giving

\* He was the first man who dared to drive from his doors the "Dames de la Halle," or fishwomen of Paris, when they came to congratulate him on his victories. One must be familiar with the History of the Revolution to appreciate this fact.

up, for the moment, his designs in Europe, he began to meditate a brilliant project for his personal glory and aggrandizement in the East: a plan to regenerate those regions, and be the founder of a new Empire, by means of the victorious arms of France. This plan was only defeated by the battle of the Nile, and the resistance of St. John d'Acre.

To the enterprise against Ireland, the favorite object of Hoche, and, to prosecute which, he was ostensibly recalled, he felt a secret but strong repugnance. Though the liberation of that country might prostrate, forever, the power of England, and raise the Republic to the pinnacle of fortune, (a circumstance for which he did not yet wish, as it would render his services needless.) it offered no prospects of aggrandizement to him; it strengthened that Republican cause which he disliked, and the principles of the Irish leaders, when he investigated the business, appeared to him too closely allied to those of the Jacobins. Neither did he ever sufficiently appreciate the means and importance of that country: his knowledge of it, as may be seen in my father's memoirs, was slight and inaccurate. The Directors, who began to fear him, and wished to get rid of him, entered willingly into his views, when he proposed to use this expedition only as a cover, and direct their real efforts to the invasion of Egypt. It is asserted that he said, on the occasion, "What more do you desire from the Irish? You see that their movements already operate a powerful diversion." Like every selfish view, I think this was a narrow one. The two most miserable and oppressed countries of Europe always looked up to Napoleon for their liberation. He never gratified their hopes: yet, by raising Ireland, he might have crushed forever the power of England, and, by assisting Poland, placed a curb on Russia. He missed both objects, and, finally, fell under the efforts of Russia and of England. And it may be observed, as a singular retribution, that an Irishman commanded the army which gave the last blow to his destinies.

When my father was presented to him, and attached to his army as Adjutant General, he received him with cold civility, but entered into no communications. His plans were already formed. Ostensibly a great force was organized on the Western Coasts of France, under the name of the Army of England; but the flower of the troops were successively withdrawn, and

marched to the Mediterranean ; the eyes of Europe were fixed on these operations, but, from their eccentricity, their object could not be discovered. My father, despatched, as may be seen in his Journals, to head quarters at Rouen, and employed in unimportant movements on the Coast, in the bombardment of Havre, &c. heard, with successive pangs of disappointment, that Buonaparte had left Paris for the South ; that he had arrived at Toulon ; that he had embarked and sailed with a powerful expedition in the beginning of June. But his destination remained as mysterious as ever. General Kilmaine was left in command of the disorganized relics of the army of England, from whence all the best troops were withdrawn. That officer, an Irishman by birth, and one of the bravest Generals of the army of Italy, whose cavalry he commanded in the preceding campaigns, was, from the shattered state of his health and constitution, unfit to conduct any active enterprise.

When Buonaparte departed from the coast of France, all fortune and conduct seemed to disappear with him from the councils of the Republic. The Directors were neither cruel nor bloody, like the government which had preceded them. But the Jacobins, though they might well be feared and hated, could not be despised. The rapacity of the Directors disgusted all the friends and allies of France ; their prodigality wasted its resources—their weakness encouraged its internal enemies—their improvidence and incapacity disorganized its armies and fortresses, and left them defenceless against the reviving efforts of adversaries who were humbled, but not subdued. Suwarrow and Prince Charles soon turned the fate of arms ; Austria re-entered the lists ; and, in the short space of about two years, the very existence of that Republic, which Hoche and Napoleon had left triumphing and powerful, was in jeopardy, her conquests were gone, her treasury was empty, her armies were naked, disorganized, and flying on all sides. Such was the state of France when the Conqueror of Egypt returned to save and restore it.

In the mean time, the Irish cabinet succeeded in its infernal purpose of driving the People to premature insurrection. The leaders of the United Irishmen had organized a plan for a general rising. But traitors were found in their councils ; they were all arrested : the gallant Lord Edward Fitzgerald killed, and the capital secured. Nevertheless, the exasperated

peasantry in Kildare, Carlow, and some districts in the North, rose in arms against the intolerable excesses of the soldiery quartered upon them. But these partial insurrections of naked crowds, without arms or leaders, without union or concert, which my father had so often deprecated, could lead to no result. They were successively crushed by the overpowering forces directed against them, and the reign of terror was established without check or limitation. The state of France, in the worst days of Robespierre, was never more prostrate, nor did its government pursue its bloody measures with a more unsparing hand. The whole population were abandoned to the absolute discretion of an infuriated, licentious, and undisciplined soldiery; the meanest agents of authority exercised a power without control; individuals were half-hanged, whipped, and picketed, to extort confession, without trial, in the very capital, in the courts of the castle, and under the roof of the Viceroy; the country blazed with nightly conflagrations, and resounded with the shrieks of torture; neither age nor sex were spared, and the bayonets of the military drove men, women, and children, naked and houseless, to starve in the bogs and fastnesses; those who trusted to the faith of capitulations were surrounded and slaughtered by dragoons in the very act of laying down their arms; and no citizen, however innocent or inoffensive, could deem himself secure from informers.

The noble resistance of the small county of Wexford, deserves to be particularly noticed. It was such as to alarm for a moment the Irish Government, about the success of their measures. That little district, comprising about 150,000 souls, surrounded by the sea and mountains, and secluded from the rest of the Island, had imbibed but a small share of the prevailing revolutionary spirit, for its population had not much communication with their neighbors, and were remarkably quiet and happy. It is stated by Mr. Edward Hay, that before the insurrection, it did not contain above two hundred United Irishmen. It may, perhaps, have been deemed, from this very circumstance, that, if an insurrection could be provoked within its limits, the People less organized and prepared than in the districts of the North, would be subdued more easily, and afford, with less risque, a striking example to the rest of the Island. The soldiery were let loose, and committed for some time every excess on the in-

nocent peasantry. A noble lord, who commanded a regiment of militia, was distinguished by the invention of the pitch cap: another officer, worthy to serve under him, by the appellation of "*The Walking Gallows*." But why recall facts, which are engraved on the hearts and in the memory of every Irishman? At length, goaded to madness, the Wexfordians, to the number of 20 or 30,000, rose in arms, with pikes, staves, and scythes, and in two or three actions, seized on the chief towns, and drove the soldiery out of the county. Their moderation towards their persecutors, in the moment of victory, was as remarkable as their courage in the field. Their forbearance, and even their delicate and chivalrous generosity towards the ladies and families of the aristocracy who fell into their hands, was most amiable and admirable.\* The noble lord, above mentioned, was taken, and even he was rescued by their leaders from the infliction of the pitch cap, which he so well deserved. In recompense, he engaged, on the close of the insurrection, to obtain a capitulation for them, if they would let him loose, and afterwards sat on the court martial which condemned them to be hanged. It required all the means, and all the efforts of the Irish government, to subdue this small district. At one time, they trembled in the walls of Dublin, lest the Wexfordians should penetrate there. Several battles were fought, with varied success, and it was not till the royal forces surrounded them on all sides, that they broke through their toils, and threw themselves into the mountains of Wicklow, where their leaders successively capitulated. Provoked and irritated as these innocent people were, it is remarkable that only two instances of cruelty, the massacre of their prisoners at Scullabogue, and on the bridge of Wexford, occurred on their side, during the insurrection. And these were both perpetrated by runaways from their main army, whilst the remainder were fighting.

The indignation of the unfortunate Irish was just and extreme, against that French Government, which had so repeatedly promised them aid, and now appeared to desert them in their utmost need. When Lord Cornwallis, who was sent shortly after to put an end to the system of terror, which desolated the

\* The comment of some patriots ladies on this disposition was, "That the crop-dice wanted gallantry."



country, succeeded to the Viceroyalty, 2,000 volunteers from this very county of Wexford, offered their services to fight the French, and formed the flower of the British army which invaded Egypt under General Abercrombie. Their petition, a model of native simplicity, energy, and indignation, is recorded in the Appendix of Hay's History of the Wexford Insurrection.

But weak and improvident as the Directors were, they must be acquitted of the charge of betraying their allies. The fact was, that their treasury and arsenals were empty, the flower of their army and navy were gone to Egypt, the remainder were totally disorganized; in short, when the insurrection broke out in Ireland, they were entirely unprepared to assist it. Their indolence and incapacity had suffered every thing to fall to decay, and their peculations and profusion had wasted their remaining means. The feelings of my father on the occasion, may be more easily conceived than expressed. On the 20th of May, Buonaparte had embarked from Toulon. On the 23d, the insurrection broke out. As the news of each arrest, and of each action, successively reached France, he urged the Generals and Government to assist the gallant and desperate struggle of his countrymen, and pressed on them the necessity of availing themselves of the favorable opportunity which flew so rapidly by. They began their preparations without delay; but money, arms, ammunition, and ships, all were wanting. By the close of June, the insurrection was nearly crushed, and it was not till the beginning of July that my father was called up to Paris, to consult with the Ministers of the War and Navy Departments, on the organization of a new expedition. At this period his Journal closes, and the public papers, my mother's recollections, and a few private letters, are my sole documents for the remaining events.

The plan of the new expedition, was to despatch small detachments from several ports, in the hope of keeping up the insurrection, and distracting the attention of the enemy, until some favorable opportunity should occur for landing the main body, under General Kilmaine. General Humbert with about 1,000 men, was quartered for this purpose at Rochelle, General Hardy, with 3,000 at Brest, and Kilmaine with 9,000 remained in reserve. This plan was judicious enough, if it had been taken up in time. But, long before the first of these expeditions was

ready to sail, the insurrection was completely subdued in every quarter; the People were crushed, disarmed, disheartened, and disgusted with their allies, and the Irish Government had collected all its means, and was fully prepared for the encounter. Refugees from that unfortunate country, of every character and description, arrived in crowds, with their blood boiling from their recent actions and sufferings. When they saw the slowness of the French preparations, they exclaimed, that they wanted nothing but arms, and that, if the Government would only land them again on the coast, the People themselves, without any aid, would suffice to reconquer their liberty. This party, more gallant than wise, were chiefly led by an old sufferer in the cause, James Napper Tandy. Their zeal was often indiscreet and unenlightened, and they did more mischief than good. Napper Tandy boasted, that 30,000 men would rise in arms on his appearance, and the Directory was puzzled by these declarations, which contradicted my father's constant assertion, that 10,000 or 15,000 French troops would be absolutely necessary in the beginning of the contest.

The final ruin of the expedition was hurried by the precipitancy and indiscretion of a brave, but imprudent and ignorant officer. This anecdote, which is not generally known, is a striking instance of the disorder, indiscipline, and disorganization, which began to prevail in the French army. Humbert, a gallant soldier of fortune, but whose heart was better than his head, impatient of the delays of his Government, and fired by the recitals of the Irish refugees, determined to begin the enterprise on his own responsibility, and thus oblige the Directory to second or to desert him. Towards the middle of August, calling the merchants and magistrates of Rochelle, he forced them to advance a small sum of money, and all that he wanted, on military requisition; and, embarking on board a few frigates and transports, with 1,000 men, 1,000 spare muskets, 1,000 guineas, and a few pieces of artillery, he compelled the Captains to set sail, for the most desperate attempt which is, perhaps, recorded in history. Three Irishmen accompanied him, my uncle Matthew Tone, Bartholomew Teeling, of Lisburn, and Sullivan, nephew to Madgett, whose name is often mentioned in these memoirs. On the 22d of August they made

the coast of Connaught, and, landing in the bay of Killala, immediately stormed and occupied that little town.

Strange and desperate as was this enterprise, had it been prosecuted with the same spirit and vivacity with which it was begun, it might have succeeded, and Humbert, an obscure and uneducated soldier, have effected a Revolution, and crowned his name with immortal glory. The insurrection was scarcely appeased, and its embers might soon have been blown into a flame; but, landing in a distant, wild, and isolated corner of the island, instead of pressing rapidly at once, as he was strongly advised, to the Mountains of Ulster, the centre of the United Irish organization, and calling the people to arms, he amused himself, during a fortnight, in drilling the peasantry of the neighborhood, who flocked to his standard, and enjoying the hospitality of the bishop of Killala. That prelate rendered a most signal service to the Irish Government by thus detaining the French General. At the battle of Castlebar, he defeated a numerous corps, which had been directed, in all haste, against him, under General Lake. On this occasion, I have heard, but cannot vouch for the authenticity of the anecdote, that, as soon as his Irish auxiliaries had fired their muskets, they flung them away as useless, and rushed to the charge with their pikes. For a few days a general panic prevailed; but the Viceroy, Cornwallis, marched in person; all the forces of the kingdom were put in motion, and Humbert was speedily surrounded, and confined behind the Shannon, by twenty times his numbers. At length he perceived the trap into which he had fallen, and attempted, what he should have done at first, to force his way over that river, and throw himself into the mountains of the North. But encircled, on the 8th of September, at Ballinamuck, by an entire army, his small band, after a gallant resistance, were compelled to lay down their arms. The French were received to composition, and shortly exchanged; but the Irish were slaughtered without mercy, and the cruelties afterwards exercised on the unresisting peasantry, will render the name of General Lake remembered for ages in those remote districts of Connaught. Of the Irish, who had accompanied Humbert, Sullivan escaped, under the disguise of a Frenchman, and Matthew Tone and Teeling were brought in irons to Dublin, tried, and executed.

The news of Humbert's attempt, as may well be imagined, threw the Directory into the greatest perplexity. They instantly determined, however, to hurry all their preparations, and send off at least the division of General Hardy, to second his efforts, as soon as possible. The report of his first advantages, which shortly reached them, augmented their ardor and accelerated their movements. But such was the state of the French navy and arsenals, that it was not until the 20th of September that this small expedition, consisting of one sail of the line and eight frigates, under Commodore Bompard, and 3,000 men, under General Hardy, was ready for sailing. The news of Humbert's defeat had not yet reached France.

Paris was then crowded with Irish emigrants, eager for action. In the papers of the day, and in later productions, I have seen it mentioned, that no fewer than twenty-four United Irish leaders embarked in General Hardy's expedition; and Lewines, an agent of the United Irish in Paris, is specified by name. This account is erroneous. The mass of the United Irishmen embarked in a small and fast sailing boat, with Napper Tandy at their head. They reached, on the 16th September, the Isle of Raghlin, on the Northwest coast of Ireland, where they heard of Humbert's disaster; they merely spread some proclamations, and escaped to Norway. Three Irishmen only accompanied my father in Hardy's flotilla: he alone was embarked in the Admiral's vessel, the *Hoche*, the others were on board the frigates. These were Mr. T. Corbett and MacGuire, two brave officers, who have since died in the French service, and a third gentleman, connected by marriage with his friend Russell, who is yet living, and whose name it would, therefore, be improper in me to mention.

In Curran's *Life*, by his Son, I find an anecdote mentioned which must have been derived from the authority of this gentleman. It is stated, that, on the night previous to the sailing of the expedition, a question rose amongst the United Irishmen engaged in it, whether, in case of their falling into the enemy's hands, they should suffer themselves to be put to death, according to the sentence of the law, or anticipate their fate by their own hands? That Mr. Tone maintained, with his usual eloquence and animation, that, in no point of view in which he had ever considered suicide, he could hold it to be

justifiable: that one of the company suggested that, from political considerations, it would be better not to relieve, by any act of self-murder, the Irish Government from the discredit in which numerous executions would involve it; an idea which Mr. Tone highly approved. This anecdote is substantially correct; but the gentleman did not understand my father.

At the period of this expedition, he was hopeless of its success, and in the deepest despondency at the prospect of Irish affairs. Such was the wretched indiscretion of the Government, that before his departure, he read himself in the *Bien Informé*, a Paris newspaper, a detailed account of the whole armament, where his own name was mentioned in full letters, with the circumstance of his being embarked on board the Hoche. There was, therefore, no hope of secrecy. He had all along deprecated the idea of those attempts on a small scale. But he had also declared, repeatedly, that, if the Government sent only a corporal's guard, he felt it his duty to go along with them; he saw no chance of Kilmaine's large expedition being ready in any space of time, and, therefore, determined to accompany Hardy. His resolution was, however, deliberately and inflexibly taken, in case he fell into the hands of the enemy, never to suffer the indignity of a public execution. He did not consider this as suicide—an act which, in usual cases, he regarded as a weakness or frenzy, but merely as choosing the mode of his death. And, indeed, his constitutional and nervous sensitiveness, at the slightest idea of personal indignity, would have sufficed to determine him never to bear the touch of an executioner. It was at dinner, in our own house, and in my mother's presence, a little before leaving Paris, that the gentleman above mentioned, proposed, that the Irish should leave to the Government all the shame and odium of their execution. The idea struck him as ludicrous, and he applauded it highly: "My dear friend, he said, say nothing more, you never spoke better in your life." And after the gentleman's departure, he laughed very heartily at his idea of shaming the Irish Government, by allowing himself to be hanged; adding, that he not did at all understand people mooted the point, whether they should or should not choose their own deaths, or consulting on such an occasion. That he would never advise others, but that, "please God, they should never have his poor bones to pick" (*Vide Win-Jenkins.*) This conversation may have

been repeated at Brest, but such were certainly my father's feelings on the subject.

At length, about the 20th of September, 1798, that fatal expedition set sail from the Baye de Camaret. It consisted of the *Hoche*, 74 ; *Loire*, *Resolue*, *Bellone*, *Coquille*, *Embuscade*, *Immortalité*, *Romaine*, and *Semillante*, frigates ; and *Biche* schooner, and aviso. To avoid the British fleets, Bompert, an excellent seaman, took a large sweep to the Westward, and then to the Northeast, in order to bear down on the Northern coast of Ireland, from the quarter whence a French force would be least expected. He met, however, with contrary winds, and it appears that his flotilla was scattered ; for, on the 10th of October, after twenty days cruise, he arrived off the entry of Loch Swilly, with the *Hoche*, the *Loire*, the *Resolue*, and the *Biche*. He was instantly signalled ; and, on the break of day, next morning, 11th of October, before he could enter the bay or land his troops, he perceived the squadron of Sir John Borlase Warren, consisting of six sail of the line, one razee of sixty guns, and two frigates, bearing down upon him. There was no chance of escape for the large and heavy man of war. Bompert gave instant signals to the frigates and schooner, to retreat through shallow water, and prepared alone to honor the flag of his country and liberty, by a desperate but hopeless defence. At that moment, a boat came from the *Biche* for his last orders. That ship had the best chance to get off. The French officers all supplicated my father to embark on board of her. “ Our contest is hopeless,” they observed, “ we will be “ prisoners of war, but what will become of you.” “ Shall it “ be said,” replied he, “ that I fled, whilst the French were “ fighting the battles of my country ?” He refused their offers, and determined to stand and fall with the ship. The *Biche* accomplished her escape, and I see it mentioned in late publications, that other Irishmen availed themselves of that occasion. This fact is incorrect, not one of them would have done so, and besides, my father was the only Irishman on board of the *Hoche*.

The British Admiral despatched two men of war, the razee, and a frigate, after the *Loire* and *Resolue*, and the *Hoche* was soon surrounded by four sail of the line and a frigate, and began one of the most obstinate and desperate engagements, which have ever been fought on the ocean. During six hours, she sustained the fire of a whole fleet, till her masts and rigging were

swept away, her scuppers flowed with blood, her wounded filled the cock pit, her shattered ribs yawned at each new stroke, and let in five feet of water in the hold, her rudder was carried off, and she floated a dismantled wreck on the waters; her sails and cordage hung in shreds, nor could she reply with a single gun from her dismounted batteries, to the unabating cannonade of the enemy. At length she struck. The *Resolue* and *Loire* were soon reached by the English fleet: the former was in a sinking condition, she made, however, an honorable defence; the *Loire* sustained three attacks, drove off the English frigates, and had almost effected her escape: at length, engaged by the *Anson*, razee of sixty guns, she struck after an action of three hours, entirely dismasted. Of the other frigates, pursued in all directions, the *Bellone*, *Immortalité*, *Coquille*, and *Embuscade* were taken, and the *Romaine* and *Semillante*, through a thousand dangers, reached separate ports in France.

During the action, my father commanded one of the batteries, and, according to the report of the officers who returned to France, fought with the utmost desperation, and as if he was courting death. When the ship struck, confounded with the other officers, he was not recognized for some time; for he had completely acquired the language and appearance of a Frenchman. The two fleets were dispersed in every direction, nor was it till some days later, that the *Hoché* was brought into Loch Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. Yet rumors of his being on board must have been circulated, for the fact was public at Paris. But it was thought he had been killed in the action, and I am willing to believe that the British officers, respecting the valor of a fallen enemy, were not earnest in investigating the point. It was at length a gentleman, well known in the County Derry, as a leader of the Orange party, and one of the chief magistrates in that neighborhood, Sir George Hill, who had been his fellow student in Trinity College, and knew his person, who undertook the task of discovering him. It is known that in Spain, Grandees and Noblemen of the first rank pride themselves in the functions of familiars, spies, and informers of the Holy Inquisition; it remained for Ireland to offer a similar example. The French officers were invited to breakfast with the Earl of Cavan, who commanded in that district; my father sat undistinguished amongst them, when Sir George Hill entered the room, followed by police officers. Look-

ing narrowly at the company, he singled out the object of his search, and stepping up to him, said, “Mr. Tone, I am *very happy* to see you.” Instantly rising, with the utmost composure, and disdaining all useless attempts at concealment, my father replied, “Sir George. I am happy to see you; how are Lady Hill and your family?” Beckoned into the next room by the police officers, an unexpected indignity awaited him. It was filled with military, and one General Lavau, who commanded them, ordered him to be ironed, declaring that, as on leaving Ireland, to enter the French service, he had not renounced his oath of allegiance, he remained a subject of Britain, and should be punished as a traitor. Seized with a momentary burst of indignation at such unworthy treatment and cowardly cruelty to a prisoner of war, he flung off his uniform, and cried, “These fetters shall never degrade the revered insignia of the free nation which I have served.” Resuming then his usual calm, he offered his limbs to the irons, and when they were fixed, he exclaimed, “For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains, than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England.” The friends of Lord Cavan have asserted that this extreme, and I will add, *unmanly* and *ungenerous* severity, was provoked by his outrageous behavior, when he found that he was not to have the privileges of a prisoner of war. This supposition is not only contradicted by the whole tenor of his character, and his subsequent deportment, but no other instances of it have ever been specified, than those noble replies to the taunts of General Lavau. Of the latter, I know nothing but these anecdotes, recorded in the papers of the day. If, as his name seems to indicate, he was a French emigrant, the coincidence was curious, and his conduct the less excusable.

Another version of this story, which I have seen, for the first time, in the London New Monthly Magazine, states that Mr. Tone was recognised by, or, according to another account, had the imprudence, to make himself known to, an old acquaintance at Lord Cavan’s table, who speedily informed his Lordship of the guest who sate at his board. The first circumstantial account, is the one which reached us in France; but, in my opinion, the difference between the two stories is very trifling. It regards only the fashion in which Sir George Hill gave in his information.



From Letterkenny he was hurried to Dublin without delay. In the same Magazine, I find that, contrary to usual custom, he was conveyed during the whole route, fettered and on horse-back, under an escort of dragoons. Of this further indignity, I had never heard before. During this journey, the unruffled serenity of his countenance, amidst the rude soldiery, and under the awe struck gaze of his countrymen, excited universal admiration. Recognizing in a group of females, which thronged the windows, a young lady of his acquaintance; "There," said he, "is my old friend Miss Beresford; how well she looks." On his arrival, he was immured in the Provost's prison, in the Barracks of Dublin, under the charge of the notorious Major Sandys, a man whose insolence, rapacity, and cruelty, will long be remembered in that city, where, a worthy instrument of the faction which then ruled it, he enjoyed, under their patronage, a despotic authority within its precincts. (*See Curran's Speeches. Hevey versus Major Sirr.*)

Though the reign of terror was drawing to a close, and Lord Cornwallis had restored some appearance of legal order and regular administration in the kingdom, a prisoner of such importance to the Irish Protestant ascendancy party, as the founder and leader of the United Irish Society, and the most formidable of their adversaries, was not to be trusted to the delays and common forms of law. Though the Court of King's Bench was then sitting, preparations were instantly made for trying him summarily before a Court Martial. But before I give an account of this trial, and of the nature of his defence, it will be necessary to remove some erroneous impressions, on these subjects, which I have seen stated, both in Curran's Life, by his son, and in the very fair and liberal comments of the London New Monthly Magazine. A prevailing notion in both these works, is, that, from my father's early dislike to legal studies, and inaccurate acquaintance with the English laws, he considered his French commission as a protection, and pleaded it in his defence. It is impossible to read his speech on the trial, and preserve this idea. Though he used to laugh at his little proficiency in legal lore, he knew perfectly well that the course he had deliberately taken, subjected him to the utmost severity of the British laws. Nor was he ignorant, that, by the custom of the land, and the very tenor of those laws, his

trial, as it was conducted, was informal. He never was legally condemned: for, though a subject of the crown, (not of Britain, but of Ireland,) he was not a military man in that kingdom; he had taken no military oath, and, of course, the court martial which tried him had no power to pronounce on his case, which belonged to the regular criminal tribunals. But his heart was sunk in despair at the total failure of his hopes, and he did not wish to survive them. To die with honor was his only wish, and his only request to be shot like a soldier. For this purpose, he preferred himself to be tried by a Court Martial, and proffered his French commission, not to defend his life, but as a proof of his rank, as he stated himself on the trial.

If further proof were required, that my father was perfectly aware of his fate, according to the English law, his own Journals, written during the Bantry Bay expedition, afford an incontestible one. (*See Journal, of Dec. 26, 1796.*) “If we are taken, my  
“fate will not be a mild one; the best I can expect is to be shot as  
“an *émigré rentré*, unless I have the good fortune to be killed in  
“the action: for, most assuredly, if the enemy will have us, he  
“must fight for us. Perhaps I may be reserved for a trial, for  
“the sake of striking terror into others, in which case I shall  
“be hanged as a traitor, and embowelled, &c. As to the em-  
“bowelling, ‘*Je m’en fiche.*’ If ever they hang me, they are  
“welcome to embowel me if they please. These are pleasant  
“prospects! Nothing on earth could sustain me now, but the  
“consciousness that I am engaged in a just and righteous cause.”

But my father also knew that political considerations will often supersede the letter of the laws. The only chance on which he had formerly relied, was, that the French Government would interfere, and claim him with all its power and credit; to that, and to threats of severe retaliation, he knew that the British cabinet would yield, as they did about a year afterwards in the case of Napper Tandy. A curious fact, and which is not generally known, perhaps, even to that gallant soldier himself, is, that Sir Sidney Smith was detained by Carnot in the Temple, for that very purpose, like a prisoner of state, rather than a prisoner of war.

The time of my father’s trial was deferred a few days, by the officers appointed to sit on the Court Martial, receiving marching orders. At length, on Saturday, 10th November, 1798, a

new court was assembled, consisting of General Loftus, who performed the functions of President, Colonels Vandeleur, Daly, and Wolfe, Major Armstrong, and a Captain Curran; Mr. Paterson performed the functions of Judge Advocate.

At an early hour, the neighborhood of the barracks was crowded with eager and anxious spectators. As soon as the doors were thrown open, they rushed in and filled every corner of the hall.

Tone appeared in the uniform of a Chef de Brigade (Colonel.) The firmness and cool serenity of his whole deportment, gave to the awe-struck assembly the measure of his soul. Nor could his bitterest enemies, whatever they deemed of his political principles, and of the necessity of striking a great example, deny him the praise of determination and magnanimity.

The members of the Court having taken the usual oath, the Judge Advocate proceeded to inform the prisoner that the Court Martial, before which he stood, was appointed, by the Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom, to try whether he had or had not acted traitorously and hostilely against his Majesty, to whom, as a natural born subject, he owed all allegiance, from the very fact of his birth in that Kingdom: And, according to the usual form, he called upon him to plead guilty or not guilty.

*Tone.* “ I mean not to give the Court any useless trouble, and  
“ wish to spare them the idle task of examining witnesses. I  
“ admit all the facts alleged, and only request leave to read  
“ an address, which I have prepared for this occasion.”

*Col. Daly.* “ I must warn the prisoner, that, in acknowledg-  
“ ing those facts, he admits to his prejudice, that he has acted  
“ traitorously against his Majesty. Is such his intention?”

*Tone.* “ Stripping this charge of the technicality of its terms,  
“ it means, I presume, by the word ‘traitorously,’ that I have  
“ been found in arms against the soldiers of the King, in my  
“ native country. I admit this accusation in its most extended  
“ sense, and request again to explain to the Court the reasons  
“ and motives of my conduct.”

The Court then observed, that they would hear his address, provided he confined himself within the bounds of moderation. He rose, and began in these words:—

“ Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Court Martial: I  
“ mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof,

“ to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the Government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth, I have regarded the connexion between Ireland and Great Britain, as the curse of the Irish nation ; and felt convinced, that, whilst it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers, which my individual efforts could move, in order to separate the two countries.

“ That Ireland was not able, of herself, to throw off the yoke, I knew. I therefore sought for aid, wherever it was to be found. In honorable poverty, I rejected offers, which, to a man in my circumstances, might be considered highly advantageous. I remained faithful to what I thought the cause of my country, and sought in the French Republic an ally, to rescue three millions of my countrymen, from” . . . . .

The President, here, interrupted the Prisoner, observing, that this language was neither relevant to the charge, nor such as ought to be delivered in a public court. One member said, it seemed calculated only to inflame the minds of a certain description of people, (the United Irishmen) many of whom might probably be present ; and that, therefore, the Court ought not to suffer it. The Judge Advocate said, he thought, that if Mr. Tone meant this paper to be laid before his Excellency, in way of *extenuation*, it must have a quite contrary effect, if any of the foregoing part was suffered to remain.

*Tone.* “ I shall urge this topic no further, since it seems disagreeable to the Court ; but shall proceed to read the few words which remain.”

*Gen. Loftus.* “ If the remainder of your address, Mr. Tone, is of the same complexion with what you have already read, will you not hesitate, for a moment, in proceeding, since you have learned the opinion of the Court?”

*Tone.* “ I believe there is nothing in what remains for me to say, which can give any offence. I mean to express my feelings and gratitude towards the Catholic body, in whose cause I was engaged.”

*Gen. Loftus.* "That seems to have nothing to say to the charge against you, to which only you are to speak. If you have any thing to offer in defence or extenuation of that charge, the Court will hear you ; but they beg that you will confine yourself to that subject."

*Town.* "I shall, then, confine myself to some points, relative to my connection with the French army. Attached to no party in the French Republic, without interest, without money, without intrigue, the openness and integrity of my views raised me to a high and confidential rank in its armies. I obtained the confidence of the Executive Directory, the approbation of my Generals, and, I venture to add, the esteem and affection of my brave comrades. When I review these circumstances, I feel a secret and internal consolation, which no reverse of fortune, no sentence in the power of this Court to inflict, can ever deprive me of, or weaken in any degree. Under the flag of the French Republic, I originally engaged, with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose, I have encountered the chances of war, amongst strangers : For that purpose, I have repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered, as I knew it to be, with the triumphant fleets of that Power, which it was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed all my views in life ; I have courted poverty ; I have left a beloved wife, unprotected, and children whom I adored, fatherless. After such sacrifices, in a cause which I have always conscientiously considered as the cause of justice and freedom—it is no great effort, at this day, to add, ' the sacrifice of my life.'"

"But I hear it said, that this unfortunate country has been a prey to all sorts of horrors. I sincerely lament it. I beg, however, it may be remembered, that I have been absent four years from Ireland. To me, these sufferings can never be attributed. I designed, by fair and open war, to procure the separation of the two countries. For open war I was prepared ; but if, instead of that, a system of private assassination has taken place, I repeat, whilst I deplore it, that it is not chargeable on me. Atrocities, it seems, have been committed on both sides. I do not less deplore them : I detest them from my heart ; and to those who know my charac-

“ter and sentiments, I may safely appeal for the truth of this  
“assertion. With them, I need no justification.

“In a cause like this, success is every thing. Success, in the  
“eyes of the vulgar, fixes its merits. Washington succeeded,  
“and Kosciusko failed.

“After a combat nobly sustained, a combat which would  
“have excited the respect and sympathy of a generous enemy,  
“my fate was to become a prisoner. To the eternal disgrace  
“of those who gave the order, I was brought hither in irons, like  
“a felon. I mention this for the sake of others ; for me, I am  
“indifferent to it ; I am aware of the fate which awaits me, and  
“scorn equally the tone of complaint and that of supplication.

“As to the connexion between this country and Great Bri-  
“tain, I repeat it, all that has been imputed to me, words, writ-  
“ings, and actions, I here deliberately avow. I have spoken  
“and acted with reflection, and on principle, and am ready to  
“meet the consequences. Whatever be the sentence of this  
“Court, I am prepared for it. Its members will surely dis-  
“charge their duty ; I shall take care not to be wanting to  
“mine.”

This speech was pronounced in a tone so magnanimous, so full of a noble and calm serenity, as seemed deeply and visibly to affect all its hearers, the members of the Court not excepted. A pause ensued of some continuance, and silence reigned in the hall, till interrupted by Tone himself, who inquired, whether it was not usual to assign an interval between the sentence and execution? The Judge Advocate answered, that the voices of the Court would be collected without delay, and the result transmitted forthwith to the Lord Lieutenant. If the prisoner, therefore, had any farther observations to make, now was the moment.

Tone. “I wish to offer a few words, relative to one single  
“point—to the mode of punishment. In France, our *Emigrés*,  
“who stand nearly in the same situation, in which, I suppose I  
“now stand before you, are condemned to be shot. I ask, that  
“the Court should adjudge me the death of a soldier, and let  
“me be shot by a platoon of grenadiers. I request this in-  
“dulgence, rather in consideration of the uniform which I wear,  
“the uniform of a *Chef de Brigade* in the French army, than  
“from any personal regard to . . . . . In order to evince my

“ claim to this favor, I beg that the Court may take the trouble  
“ to peruse my commission and letters of service in the French  
“ army. It will appear from these papers, that I have not re-  
“ ceived them as a mask to cover me, but that I have been long  
“ and bona fide an officer in the French service.”

*Judge Advocate.* “ You must feel that the papers you allude  
“ to, will serve as undeniable proofs against you.”

*Tone.* “ Oh!—*I know it well*—I have already admitted the  
“ facts, and I now admit the papers as full proofs of convic-  
“ tion.”

The papers were then examined: they consisted of a brevet of Chef de Brigade, from the Directory, signed by the Minister of War, of a letter of service, granting to him the rank of Adjutant General, and of a passport.

*General Loftus.* “ In those papers you are designated as  
“ serving in the Army of England.”

*Tone.* “ I did serve in that Army, when it was commanded  
“ by Buonaparte, by Desaix, and by Kilmaine, who is, as I am,  
“ an Irishman. But I have also served elsewhere.” Requested  
if he had any thing further to observe: he said that nothing more  
occurred to him, except that the sooner his Excellency’s ap-  
probation of their sentence was obtained, the better. He would  
consider it as a favor, if it could be obtained in an hour.

General Loftus then observed, that the Court would, undoubtedly, submit to the Lord Lieutenant, the Address which he had read to them, and, also, the subject of his last demand. In transmitting the Address, he, however, took care to efface all that part of it, which he would not allow to be read; and, which contained the dying speech and last words of the first apostle of Irish union and martyr of Irish liberty, to his countrymen. Lord Cornwallis refused the last demand of my father, and he was sentenced to die the death of a traitor, in forty-eight hours, on the 12th of November. This cruelty he had foreseen: or England, from the days of Lewellyn of Wales, and Wallace of Scotland, to those of Tone and Napoleon, has never shown mercy or generosity to a fallen enemy. He then, in perfect coolness and self-possession, determined to execute his purpose, and anticipate their sentence.

The next day was passed in a kind of stupor. A cloud of portentous awe seemed to hang over the City of Dublin—The

apparatus of military and despotic authority was every where displayed : no man dared to trust his next neighbor, nor one of the pale citizens to betray, by look or word, his feelings or sympathy. The terror which prevailed in Paris, under the Rule of the Jacobins, or in Rome, during the proscriptions of Marius, Sylla, and the Triumviri, and under the reigns of Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, and Domitian, was never deeper, or more universal, than that of Ireland, at this fatal and shameful period. It was, in short, the feeling which made the People, soon after, passively acquiesce in the Union, and in the extinction of their name as a Nation. Of the numerous friends of my father, and of those who had shared in his political principles and career, some had perished on the scaffold, others rotted in dungeons, and the remainder dreaded, by the slightest mark of recognition, to be involved in his fate. One noble exception deserves to be recorded.

John Philpot Curran, the celebrated orator and patriot, had attached himself, in his political career, to the Whig Party: but his theoretical principles went much farther. And when the march of the Administration to despotism was pronounced—when the persecution began—I *know* that in the years 1794 and 1795, and particularly, at the Drogheda Assizes, in the former year, and on occasion of the trial of Bird and Hamill, where they were both employed as counsel, he opened his mind to my father ; and that on the main point—on the necessity of breaking the connexion with England—they *agreed*. Curran prudently and properly confined himself to those legal exertions at the bar, where his talents were so eminently useful, and where he left an imperishable monument to his own and to his country's fame. It was well that there remained one place, and one man, through which the truth might sometimes be heard. He avoided committing himself in the Councils of the United Irishmen ; but, had the project of liberating Ireland succeeded, he would have been amongst the foremost to hail and join her independence. On this occasion, joining his efforts to those of M. Peter Burrowes, he nobly exerted himself to save his friend.

The sentence of my father was evidently illegal. Curran knew, however, very well that, by bringing the case before the proper tribunal, the result would ultimately be the same—that he could not be acquitted. But then, the delays of the law might be



in play, and the all important point, of gaining time, would be obtained. The French Government could not, in honor, but interfere, and the case, from a mere legal, would become a political one. In politics my father had many adversaries, but few personal enemies; in private and public life, he was generally beloved and respected; his moderation, too, was known and appreciated by those who feared a Revolution, and trusted to him, as a mediator, if such an event was to take place. In short, it did not appear a matter of impossibility to have finally saved him, by some agreement with the Government. Determined to form a bar for his defence, and bring the case before the Court of King's Bench, then sitting, and presided by Lord Kilwarden, a man of the purest and most benevolent virtue, and who always tempered justice with mercy, Curran endeavored, the whole day of the 11th, to raise a subscription for this purpose. But terror had closed every door; and, I have it from his own lips, that even among the Catholic leaders, many of them wealthy, no one dared to subscribe. Curran then determined to proceed *alone*. On this circumstance no comment can be expected from the son of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Those men had behaved nobly towards him, in former times, almost as perilous. The universal dread must be their excuse.

On the next day, 12th November, (the day fixed for his execution,) the scene in the Court of King's Bench was awful and impressive to the highest degree. As soon as it opened, Curran advanced, leading the aged father of Tone, who produced his affidavit, that his son had been brought before a bench of officers, calling itself a Court Martial, and sentenced to death. "I do not pretend," said Curran, "that Mr. Tone is not guilty of the charges of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honorable men. But it is stated in this affidavit, as a solemn fact, that Mr. Tone had no commission under his Majesty; and, therefore, no Court Martial could have cognizance of any crime imputed to him, whilst the Court of King's Bench sate in the capacity of the Great Criminal Court of the land. In times when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, Courts Martial might be endured: but every law authority is with me, whilst I stand upon this sacred and immutable principle of the Constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and that the former cannot co-exist with the latter."

“with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this Court. He is cast for death this very day. He may be ordered for execution whilst I address you. I call on the Court to support the law, and move for a Habeas Corpus, to be directed to the Provost Marshal of the barracks of Dublin, and Major Sandys, to bring up the body of Tone.”

*Chief Justice.* “Have a writ instantly prepared.”

*Curran.* “My client may die, whilst the writ is preparing.”

*Chief Justice.* “Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks, and acquaint the Provost Marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone’s execution, and see that he be not executed.”

The Court awaited, in a state of the utmost agitation and suspense, the return of the Sheriff. He speedily appeared, and said, “My Lord, I have been to the barracks, in pursuance of your order. The Provost Marshal says he must obey Major Sandys. Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis.” Mr. Curran announced, at the same time, that Mr. Tone, the father, was just returned, after serving the habeas corpus, and that General Craig would not obey it. The Chief Justice exclaimed, “Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody—take the Provost Marshal and Major Sandys into custody, and show the order of the Court to General Craig.”

The general impression was now, that the prisoner would be led out to execution, in defiance of the Court. This apprehension was legible in the countenance of Lord Kilwarden, a man who, in the worst of times, preserved a religious respect for the laws, and who, besides, I may add, felt every personal feeling of pity and respect for the prisoner, whom he had formerly contributed to shield from the vengeance of Government, on an occasion almost as perilous. His agitation, according to the expression of an eye-witness, was magnificent.

The Sheriff returned at length with the fatal news. He had been refused admittance in the barracks; but was informed, that Mr. Tone, who had wounded himself dangerously the night before, was not in a condition to be removed. A French emigrant Surgeon, who had closed the wound, was called in, and declared there was no saying, for four days, whether it was

mortal. His head was to be kept in one position, and a sentinel was set over him, to prevent his speaking. Removal would kill him at once. The Chief Justice instantly ordered a rule for suspending the execution.

I must collect my strength to give the remaining details of the close of my father's life. The secrets of a state prison, and of such a prison as were those of Dublin, at that period, are seldom penetrated; and the facts which have reached us, are few and meagre. As soon as he learned the refusal of his last request, his determination was taken, with the same resolution and coolness which he exhibited during the whole transaction. In order to spare the feelings of his parents and friends, he refused to see any one, and requested only the use of writing materials. During the 10th and 11th of November, he addressed the Directory, the Minister of Marine, General Kilmaine, and Mr. Shée, in France, and several of his friends in Ireland, to recommend his family to their care. I here insert a translation of his letter to the Directory, the only one of which we obtained a copy.

“ FROM THE PROVOOST'S PRISON, DUBLIN,

“ 20th Brumaire. 7th year of the Republic, }  
 “ (10th November, 1798.) }

“ *The Adjutant General Theobald Wolfe Tone, (called Smith,) to the Executive Directory of the French Republic.*

“ CITIZEN DIRECTORS:

“ The English Government having determined not to  
 “ respect my rights as a French citizen and officer, and sum-  
 “ moned me before a court martial, I have been sentenced to  
 “ death. In those circumstances, I request you to accept my  
 “ thanks for the confidence with which you have honored me,  
 “ and which, in a moment like this, I venture to say I well  
 “ deserved. I have served the Republic faithfully, and my  
 “ death, as well as that of my brother, a victim like myself,  
 “ and condemned in the same manner about a month ago, will  
 “ sufficiently prove it. I hope the circumstances in which I  
 “ stand will warrant me, Citizen Directors, in supplicating

“ you to consider the fate of a virtuous wife and of three infant  
 “ children, who had no other support, and, in losing me, will  
 “ be reduced to the extreme of misery. I venture, on such an  
 “ occasion, to recall to your remembrance, that I was expelled  
 “ from my own country in consequence of my attempts to serve  
 “ the Republic; that, on the invitation of the French Go-  
 “ vernment, I came to France; that ever since I had the honor  
 “ to enter the French service, I have faithfully, and with the  
 “ approbation of all my Chiefs, performed my duty; finally,  
 “ that I have sacrificed for the Republic all that man holds  
 “ dearest—my wife, my children, my liberty, my life. In these  
 “ circumstances, I confidently call on your justice and humani-  
 “ ty in favor of my family, assured that you will not abandon  
 “ them. It is the greatest consolation which remains to me in  
 “ dying.

“ Health and respect.

“ T. W. TONE, (called Smith.)

“ *Adjutant General.*”

He then, with a firm hand and heart, penned the two following letters to my mother:

“ PROVOST PRISON—DUBLIN BARRACKS,

“ *Le 20 Brumaire, an 7, (10th Nov.) 1798.*

“ DEAREST LOVE:

“ The hour is at last come, when we must part. As no words  
 “ can express what I feel for you and our children, I shall not  
 “ attempt it; complaint, of any kind, would be beneath your  
 “ courage and mine; be assured I will die as I have lived,  
 “ and that you will have no cause to blush for me.

“ I have written on your behalf to the French Government,  
 “ to the Minister of Marine, to General Kilmaine, and to Mr.  
 “ Shee; with the latter I wish you especially to advise. In  
 “ Ireland, I have written to your brother Harry. and to those  
 “ of my friends who are about to go into exile, and who, I am  
 “ sure, will not abandon you.

“ Adieu, dearest love: I find it impossible to finish this  
 “ letter. Give my love to Mary; and, above all things, re-  
 “ member that you are now the only parent of our dearest  
 “ children, and that the best proof you can give of your affec-

“ tion for me, will be to preserve yourself for their education.  
 “ God Almighty bless you all.

“ Your’s, ever.

“ T. W. TONE.

“ P. S. I think you have a friend in Wilson, who will not  
 “ desert you.”\*

#### SECOND LETTER.

“ DEAREST LOVE: I write just one line, to acquaint you that  
 “ I have received assurances from your brother Edward, of his  
 “ determination to render every assistance and protection in  
 “ his power : for which I have written to thank him most sin-  
 “ cerely. Your sister has likewise sent me assurances of the  
 “ same nature, and expressed a desire to see me, which I have  
 “ refused, having determined to speak to no one of my friends,  
 “ not even my father, from motives of humanity to them and  
 “ myself. It is a very great consolation to me, that your family  
 “ are determined to support you : as to the manner of that  
 “ assistance, I leave it to their affection for you, and your own  
 “ excellent good sense, to settle what manner will be most re-  
 “ spectable for all parties.

“ Adieu, dearest love. Keep your courage, as I have kept  
 “ mine : my mind is as tranquil this moment as at any period of  
 “ my life. Cherish my memory : and, especially, preserve your  
 “ health and spirits for the sake of our dearest children.

“ Your ever affectionate

“ T. WOLFE TONE.

“ 11th November, 1798.”

It is said, that, on the evening of that very day, he could see and hear the soldiers erecting the gallows for him before his windows. That very night, according to the report given

\*Nobly did this pure and virtuous man, and he alone of all those whom my father had depended upon, fulfil the expectation of his friend. He was to my mother a brother, a protector, and an adviser, during the whole period of our distress ; and when, at the close of eighteen years, we were ruined a second time, by the fall of Napoleon, he came over from his own country to offer her his hand and his fortune, and share our fate in America.

by his jailors, having secreted a penknife, he inflicted a deep wound across his neck. It was soon discovered, by the sentry, and a surgeon called in at four o'clock in the morning, who stopped the blood and closed it. He reported, that, as the prisoner had missed the carotid artery, he might yet survive, but was in the extremest danger. It is said, that he murmured only in reply, "I am sorry I have been so bad an anatomist." Let me draw a veil over the remainder of this scene.

Stretched on his bloody pallet in a dungeon, the first apostle of Irish union, and most illustrious martyr of Irish independence, counted each lingering hour during the last seven days and nights of his slow and silent agony. No one was allowed to approach him. Far from his adored family, and from all those friends whom he loved so dearly, the only forms which flitted before his eyes, were those of the grim gaoler and rough attendants of the prison; the only sounds which fell on his dying ear, the heavy tread of the sentry. He retained, however, the calmness of his soul, and the possession of his faculties, to the last. And the consciousness of dying for his country, and in the cause of justice and liberty, illumined, like a bright halo, his latest moments, and kept up his fortitude to the end. There is no situation, under which those feelings will not support the soul of a patriot.

On the morning of the 19th November, he was seized with the spasms of approaching death. It is said that the surgeon who attended, whispered that, if he attempted to move or speak, he must expire instantly; that he overheard him, and, making a slight movement, replied, "I can yet find words to thank you, sir: it is the most welcome news you could give me. What should I wish to live for?" Falling back, with these expressions on his lips, he expired without further effort.

On closing this painful and dreadful narrative, I must allude to some hints which I have heard from a most respectable and well informed quarter, that, in consequence of the attempts to withdraw him from the jurisdiction of the military tribunals, my father's end may have been precipitated by the hands of his jailors, and that, to conceal their crime, they spread the report of his voluntary death. It is certainly not my duty to exculpate them. That his end was voluntary, his determination,

previous to his leaving France, which was known to us, and the tenor of his last letters, incline me to believe. Neither is it likely that Major Sandys, and his experienced satellites, would perform a murder in so bungling a way as to allow their victim to survive the attempt during eight days. If this was the case, his death can never be considered as a suicide; it was merely the resolution of a noble mind, to disappoint, by his own act, the brutal ferocity of his enemies, and avoid the indignity of their touch.

But, on the other side, it cannot be denied, that the character of these men would warrant the worst conclusion. The details of my father's death and last words, only reached the public ear through their reports; no one was allowed to approach him after his wound: no medical attendant to come near him, except the prison surgeon, a foreigner, and French emigrant.\* Why was no coroner's inquest held on his body, as was held on Jackson's, in the very court where he died? The resistance which was opposed by the military to the warrant of the Chief Justice, was indecorous and violent in the extreme: nor was it till compelled by the firmness of Lord Kilwarden to give way, that they acknowledged the wound of their prisoner, though, according to their own report, it had been inflicted during the preceding night. Was it possible, that, fearing the interference of the civil courts, they hastened his end? or, what would be more atrocious still, admitting the fact that he had wounded himself, did they intend to conceal it, and to glut their mean and ferocious revenge, and insult their dying enemy, who had thought to escape their indignities, by dragging him out, in that state, and executing him with their own hands? That their preparations continued till interrupted by the interference of superior authority; that the wound of their prisoner was anxiously concealed, as long as possible: and that no one, even afterwards, was allowed to approach and speak to him during his long agony, are certain facts.

Between those dreadful suspicions, the reader must judge for himself. As for what passed within the Provost's prison, it must

\*It would be a very curious coincidence, if General Laven, who behaved so brutally to my father on arresting him, was, also, a French emigrant. These men would hold him in double abhorrence, as a soldier of the French Republic, and a deserter.

remain forever amongst the guilty and bloody mysteries of that pandemonium. If charges of so black and bloody a nature, can be adduced, with any appearance of probability, against the agents of the Irish Government, the violence, cruelty, and lawless proceedings, in which they were indulged with perfect impunity, by their employers, not only warrant them, but give them too tremendous a probability. As for my part, I have merely stated, as I have done through the whole of this work, in the fairest and fullest manner, the facts which have reached us, without any comment or opinion of my own.



## APPENDIX—PART I.

### CONTAINING THE FATE OF GENERAL TONE'S FAMILY AFTER HIS DEATH.

AT the time of this last expedition, a strict embargo reigned on the coasts of England, and no news could reach to France but through the distant and indirect channel of Hamburgh. It was not till the close of November, that the report of the action of the 11th of October, of the capture, trial, defence, and condemnation, of Tone, and of the wound which he was reported to have inflicted upon himself, reached all at once to Paris. It was also stated, at first, that this wound was slight, that the law courts had claimed him, that all proceedings were, therefore, stopped, and that there were strong hopes of his recovery. My mother, then in the most delicate and precarious state of health, a stranger in the land, (of which she scarcely spoke the language,) and without a friend or adviser, (for she had ever lived in the most retired privacy,) rallied, however, a courage and spirits, worthy of the name she bore. Surmounting all timidity, and weakness of body, as well as of mind, she threw herself instantly into a carriage, and drove to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, (Talleyrand Perigord.) She knew that he spoke English, and had been acquainted with my father both in America and in France. He received her with the most lively interest. Cases of this nature did not belong to his Department, but he promised all the support of his credit with the Government, and gave her an introduction to the Directory. She immediately called on La Reveillierre Lepaux, then President of the Directory, and met with a reception equally favorable and respectful. He gave the most solemn assurances that my father should be instantly claimed; and mentioned in the demand by the name of Tone, by that of Smith, and, individually, as a French officer, lest his assumed name should occasion any diplomatic delay; he added that the English officers, then in the French prisons, should be confined as hostages to answer for his safety; and that, if none were equal to him in rank,

the difference should be made up in numbers. It was unfortunate that Sir Sidney Smith had then escaped from the Temple. As soon as these papers were drawn. La Reveilliere Lepaux addressed her with them to the Minister of Marine, Bruix, who assured her that preliminary steps had already been taken, and that these despatches should be forwarded in the course of the same day. From thence, she called on Schimmelpennick, the Dutch Ambassador, who gave her similar assurances that my father should be claimed in the name of the Batavian Republic, in whose service he bore the same rank as in the French. She wrote, for the same purpose, to his friend Admiral Dewinter, and to General Kilmaine, Commander-in-chief of the army in which he served; they both gave the same promises in return. I here translate the letter of General Kilmaine, to the Directory.

“ HEAD-QUARTERS AT ROUEN,

“ *27th Brumaire, 7th year of the Republic.*

“ *Kilmaine, General-in-Chief of the Army of England, to the*

“ *President of the Executive Directory.*

“ CITIZEN PRESIDENT: From the assurances which the Executive Directory has given, that the Adjutant General Smith, taken on board the Hoche, shall be claimed in a peremptory manner, it would be superfluous in me to request your interference a second time. But, as Commander-in-chief of the Army, in which he served with such distinction, I consider myself as in duty bound to acquaint the Directory more particularly with the merits of that officer. His real name is Tone; that of Smith was assumed to conceal from the English Government his residence in France, and spare to his family in Ireland those persecutions which would infallibly have been inflicted upon them. Obligated, as he had been one of the most zealous and respectable apostles of the cause of liberty in his country, to seek a refuge from its tyrants in North America, he was called from thence, on the demand of the French Government, to co-operate with General Hoche in his first expedition to Ireland. He was then promoted to the rank of Adjutant General, and served the Republic in that capacity in the Army of England, where he was to me in the most advantageous light, and had acqu

" his talents and social qualities, the esteem and friendship of  
 " all the Generals with whom he served. He was employed in  
 " the expedition of General Hardy, merely as a French officer,  
 " and ought to be acknowledged in that character; he had adopt-  
 " ed France as his country: his right to be considered as a  
 " French prisoner of war is undoubted, and no one can regard  
 " him in any other light. I know not what treatment the Brit-  
 " ish Government may reserve for him, but if it were other than  
 " such as any French officer, in a similar station, has a claim  
 " to expect, I am clearly of opinion that the Directory should  
 " designate some British prisoner of superior rank to serve as  
 " a hostage, and undergo precisely the same treatment that Ad-  
 " jutant General Smith may suffer from the British Govern-  
 " ment. By this measure you may save to the Republic one of  
 " its most distinguished officers: to liberty, one of her most  
 " zealous and enlightened defenders, and a father to one of the  
 " most interesting families which I have ever known. Health  
 " and respect.

KILMAINE."

To the French Ministers, my mother expressed, at the same  
 time, her determination to join and nurse her husband in  
 his prison, taking my young sister along with her, and leav-  
 ing my brother and myself to the care of our aunt. For  
 she did not expect that even these efforts would obtain his  
 release, but, probably a commutation of his fate, to a con-  
 finement, which she wished to share. It may well be believ-  
 ed that these reclamations excited the most lively and universal  
 interest. All the credentials and all the means, which she could  
 wish, were furnished to her, and she was already on her way to  
 embark for Ireland, when the news of his death arrived, and  
 put a stop to all further proceedings. It would be needless to  
 dilate upon, and impossible to express, her feelings on the oc-  
 casion.

That Curran's anticipations were not ill founded, and that  
 the interference of the French and Batavian Governments would  
 have been effectual to delay my father's fate, and finally save  
 his life, I am convinced. A case similar, in many instances, hap-  
 pened nearly at the same time. Napper Tandy, a man as ob-  
 noxious to the Irish Government as any of the popular leaders,  
 had escaped to Norway, and from thence to Hamburg. He  
 was there arrested by the cowardly and treacherous con-

of the Senate of that city, along with three other Irishmen, MM. Wm. Corbett, Blackwell, and Morris; they were given up to the English Resident, and sent to Dublin for trial. But the reign of military tribunals was past, Tandy was tried by a Court of law, and defended by Curran; delays were thrown in the way of his condemnation, and, in the mean time, Napoleon, who was now returned from Egypt, claimed him as a French General; designated an English prisoner, of equal rank, as a hostage for his safety, and laid a severe fine on the City of Hamburgh, to chastise its breach of the laws of neutrality. Napoleon was not to be trifled with, and Tandy was soon exchanged, and spent the remainder of his old days at Bordeaux, with the rank and appointments of a General of Brigade. Corbett and Blackwell had previously escaped from Kilmainham gaol, under peculiar and romantic circumstances. Miss Edgeworth has availed herself of some of them in her popular novel of *Ormond*. The former, a gallant officer, I have known in the French Army, where he rose to the rank of Adjutant General and chief of the Staff of the 6th *Corps d'Armée*.

I will now close this painful narrative, with a short abstract of the fortunes and fates of my father's family after his death, and of those Irishmen who accompanied him in his last expedition. Of these, Mr. T. Corbett, brother of the preceding gentleman, happened to be on board one of the frigates which escaped. The two others passed undistinguished amongst the French prisoners, who, on these occasions, always concealed, to the best of their power, the Irishmen who were taken with them, and they were exchanged, in due season, with their companions. MM. T. Corbett and McGuire died in the French army. As to the other gentleman, to whom I before alluded to, he escaped by a singular and almost providential circumstance. A little before their departure from Paris, a party of United Irishmen, in order to look like Frenchmen, had agreed to have their ears bored, and wear ear-rings. This gentleman, though strong and powerfully built, fainted when the operation was performed on one ear, and, though his companions laughed at him, would not allow it to be performed on the other. When embarked in the tender, which conveyed the exchanged prisoners to France, one of the sailors, looking hard at him, exclaimed to a comrade, "By G—, this fellow is no Frenchman; he is an Irishman."

man in disguise. Look at his calves—look at his shoulders. Such was his confusion, that, to conceal the blush which overspread his countenance, and appear not to understand them, he bent down, as if to tie his stockings. But, with a sensation of inexpressible relief, he heard the other reply, “D—n his eyes, Jack : look at his ear-ring—he is certainly a Frenchman.”

Of my father's brothers and sister, Matthew, a Captain of Grenadiers, had perished before him, in Humbert's expedition.—Arthur, a beautiful and gallant boy, entered the Dutch Navy, as a midshipman, under the patronage of Admiral Dewinter, my father's friend. He was a universal favorite, though very wild, and distinguished himself in several actions by a rare intrepidity. Taken by the English, about the same time as his brother, he was recognized by an Irish officer, weeping over the account of his brother's death. This kind-hearted countryman favored his escape : and, at the age of eighteen, he was promoted to a lieutenancy. He sailed soon after for the East Indies, and, since that period has never been heard of.—William's fortunes were still more varied and singular. His early struggles and efforts in the East Indies have already been noticed. He finally rose to command in second a free corps, composed of Europeans, and adventurers of all nations, raised for the Mahratta service by Colonel (now General) Boyd, of Boston, a most enterprising American officer. On Boyd's departure, he succeeded to the command : and when he heard of his brother's death, wrote a most noble and affectionate letter to my mother, enclosing an order for £200, and engaging, for the future, to be a father and protector to the family. This letter shall be mentioned in its place. He was shortly after killed, in storming a small fort, in one of the Indian wars.—Mary followed her husband to St. Domingo, and died of the yellow fever, during the siege of *Cap Français*, attending a sick friend who had been deserted by her own family and servants. None of them, including my father, reached to thirty-six years of age.

As for Tonic's own family, his wife and children, the interest which had been excited in France by his trial, was all transferred to them after his fate. As some very idle stories have been circulated on this subject, and as our station, mode of life, and connections in France, have been much misrepresented in some late publications, I feel that I cannot conclude this narrative better.

than by a short abstract of the following events. I allude especially to an article in the 51st number of the London New Monthly Magazine for March, 1825. The author, I must say, appears to have felt an interest in our situation, and to have written in the kindest intentions. He endeavors to exhibit us to the public in colors as romantic and as pleasing as his imagination could suggest; but, in the first place, his memory has not been correct; and he has frequently drawn upon his fancy to supply its deficiencies. Though the general tenor of his account does not differ widely from the truth, most of his anecdotes are inaccurate in part, and some of them entirely unfounded. The general color of the whole is still more improperly heightened. He misrepresents our entire style of life, and exhibits my mother as a very lively and fascinating lady, shining in the first French circles of Paris. He should have remembered that there is a proud and unobtrusive grief which shrinks from investigation, from public observation, and even from sympathy. It is painful for me to enter into the following few and simple details, and I should never have wished to produce the plain story of our lives to the public, but I now feel it a justice, due to one parent as well as to the other, to the noble and widowed matron of a hero, who, in her desolate but dignified seclusion, had no other solace than to form the young minds and principles of her children, and direct their education, according to the dying wishes and last recommendations of her husband.

In the first moments after the death of my father, I have already mentioned that the interest excited by his fate, and by the state of his family, was universal. The Directory instantly passed a decree by which an immediate aid of 1,200 francs, from the funds of the Navy, and three months' pay from the War Department, were assigned to his widow, and she was requested to produce her titles to a regular pension. On this occasion she received the following letter from the Minister of the Marine, Bruix, addressed to the Citizen Thompson, Agent for the United Irishmen in Paris :

“ I give you notice, Citizen, that the Executive Directory  
“ has granted to the widow of Tonn an extraordinary aid of  
“ 1,200 francs, and decided that she will be comprised on the  
“ list of proposed pensions, if she unites the conditions required

“ in the widows of those who die in the defence of their coun-  
 “ try. I wish to communicate these dispositions to her, and  
 “ engage her to provide and produce her proofs that she is the  
 “ widow of that Theobald Wolfe Tone, of whom the French Go-  
 “ vernment desires to honor the memory.

**“ BRUIX.”**

At the same time, Bruix and Talleyrand (to the latter of whom, whatever character be assigned to him in history, we certainly owe gratitude for the lively and disinterested part which he always took in our fate, on the few but important occasions on which we addressed him) proposed, the first, to take charge of my brother, and the other of me. Kilmaine, who had no children, proposed to adopt us both. But, grateful as my mother felt for those offers, she declined them, determined never to part from her children, and to fulfil, to the last, the solemn engagement under which she considered herself bound, to superintend their education; she did not wish them to be bred as favorites and dependents in great families, and trusted rather to the gratitude of the nation to give them a public, simple, and manly education, as an homage to their father's services. These gentlemen entered into her views, and, on their demand, the Directory decreed that the sons of Theobald Wolfe Tone, adopted by the French Republic, should be educated, at the national expense, in the Prytaneum. On this occasion, Talleyrand wrote, in the following terms, to François de Neufchateau, Minister of the interior, to whose department the National Schools were attached:

“ DEAR COLLEAGUE: You are informed that the Executive  
 “ Directory have decreed that the two sons of the brave and  
 “ unfortunate Tone, who died, in Ireland, a victim in the cause  
 “ of liberty, should be educated in the Prytaneum. I satisfy a  
 “ duty, dear to my heart, in addressing to you the interesting  
 “ mother of those infants, who desires to present to you the  
 “ expressions of her gratitude, in order that you may transmit  
 “ them to the Directory. I have not hesitated in promising her  
 “ the most favorable reception from you, and I am convinced  
 “ that I did not venture too far in doing so. Health and fra-  
 “ ternity.  
 “ **TALLEYRAND.**”

The pensions which the Executive had, constitutionally, a power to grant, to the widows and families of officers killed on the field of battle, were limited, by law, according to the rank

of these officers, and to the length of time during which they had served. According to this law, the pension to which my mother was entitled, amounted only to 300 francs, or little more than £12 sterling a year. This she refused either to demand or accept. But, in special cases, the Legislature had reserved to itself the right of granting pensions to any amount. Ours was a very special case, but it was necessary to address the Council of Five Hundred on the subject. Official delays intervened; it was difficult to collect, at once, all the legal proofs required; the business was, therefore, dropt for the present; and, indeed, in the varying and ever shifting movements of that most unstable of Governments, no single object, however interesting at first, could fix the public attention for a period of any duration. In a few months, three of the Directors were expelled by their colleagues, and replaced by others; the affairs of Ireland, Tone and his family, and the fatal indiscretion of Humbert, who now returned from captivity, were all forgotten in the disasters of Italy and Germany, and the victories of Suwarrow and Prince Charles of Austria.

In the mean time, withdrawing from the interest which she had excited, my mother, as will be seen in her narrative at the close of this Appendix, retired almost in the precincts of the University, to be near her children, and superintend their education. This was the most quiet and distant quarter of Paris, and farthest from the bustle of the great and fashionable world. It is called the *Pays Latin*, and is peopled only by decent *bourgeois*, schools, colleges, and literary establishments. The neighborhood of the beautiful Park of the Luxembourg and Temple of the Pantheon, of the pleasant and sequestered walks of the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse, of the delightful Garden of Plants, and literary and scientific treasures of the National Museum and Libraries, gave an elegant and classical interest to the simplicity of that retreat. On the style in which we lived, I will only observe, that we saw *no company, English nor French*, and that my mother, attending exclusively to the rearing of her daughter, and to the superintendence of her two boys, who dwelt in the college beneath her eyes, was under the protection of that body as much as if she had been a member of it. Such was the esteem, confidence, and, I would almost say, veneration with which she inspired its Directors and Profes-



sors, that, contrary to the severe regulations of French discipline, they trusted us entirely to her care. Indeed, we were all so young and so helpless, that we were general favorites, and the whole of our little family seemed, in some measure, adopted by the establishment.

It was nearly a year from my father's fate; our permanent provision was yet unsettled, and our slender means could not last many months longer, when my mother, reading some old papers in her little solitude, fell on a beautiful speech, pronounced some months before, in the Council of Five Hundred, by Lucien Buonaparte. He proposed to simplify the forms of paying the pensions of the widows and children of military and naval officers; he represented, in the most noble and feeling terms, the hardships of high spirited females and mothers of families, whose claims were clear and undoubted, obliged, in the affliction and desolation of their hearts, to solicit and go through numberless delays in the public offices. He also proposed to augment those pensions, which were too small. The sons of warriors killed on the field of battle, ceased to receive them, when they reached their fourteenth year; he proposed to extend this period to the age when they might, in their turn, enter the service: "What," exclaimed he, Representatives of the People! You abandon  
 " the children of the brave before that age when our laws open  
 " to them the career of glory. What must they become? Parent-  
 " less, deserted by that Republic which was pledged to protect  
 " their youth; repelled from those armies where the law does  
 " not yet allow them to enlist, must they seek for some servile  
 " condition, or implore the passing pity of strangers? Shall the  
 " children of your warriors be clothed in the livery of mendicants  
 " or mendicants? And will not the Royalists, your implacable  
 " foes, exclaim, with bitter smiles, Go now and shed your blood  
 " for that Republic so bounteous in its promises. Your chil-  
 " dren, supported a few years, will finally beg alms from us.  
 " No, Representatives; you cannot forsake those orphans in  
 " their fourteenth year. It is at that age that misery brings in  
 " all the vices in its train, that the character and passions are  
 " formed, and your paternal care should guide those adopted  
 " children of the Republic, till they may follow the generous im-  
 " pulse of their hearts, and render themselves worthy of their  
 " fathers' names. The Republic should lead them by the hand

“from the cradle to the field of battle, and from thence to the  
“tomb. The whole life of those generous children, should  
“be one series of services to that country which adopted and  
“brought them up like a mother. Then the dying warrior will  
“close his eyes without anxiety for the fate of his sons, and in  
“the hope that, adopted by his country, they will surpass him,  
“perhaps, one day, and revive his name, with greater glory,  
“in the echoes of future generations. Oh, love of glory, sub-  
“lime sentiment, emanation of the divinity! thou wilt console  
“the warrior expiring on the field of honor: fearless for his fa-  
“mily, anxious only for his country; his only demand, in his  
“last moment, will then be: Is victory still faithful to the flag  
“of the Republic?”

Several months had been necessary to collect the proofs, certificates, and documents, required by law, for making an application to the Legislature, or, indeed, before my mother was able to attend to it. Nor did she know one member of the Council of Five Hundred, to present them to, when they were ready. In reading this speech of Lucien, she felt that he was the person she ought to address. My father had been known to his brother, when he commanded the Army of England, and he was one of the Representatives. She immediately wrote a note to him, to know when she might have the honor of waiting upon him on particular business? He answered, that his public duties left only the hours of ten in the morning, or seven in the evening, unemployed, but that, at either of these, he would be happy to receive her. In consequence, next morning, taking with her her children, her papers, and the report of his speech, she called upon him, and presented to him that speech as her letter of introduction. He was highly touched and flattered. She gave him all her papers, and showed him her children. He was much moved, and said he knew the story well, and had been deeply affected by it, which sentiment he only shared in common with every one who had heard of it; that it was the duty of the French Legislature to provide for the family of Tone, honorably, and thanked her for the distinction conferred upon him, by choosing him to report on the case. My mother mentioned the difficulties she lay under, an unconnected stranger, scarcely understanding the language. He stopped her, by requesting her to take no more trouble; that he would charge

himself with it entirely, and get the permission of the Executive, which would be necessary. and if he wanted any further particulars from her, would write to her for them. Nothing could be more delicate or generous than his whole manner.

Next morning, Mme. Lucien Buonaparte, his first wife, called upon my mother, and introduced herself. She was an amiable woman, of irreproachable character, but very weak health, and, even then, dying of consumption. An acquaintance commenced between them, which terminated only at her death, a few months afterwards.

The report of Lucien Buonaparte was still delayed for some time. He had some papers to collect to prove my father's services. Carnot was in banishment : Hoche was dead : poor Kilmaine, who, ever since my father's death, had expressed a warm interest in our fate, was dying. In the ravings of fever, he would insist on putting horses to his carriage, and driving with us to the Directory and Council of Five Hundred, to reproach them with their delays in providing for the widow and children of Tone. Hardy was gone to the West Indies, and General Simon, my father's old companion in both expeditions, and who had been Chief of the Staff in the last, gave all the necessary attestations. The permission of the Directory was obtained : but Lucien, in order to produce a greater effect, still delayed till the period of his own Presidency, which was to take place in the month of Brumaire, (that Presidency famous for a revolution which soon altered the face of France and of all Europe.) Perhaps he also waited for the arrival of his brother : for there can be very little doubt that he was one of those leaders of the Republic, who, with different hopes and views, seeing the desperate situation into which it was falling, secretly invited Napoleon from the shores of Egypt, to return and save it.

At length, the news suddenly arrived, and ran through France like an electric shock, that the conqueror of Italy and Egypt had landed on its coast. He arrived at Paris towards the close of Vendemiaire. The effect was immediate. All eyes were turned upon him, and new hopes and rising spirits threw the whole country into a kind of fermentation of expectancy. Matters could not remain as they were. What should he do? What part would he take? It would be going out of our subject to enter into the various intrigues which arose, and of

which, indeed, secluded as we lived, we knew nothing at the time. On the 9th of Brumaire, only nine days before the Revolution which put an end to the Directory and placed his brother at the head of affairs, Lucien, then President of the Council of Five Hundred, pronounced, at length, the following beautiful speech, which may be called the funeral oration of my father. Indeed, my mother had told him that her chief wish was to see the character and services of 'Tone commemorated by him as they deserved, and that her own claims were but a secondary object in comparison.

*Motion submitted by the President, Lucien Buonaparte, for the relief of the Widow and Children of Theobald Wolfe Tone.*

“ *Representatives of the People!* I rise to call your attention  
 “ towards the widow and children of a man, whose memory is  
 “ dear and venerable to Ireland and to France; the Adjutant  
 “ General Theobald Wolfe Tone, founder of the United Irish  
 “ Society, who, betrayed and taken in the expedition to Ire-  
 “ land, perished in Dublin, assassinated by the illegal sentence  
 “ of a court martial.

“ Wolfe Tone only breathed for the liberty of his country.  
 “ After attempting every means to break the chains of British  
 “ oppression at home, he was invited by our Government to  
 “ France, where, from the beginning of the fifth year of the  
 “ Republic, he bore arms under our colors. His talents and his  
 “ courage, announced him as the future Washington of Ireland;  
 “ his arm, whilst assisting in our battles, was preparing to fight  
 “ for his own country. He served under the Pacificator of La  
 “ Vendee, (Hoche,) that hero whom a fatal and unexpected  
 “ stroke has plunged in a premature tomb. The certificates  
 “ which I now submit to you, contain the analysis of his cam-  
 “ paigns and of his misfortunes.” (Here the orator read the  
 “ certificate of General Simon.)

“ It is precisely one year since, on the same day and on the  
 “ same month, a court martial was assembled in Dublin, to  
 “ try a general officer in the service of our Republic. Let  
 “ us examine the papers of that day.” (Here the orator read the  
 whole account of the trial and defence of General Tone, com-  
 prised in this work. He then resumed)—

“ You have heard the last words of this illustrious martyr of  
“ liberty. What could I add to them ? You see him, under your  
“ own uniform. in the midst of this assassinating tribunal, in  
“ the midst of this awe-struck and affected assembly. You hear  
“ him exclaim, ‘ After such sacrifices for the cause of liberty,  
“ it is no great effort, at this day, to add the sacrifice of my life.  
“ I have courted poverty ; I have left a beloved wife, unpro-  
“ tected. and children, whom I adored, fatherless.’ Pardon  
“ him, if he forgot, in these last moments, that you were to be  
“ the fathers and the protectors of his Matilda and of his  
“ children.

“ Sentenced, amidst the tears and groans of his country,  
“ Wolfe Tone would not leave to her tyrants the satisfaction  
“ of seeing him expire, by a death which the prejudices of the  
“ world call ignominious. He died by his own hand, in his  
“ dungeon. The day will yet, will doubtless come, when,  
“ in that same city of Dublin, and on the spot where the satel-  
“ lites of Britain were rearing that scaffold, where they ex-  
“ pected to wreak their vengeance on Theobald, the independent  
“ people of Ireland will erect a trophy to his memory, and cele-  
“ brate, yearly, on the anniversary of his trial, the festival of  
“ their union. around his funeral monument. For the first time,  
“ this anniversary is now celebrated within these walls. Shade  
“ of a hero. I offer to thee. in our names, the homage of our  
“ deep. of our universal emotion !

“ A few words more—on the widow of Theobald ; on his  
“ children. Calamity would have overwhelmed a weaker soul.  
“ The death of her husband was not the only one she had to de-  
“ plore. His brother was condemned to the same fate ; and,  
“ with less good fortune, or less firmness, perished on the scaf-  
“ fold.

“ If the services of Tone were not sufficient, of themselves,  
“ to rouse your feelings, I might mention the independent spirit  
“ and firmness of that noble woman, who, on the tomb of her  
“ husband and of her brother, mingles, with her sighs, aspira-  
“ tions for the deliverance of Ireland. I would attempt to give  
“ you an idea of that Irish spirit which is blended in her coun-  
“ tenance, with the expression of her grief. Such were those  
“ women of Sparta, who, on the return of their countrymen  
“ from battle, when, with anxious looks, they ran over the ranks  
“ and missed amongst them their sons, their husbands, and

“ their brothers, exclaimed, He died for his country ; he died  
“ for the Republic.

“ The widow, the children of Tone, are before you. The  
“ law of the 14th Fructidor only allows them a pension of  
“ 300 francs. But in that very law, the case of eminent ser-  
“ vices, rendered to the cause of liberty, is foreseen. The  
“ families of heroes are then to be relieved, by a special decree  
“ of this house. I claim this special decree. I submit to you  
“ the demand made to the Executive Directory, and the attesta-  
“ tions of the United Irishmen.”

The orator then demanded the formation of a special commit-  
tee, to which his motion, and the accompanying documents,  
should be referred, in order to report upon them. He expatiated  
on the manner in which the British Government had repeatedly  
violated the rules of war and of national law, and instanced the  
cases of Napper Tandy, arrested at Hamburgh, and Dolomieu,  
imprisoned by the Queen of Naples. “ Till when,” exclaimed he,  
“ will the generous people of Britain, allow a horrible ministry  
“ to disgrace them by such violations ? Till when will they suf-  
“ fer in silence, acts, which will cover them with eternal shame,  
“ when recorded on the pages of history ? People of England,  
“ if by the force of public opinion, you do not arrest the arm,  
“ raised on the revered heads of Tandy and Dolomieu ; if you  
“ allow the minister of death, to consummate his crime, you  
“ will be forever dishonored and degraded, and become a peo-  
“ ple of slaves.”\*

He closed his speech with this beautiful peroration: “ Allow  
“ me, Representatives, to regret that we have not yet esta-  
“ blished an institution, the want of which you all must feel at  
“ this moment. I should have wished that the widow and sons  
“ of Theobald Wolfe Tone might be solemnly adopted by the  
“ nation ; that this interesting family, seated in the midst of  
“ this assembly, might receive from you, in the name of the  
“ French Republic, this pledge of its maternal regard, more  
“ precious to a magnanimous soul, than any pecuniary aid.  
“ This would have been a proper recompense for the widow  
“ of a hero ; and his young children, struck with a scene so im-  
“ pressive, would, in future days, have repeated, on the shores  
“ of liberated Ireland, in what manner you honored the memo-

\* The power of Napoleon, much greater than the power of shame.—  
shortly afterwards.

“ry of their father. And even now, that unfortunate country,  
“torn as she is by the scourge of her tyrants, would turn to  
“this hall a look of gratitude, and the feeling of her tortures  
“would be suspended for a while.”

At the close of this eloquent effusion, a committee was immediately appointed, consisting of Joseph Buonaparte, Jean de Bry. (lately escaped from the Congress of Rastadt, where his comrades were assassinated.) and several other members of the two legislative councils, to report on the subject of a pension and permanent provision, for the widow and family of General Tona.

The Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, followed a few days afterwards. As an instance of the complete seclusion and privacy in which we lived, I will only mention, that, on that very morning, my mother, entirely ignorant of the great events which were going on, called on Madame Lucien Buonaparte, who was confined, and in a very weak and declining state of health. She expressed her surprise at having seen the garden of the Tuilleries surrounded by soldiers, who let no one pass, so that she was obliged to walk round it. “Good God,” exclaimed Madame Lucien, who appeared extremely agitated, “are you ignorant of what is going on?” She explained herself, however, no further. Our friend, General Kilmaine, who, unable to move from his bed, lent his horses and suite on that day to his old friend and commander, Buonaparte, gave us no more information, and we were only informed of the change which had taken place, by the newspapers and public rejoicings.

I cannot resist the temptation of inserting here, a characteristic little incident of that day, which I learned, many years afterwards, from Captain Simon, a very honest and brave, but dull and ignorant old officer, who exercised the functions of Capt. Instructor in the Military Academy of St. Germain's, as a recompense for twenty years of hard service, and whose ideas never extended beyond the manuel of infantry. He knew it by heart, and it comprised, in his opinion, the summary of all useful learning. He was one of the grenadiers, who, on that day, rushed into the hall of St. Cloud, delivered the two Buonapartes from the daggers of the infuriated Representatives, and drove them out. The scene, according to his account, was ludicrous in the extreme. The delirium of the members was quelled in an instant, and, seized with a panic terror, throwing off their gowns, caps, and sashes, they leapt by crowds, and over one another, out of the

windows, into the garden; for the hall (the Orangerie) was on a ground floor. The grenadiers stood very passive and laughing at them. One Representative rushed up to Simon, and, tearing open his gown, offered his naked breast to him, and cried, “Strike, satellite!”—Puzzled at what seemed to him incomprehensible folly, the good natured soldier replied, “*Tiens! “ Pourquoi veux tu que je te tue, mon ami? Crois moi—Fais “ comme les autres—Saute par la fenêtre.”*—(How now! Why my good friend, why would you have me kill you? Believe me—Do as others do—Jump out of the window.) No enthusiasm could hold against this, and the enraged deputy followed his advice.

This Revolution, which, in the first moments, seemed to promise so favorably to our prospects, proved otherwise. Napoleon and Lucien, shortly cooled, quarrelled, and, at length, parted in angry disunion. Lucien was a stern patriot; he sincerely thought that his brother came to restore the Republic, and when he saw the turn which the new government began to take, would never be reconciled to him, till after his fall and retreat to Elba. He nobly supported him, however, in his last enterprise, as well as Carnot, because those two inflexible republicans then deemed that the cause of France and Napoleon was one. Kilmaine died a few days after the Revolution; he was our staunch friend, and one of the most confidential officers of Buonaparte; had he survived, he would probably have been raised to the highest posts and credit in his government, instead of Clarke.—Clarke, I must say, showed himself on this occasion, cold and ungrateful. He and my father were long pledged to support each other’s families, in case either of them fell. At the period of Carnot’s expulsion from the Directory, he had been for some time under great suspicion and disgrace, and apprehensive of being arrested every day. My father showed him every mark of kindness, though Clarke begged him, with tears in his eyes, to discontinue visits, which might commit himself, and could be of no use to him. “I shall never desert a friend, because he is in misfortune,” was his reply. When Napoleon returned, and that Clarke, (destined to still higher honors, and to become Minister of War, Peer of France, Duke of Feltre, and Count of Hunebourg,) was made his private Secretary; when a single word of his might have settled the affair of my mother’s pension, and that she sent her papers to him, in a letter, and called three times upon (without being received,) by the desire of his uncle St



father's old and faithful friend, he gave no answer, and took not the slightest notice of them.

Shortly after, Madame Lucien Buonaparte died; our connection with that family was then broken up of course, and Lucien himself, soon after left France, and never returned to it, till 1815. He was an enthusiastic, and even a stern republican in public life. It is said that, in private, he was a lover of pleasure. We can only state, that in our short intercourse with him and with his family, nothing could exceed the pure and honorable delicacy and kindness of his whole conduct, manner, and language. During our acquaintance, we learnt from him several interesting particulars of the poverty and distress of the Buonaparte family on their first arrival in France, when they escaped almost naked from the insurrection of the party of Paoli, and the English, in Corsica. They were fifteen in family, and when they applied for some immediate aid to the municipality of Toulon, were allowed one ration of ammunition bread a piece. Napoleon, then unemployed, and on half pay, (which was very ill paid in depreciated paper money,) shared his slender resources with them. But they all rose by their talents; Louis entered the army, Joseph was an excellent lawyer, and Lucien an elegant scholar and great orator.

I subjoin the following little card of invitation to my mother, as a specimen of his kind and amiable manners, premising that, as to his Italian ears, the Saxon name of Wolfe Tone seemed almost unpronounceable, he always used to call my father and mother by their Christian names, Theobald and Matilda:

PARIS, 11th Brumaire.

“ Lucien Buonaparte presents his compliments to the *Citoyenne* Matilda Wolfe Tone. He was very sorry to be absent  
 “ when she called. He is commissioned by the *Citoyenne* Buonaparte, to beg her to come and dine with us, after to-mor-  
 “ row, 13th Brumaire; she will meet the members of the com-  
 “ mission appointed to report upon her pension, and we hope  
 “ she will be so good as to bring her three children along with  
 “ her. I pray the *Citoyenne* Matilda, not to withdraw herself  
 “ (*de ne pas se soustraire*) from the interest she has inspired to  
 “ my colleagues and to my family.

“ Health and consideration.

“ LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.”

I remember this dinner yet. Lucien, Joseph Buonaparte, and their ladies and sisters, General Bernadotte, and many others, were present. I was then eight years old, and sat on the knees of the beautiful Madame Leclerc, (since, the Princess Borghèse.) My little brother, then six years old, recognized the features of General Bernadotte, from a fierce picture of his which hung in our room, and ran up to him, crying, "There is Bernadotte—Bernadotte, will you go and drive the English from Ireland and kill Pitt?" I need scarcely add, that we were almost stifled with caresses, kisses, and cakes, by the whole company.

In this dissolution of one Government, and creation of another, the committee, appointed to report on our pension, was broken up of course. Lucien, who was for a short time Minister of the Interior, advised my mother to present his former report to the Consuls, which she did, with a letter exposing her whole situation. She received no answer. Indeed, for several years, and as long as the Consular Government lasted, it paid no attention whatsoever to these just and sacred claims. I am afraid that the recommendation of Lucien and of the former Directory, the case of a friend of Hoche, and of a victim to republican principles, were not altogether agreeable to Napoleon. Lucien then gave to my mother, on the funds of his own Ministry, an order for 1500 francs, by the following letter:

"PARIS, 22d Ventose, 8th year of the French }  
" Republic, one and indivisible."

"The Minister of the Interior to the Widow of Wolfe Tone,  
Rue Jacques.

"CITOYENNE: I give you notice, that, penetrated by the hardship of your situation, I have ordered that, without loss of time, you should receive the sum of 600 francs, and each of your three children, 300, on the first funds available in my Ministry.

"Health and fraternity.

"LUCIEN BONAPARTE."

Shortly afterwards, my mother received the following beautiful and consoling letter, from my uncle William, accompanied by a draught for £238 sterling, or about 5,600 francs:

“ CAMP, ON THE GOUR RIVER,

“ 2d January, 1800.

“ MY DEAR MATTY: Your several letters, of the following  
“ dates, have all come to my hand: the first, dated Paris, 1st May,  
“ being a miscellaneous epistle from the whole family, I re-  
“ ceived in September, 1793; your other two letters, of the  
“ dates of 16th December, 1798. and 20th January, 1799. I re-  
“ ceived in October last. Some circumstances prevented me  
“ from replying to them sooner: however, I hope I have an-  
“ swered them in essentials, having transmitted by the last  
“ month's packet, a bill on the house of David Scott, Jr. and  
“ Co., London, for the sum of £233 sterling, which I hope  
“ you will have received before this reaches you. Mr. Scott  
“ was directed to send a bill for the amount, according to your  
“ directions, to Mr. Meyer, Hamburgh. And I trust that this  
“ sum will relieve your present embarrassments, until I can  
“ send a further supply. The dreadful information, respect-  
“ ing my dearest Theobald, had reached this country, long be-  
“ fore your letter. It is impossible and unnecessary to describe  
“ what I suffer for this irreparable calamity. However, I feel  
“ that unavailing grief or unmanly lamentation, is not the part  
“ which is now left for me to act. Whether I loved my brother,  
“ and esteemed him as I ought, must now be proved by my ac-  
“ tions, and not by my professions. This most unfortunate of  
“ all circumstances, has, in its event, imposed new and weighty  
“ duties upon me, which I prepare to discharge with the fullest  
“ sense of their importance, and I hope the manner in which I  
“ shall act in this new and delicate situation, will convince you,  
“ and the world, that my love and gratitude to the best of brothers  
“ and friends, has borne some proportion to his unparalleled good-  
“ ness to me on every occasion. Many words are not necessary:  
“ in short, I live but for you and the children; and I hope  
“ Almighty God will grant me life and means to fulfil the du-  
“ ties of a father to them, and a friend to you. And, rely on it,  
“ whilst I exist, my purse, person, and credit, shall be strained  
“ for your convenience.

“ The important duties of the children's education, must be  
“ left entirely to you, and I have the consolation to feel that  
“ they can be no where under so proper an instructor. My  
“ part, in this business, will be to furnish the money, and this

“ shall not be wanting. William is now old enough to be put to  
 “ a classical school, and, if it has not been done already, for  
 “ God’s sake, defer it no longer. But I need say no more. Your  
 “ own sense and observation will point out every thing. Let  
 “ us mutually labor to make them accomplished, if we can’t  
 “ make them rich: your present situation affords you an op-  
 “ portunity of having them taught both French and German,  
 “ and the knowledge of these languages may be of the first im-  
 “ portance to them in life. But, on this score, my mind is quite  
 “ easy, as I am satisfied that nothing will be neglected on your  
 “ part. I am happy to hear that Will. is likely to resemble his  
 “ father. He can never follow a more noble example, and I  
 “ pray to God that he may resemble him in every thing, but  
 “ his misfortunes.

“ This letter goes by an over-land despatch, and I am re-  
 “ stricted as to its weight. It is necessary, therefore, to be as  
 “ brief as possible. My father writes me word that Arthur  
 “ wishes to come out to me, and that he had advised him to en-  
 “ ter at the India House, for Bombay.\* But, if Arthur has  
 “ not already taken this mad step, by all means prevent it.  
 “ When I am able to send for him, I will; but, if he comes out  
 “ in the Company’s service, I can do him no good; and the  
 “ best years of his life will be spent in blackguard idleness. On  
 “ this head I will write further by the shipping. In your an-  
 “ swer, explain your situation to me, without reserve. Let me  
 “ know what you can live for, genteelly, and educate the boys,  
 “ and I will make my arrangements accordingly. In one word,  
 “ inform me of every thing in which I can be interested. Let  
 “ me know of Fanny,† of whom I have never heard a word;  
 “ what Arthur is doing; Mary’s situation and prospects, and  
 “ every thing else that occurs.

“ I answered all your letters of Paris, both by ways of Lon-  
 “ don and America.‡ I know not if you ever received my

\* This was probably at the time when Arthur was sent home, from America to Ireland, with my father’s messages, as appears in his life. His father was naturally anxious to send him to the East Indies, out of the reach of Government.

† A younger sister of his, two years older than my sister. She died, likewise, of the consumption, before we left Ireland.

‡ These letters we never received. One of them with a packet, containing, probably, the history, notes, &c. of my gallant uncle, in India, was delivered by General Boyd to Doctor Reynolds, in Philadelphia. We could never get any account of it.

“ letters. I there gave a long account of myself. At present, I  
 “ can only say that I have been a little unfortunate of late. In  
 “ June was twelvemonth, I was attacked by a very superior  
 “ force, and obliged to abandon my position, with all my bag-  
 “ gage, in which I lost all I had, being with difficulty able to  
 “ bring off my corps, with their guns and colors. Ill health af-  
 “ terwards obliged me to go to the settlements, and I resigned  
 “ my command, and continued a year out of all service, which  
 “ drained me of every rupee. I am now raising a regiment in  
 “ the Mahratta service, which I shall soon complete. My  
 “ pay is liberal, but my expenses necessarily great. I shall  
 “ write more fully by the next packet. Mention me to the chil-  
 “ dren, comfort them, and keep up your own spirits, on their  
 “ account. Tell my beloved Maria that I have not forgotten  
 “ her. In the course of this year, I shall send you fifty guineas,  
 “ to be laid out by her, under your directions, in finery. We  
 “ must not suffer her mind to be affected, and I know, from expe-  
 “ rience, that nothing depresses the spirits of a young person  
 “ so much as a want of little elegancies in dress. My love to  
 “ Mary, and family, and to her husband, to whom I hope to be  
 “ better known, and believe me, ever,

“ Your truly affectionate brother, and friend,

“ WILLIAM HENRY TONE.”

This prospect of reuniting the broken fragments of our unfor-  
 tunate little family, under the paternal protection of my gallant  
 uncle, was never accomplished. The next news we received, was  
 that of his death, of which we could never learn any precise par-  
 ticulars of time or place. The report we heard, was, that he  
 received a shot in the temple, whilst leading and encouraging his  
 soldiers to mount the breach and storm a small fort, in one of  
 the Indian wars. He had written a work on the Government,  
 &c., of the English possessions in the East India, which was  
 highly spoken of, and of which we heard, but could never ob-  
 tain a copy of it.

Our privacy and solitude after that period were, if possible,  
 more complete than ever. The College walls and the immediate  
 neighborhood were all the world to our little family. Colonel  
 Shee, my father's old friend, then Counsellor of State, and  
 uncle to Clarke, urged my mother, again and again, to apply to  
 the Consuls for her pension. To apply on such a subject, and to

apply in vain, pained her pride and delicacy very much. Nevertheless, several ineffectual attempts were made by my father's friends. In the second year of the Consulship, Mr. Shee wrote to her in these words :

“ *Dear Madam*: Your letter, dated 7th September, I received  
 “ but this morning; enclosed is one to the Minister of the Interior,  
 “ which you will do well to present first to the three Generals,  
 “ Grouchy, Hédouville, and Lacuée, who, I make no doubt, will  
 “ readily subscribe their names to the contents. I shall be very  
 “ happy to hear of your success ; but, if it should fail, as has  
 “ already so often been the case, I am of opinion that you must  
 “ not give up your hopes and just claims on the Government,  
 “ whom it is never degrading, to any individual, to solicit for  
 “ justice.

“ I remain, most sincerely, and respectfully,

“ *Dear Madam*,

“ Your devoted, humble servant,

“ HENRY SHEE.”

Those three Generals all applied, personally, to Napoleon, but with no better success than formerly. The subject was always turned off without any definitive answer.

The five years which elapsed, from the First Consulship of Buonaparte to the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, were all spent in the same uniform retirement. It was chiefly, during that period, that we owed to the invaluable friendship of Mr. Wilson, of Dullatur, a Scotch gentleman, the same whom my father mentioned in his last letter, and who, eighteen years afterwards, under the most noble and peculiar circumstances, united his fate to ours—those services which no time can obliterate from our memories. He was, to my mother, a brother, an adviser, and a friend ; he managed her slender funds, and when sickness and death hovered over our little family, when my sister and brother were successively carried off by slow and lingering consumptions, and I was attacked by the same malady, he was our sole support. On his departure from France, our correspondence continued, and he left to his bankers, in that country, the enlightened and liberal M<sup>rs</sup>. Delcassart, of Paris, unlimited orders to supply us whenever we should require it.

From this plain and matter of fact narrative. It is evident, that, far from being brought up by Napoleon, even if

stated in some late publications, for the purpose of "*shining one day in some of his gorgeous legations*;" he paid for years, no kind of notice to our just and undeniable claims on the French Government, and that we struggled alone and unassisted, our painful way to independence. He did, at length, render us a noble but tardy justice. The first symptom of this change, was when, after the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, my mother, without any solicitation, or expectation on her side, suddenly received from the Emperor, the grant of a pension of 1,200 livres to herself, and 400 to each of her three children, to their twentieth year. My sister had already sunk in the grave, and my brother followed her in the year 1806; so that this pension was reduced to 1,600 francs a-year.

I have some reason to believe, that this tardy act of justice was partly owing to the arrival of the Irish state prisoners, who had languished so long in Fort George, and who came over during the peace of Amiens. Our ancient and dear friends, Russell, Emmett, and NacNeven, were of the number. But Tom Russell, my father's bosom companion, and the young and heroic Robert Emmett, perished soon after, in their gallant but desperate attempt to surprise the Castle of Dublin. When the war broke out, those leaders of the United Irish party were treated by the French Government, (*then* violently animated against the English) with particular favor and attention. The Irish Legion was organized, to place and employ the refugees. Mr. Emmett observed at that time; "How could they trust to that Government, when they saw the widow of Tone unprovided for?" The pension was almost instantly granted.

In the course of the same year, we received from Ireland £787 sterling, or upwards of 18,000 francs, the amount of a subscription raised by some of my father's friends, for the widow and family of Tone. This sum was lent out at interest till I was of age, so that we could not command it for entering the military school, as will be seen in my mother's narrative. We were informed at the same time, and by the most respectable authorities, of some circumstances, connected with its collection, which pained our feelings exceedingly. It was said, that many of those wealthy friends of my father's, who had shared in all his views, and owed much of their political influence to his efforts, refused to contribute. The gentleman, at

often mentioned in his memoirs by the name of Gog, was specified by name. It was also said, that the Earl of Moira, when spoken to, answered, "*That not one shilling of his money should ever be applied, to alleviate the merited sufferings of rebels.*" If this be true, as I have too much reason to fear it is, I cannot envy his Lordship's feelings. His own conscience must best inform him, how *deeply* and with what *hopes*, he ever connected himself with those rebels.\*

The remaining events of our simple story, no longer belong to my father's history. They will best be understood, from the narrative of my mother, written in answer to those articles which have lately appeared in several publications, concerning us, and annexed to this work, along with a brief abstract of my campaigns and services in the French army. The circumstances under which I entered the Military Academy and that army, those of her interview with Napoleon, which has been much talked of and misrepresented, will be found in that narrative, accurately and exactly detailed. I will only observe, that, if she had taken this determination sooner, and addressed him at once personally, I am sure his justice would not have been so tardy. Our case was always, before, connected in his mind with early and disagreeable recollections; it was presented to him in the name of persons obnoxious to his feelings, Hoche, Grouchy, the Republic, and Directory; and he confounded it with other Revolutionary claims, and did not reflect, that it was one on national justice and gratitude. Almost immediately on seeing my mother, he doubled her pension, (without her having made any request on that subject,) and restored it to the original sum of 2,400 francs, fixed on her for life; ordered her expenses in placing me in the Military School to be repaid, and appointed me a scholar of the Government. And my prospects in the French army, under his auspices, were as brilliant and promising, as those of any young man of my age. These generous benefits, I repaid with the devotion of all my faculties, and of my life to his service.

Napoleon was often hasty and prejudiced in his judgments. But when truth was presented to him, his perception of it had the quickness of lightning, and his feelings were always great and magnanimous.

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\* He was Godfather to my brother, Francis Rawdon Tone, and sent his cousin, the Reverend Mr. Berwick, to christen him, "in the year 1793."





## **APPENDIX—PART II.**

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### **NARRATIVE**

**OF**

***MY MOTHER'S INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON.***

**WRITTEN BY HERSELF.**

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HAVING seen in several publications, mention made of my application to the Emperor Napoleon, and of the goodness with which his Majesty condescended to listen to me, and having heard many stories on the subject, some tolerably accurate, others extravagantly preposterous, but none correct; I here consign a precise statement of that application, and of the motives which led me to make it, without which it cannot be rightly understood. Certainly, I never should have dreamed of obtruding myself on public notice; but, as the circumstance appears to have excited curiosity, I hold that whatever is worth knowing at all, is worth knowing correctly.

The work to which this is annexed, will show under what circumstances I remained in France at my husband's death, with my children, viz: a little girl, twelve years old, and two little boys, one of them seven and the other five years of age. My sons were adopted by the Government, and named to the national schools in their father's right; in carrying them to the school to which they were nominated, (the Prytaneum, afterwards the Imperial Lyceum of Paris, and before, and at present, called the College of Louis the Great,) they were found, as I had hoped and expected, quite too young to enter; and I inquired of the worthy Director, Monsieur Champagne, if he could recommend me to some respectable house in the neighborhood, where I could establish myself, and my boys might

attend an elementary French class every day, until they were of age to enter. He recommended to me, with great kindness, the stationer of the College just by, as a most respectable family of *bons bourgeois*. I took apartments there, and remained many years in entire seclusion, occupied solely in cultivating the minds of my children. My fate was hard: my children, who had been healthy and thriving through childhood, were successively attacked with consumption in adolescence. I laid my daughter, my first born, in the grave at sixteen years of age, beautiful, accomplished, enlightened, and eminently endowed with the feelings and the virtues, which the eventful circumstances of her little life, were so calculated to develop. Let this much be allowed her mother, to whom she was youngest sister and friend.

Some years after, I laid my youngest son by her, a lovely promising boy, near fourteen years of age, and I already saw, that my eldest son and only surviving child, showed symptoms of the same dreadful malady. The physician owned he saw it too, and feared it would have the same result. I proposed, as he was farther on in life than the others, and the complaint but beginning, to try a sea voyage. He said it would give a chance. With this slender encouragement, I embarked with him for Boston, travelled a little in the United States, returned to Bordeaux, spent the winter in the South of France, and, at the end of a year, brought him home quite well. This voyage was as salutary to me as to him; the movement and change of scene, broke the continuity of grief, and with my son's mended health, my own began to revive; I began to get life in my heart, and flesh upon my bones. But the sedentary college life did not agree with him, and brought back the cough and bad symptoms. I obtained, what is not allowed to the Government scholars, that he should reside with me, and follow the classes like a day scholar; this enabled me to attend to his diet, his sleeping, and to hire a horse for him to ride round the Boulevards of Paris, on recreation days—exercise on horseback being particularly beneficial to him. It was, however, a point of honor with the Director, who granted this permission on his own responsibility, that he should not go into public, and never be seen in the streets with his college uniform. On a summer's evening we used to carry our books to the fields, about the *Boulevards* of

*Mont Parnasse.* It was also Monsieur Champagne's evening walk, when the business of his day was over, and he used to call it *Ton's Cabinet d'étude*, and regularly saluted us as he passed, with "*Bon soir et Dieu benisse la mere et le fils.*" (Good night, and God bless the mother and the son.) One evening we met Napoleon walking there, incognito, as well as ourselves, in his little white great coat, which he wore in all his battles; without guards or servants; we only recognized him, when the Imperial carriage drove up for him, and a chamberlain, "*all scarlet and gold,*" stepped out to help him in.

In this manner my son completed his studies, and, like his father, obtained every premium the college could bestow. In his spare moments, he had composed a prize essay, on a subject proposed by the National Institute, which obtained an honorable mention, and had some voices for the prize, but failed, because the author had not named his authorities in the margin. The Proviseur (Rector or Governor) of the Imperial Lyceum, as the college was now called, himself a member of the Institute, when he found that the essay was by one of his own scholars, was very angry that he had not communicated it to him. If he had been aware of it, he would have pointed out the forms and made a party to support it. My son observed, that the rules of the Institute declared, that no essay could be received of which the author was known. Monsieur Champagne asked, *if he was so new* as to believe, that, by simply throwing it into the penny post, it could have succeeded; he said, the success it had was wonderful, and, comparatively, greater than that of the essay which won the prize, as there was no one to recommend or draw attention to it; that it had been twice read, was much talked of, and no one could conjecture who it was done by. He and the Professors were very proud of it, and very fond of my son, and wanted much, that, when his studies were finished, he should attach himself to the Lyceum, enter the Normal School, and study for a Professorship. "Why should he quit us," they would say, "has not the Lyceum been his cradle?" I would have been glad of it, if he could have liked it, but the idea was most irksome to him. "Mother, should the Lyceum be my *"world?"* I felt, when he asked the question, that if it were so, it would soon be his tomb. He longed to enter the army, and I remembered the youth of his father, and his last words, "*Re-*

## APPENDIX—PART II.

you are now the only parent of our children." I was not  
 army would have been his father's choice for him, and  
 be last weakness from my heart, and determined he  
 nter it as became his father's son.  
 as now in his eighteenth year, at which age the studies  
 yceum were finished; the students drew for the col-  
 , or passed into other schools, civil or military, ac-  
 to their destination in life. The Polytechnic school  
 would have been the place for him, on account of his very un-  
 com quickness of apprehension and assiduity in study, and  
 it was opened a new one for him, but it was agreed  
 by every one, that the state of his health peremptorily forbid  
 all thoughts of it. There were the different military schools  
 I now thought it time to mention the one known to the friends his  
 father had made in the army. All who survived were in the  
 first stations, Ministers, Du- and Marshals. I was acquaint-  
 ed with none of them: however, I wrote to them all, and sent  
 copies of his Essay, telling them it was written by Tone's only  
 son, now eighteen years old, as requesting their advice as to  
 his future destination in life, as time in the Imperial Lyceum  
 was drawing to a close.

Never shall I forget the generous kindness I met from them  
 all. They said, "Tone's son was their adopted child; that  
 "French honor was committed to take care of and advance  
 "him, but the army was the only line for him, the only one in  
 "which they could be of service to him. We must have him  
 "amongst us," was their kind expression. From his delicate  
 health and very youthful appearance, for he was fairer, and,  
 though serious, much more juvenile in look, than French lads  
 of his age, all advised his passing two or three years in the  
 school of cavalry, to which he was entitled, and which they  
 observed, would form him and fortify his constitution, without  
 exposing him before he was able to endure great fatigue. They  
 inquired if I had spoken to General Clarke, (now Duke of  
 Feltre, and Minister of War,) on the subject. I answered  
 that I had, many years before, addressed General Clarke on  
 the subject of my pension, but received no answer, and had  
 never troubled him afterwards, nor seen him or heard from  
 him since Tone's fate. They were surprised, and ap-  
 shocked; however, they endeavored to apologize for I  
 he was really overwhelmed with business; they pro-

speak to him on the subject, but strongly advised me to address him myself, as much depended upon him, and added, they could not doubt but I should find him a friend and countryman. Accordingly, I wrote to him, asking permission to introduce Tone's only remaining son to him, and sent him a copy of the Essay. I received an invitation immediately, and he was, if possible, more friendly than any one I had seen; he told my son he had heard much of him, and that he had never lost sight of him; that he resembled his father very much in appearance, and he was glad to find he resembled him in talents, also; but he added, "You must serve, you must serve, every young man should serve some years." My boy was delighted, said it was all his ambition; indeed his breast overflowed with joy, and the improvement in his health, manner, and appearance, was literally "*pleasant but mournful to my soul.*"

I mentioned the school of cavalry of St. Germain's, and proposed a nomination to it for the time of his quitting the Lyceum. The Minister hesitated; said he believed it would be very good, but we must reflect a little upon it; that he must see me soon again, and we would talk it over; that I might depend he would do all in his power for the family of his friend, &c. I was very well acquainted with the family and relations of the Duke of Feltre, and from them I heard that he expressed himself greatly pleased with us both; he said he would have known my son any where, from his resemblance to his father; for me he professed great esteem, and said "Her husband left her in an unfortunate position, but she has extricated herself with honor," (*elle s'est tirée d'affaire avec honneur.*) With deference to his Excellency, my merit in that was merely negative. I extricated myself by not involving myself.

Soon after, a cousin of his Excellency called on me to tell me he wished to see me; that he was determined to enter my son a Lieutenant in the Irish Legion, at that time in Spain, and when I should be rid of him, *quand elle sera débarrassée de son fils*, to take me home to preside over the education of his daughter, Elfrida, and give lessons in English to his son Edgar *Atheling*; and that, after a few years' service, he would take my son into his own offices. It sounded rather queer in my ears to hear myself disposed of in this manner, and, to use an Irish phrase. I thought *there should go two words to that bargain.* I

however, willing to believe that, in this proposal, the Duke of Feltre was actuated by kind feelings towards us, and that he thought he was going to confer great benefit and great honor upon us: he was a very singular man. I believe he was an honest man, and a moral man, but he was quite mad with family pride. He firmly believed, and constantly repeated, that he was descended from the Milesian Kings of Ireland, the Saxon Kings of England, the Plantagenets, the Stuarts, and the House of Lorraine. During the time of the Republic he was obliged to suppress all this grandeur, on peril of his head; but I believe the restraint only fortified the passion, and when he became Duke of Feltre and Minister of War, he gave it full scope. He set no value on the quiet rank and influence of a modern nobleman, but loved to surround himself with dependents, retainers, and hangers on, and to keep them in suspense and anxiety, waiting on his will, and then fancied himself a feudal Baron, surrounded by his vassals. A sure way to his favor was to fish out and bring him some old *tome*, treating of his royal ancestors, whom he had adopted and connected together for the first time. Many of the emigrant nobility, whom Napoleon had allowed to return, but who had lost their fortunes, knowing and profiting of this weakness, claimed kindred with him, and *had their claims allowed*; and were happy to marry his distant cousins. I do not believe that he was capable of betraying his great benefactor, but he certainly went over with devotion and delight to the Bourbons, after the first fall of Napoleon, for which he was a fool, and broke the wind of his own hobby-horse. Under the Emperor he might have asserted his descent from the Great Mogul, if so pleased him, but the legitimate nobility having nothing but their birth and blood to be vain of, were the more tenacious of it. Proofs of nobility were required, he was mocked, he was slighted, and died of a broken heart.

But to return. I was greatly pained by the proposal, for I knew the man and his fancies, and saw that it tended only to make us both dependents, domestic household dependents, on him individually; a situation to which I was determined we should not be reduced. For my own part, not to inhabit the palace of the proudest potentate on earth, would I have given up my little home and my freedom, my desolate freedom, to

think and to feel. However, I answered with caution and respect, that I was infinitely obliged to his Excellency, as I knew that the greatest proof of esteem and confidence he could give, was to confide the education of his daughter to me; but that, however flattering the offer, it was quite impossible for me to accept it. I had neither the talents, education, nor activity, necessary for such a station; and that, indeed, the state of my health and feelings made the repose and tranquillity of my own home indispensable to me. Neither could I enter into his Excellency's views of placing my son in the Irish legion. Independently that his still delicate health, his youth, and unfinished education, made his going into actual service premature, I thought, at all times, the Irish legion to be avoided for him. He had some rights in France, rights which his father had purchased for him with all his blood; they had been acknowledged by the Councils of the Nation, and he had been nominated to the national schools; he had also many friends, and as fair a career before him, if he lived and deserved well, as any Frenchman born. To go into the Irish legion, was to renounce all this; to retrograde, and declare himself a foreigner; any uneducated lad from the wildest part of Ireland, would have an equal right to enter it, and a better chance of success, as he would probably be more hardy and active. I did not mean any disrespect to the Irish legion; I knew and greatly esteemed many of the gentlemen who composed it. I thought it a noble and delicate manner of giving independence and social comfort to unfortunate Irish refugees; but all knew it could hold out no career or prospect to a young man beginning the world. My son was the second generation in France, and, I hoped, would become a French citizen. This, I requested the gentleman to report to the Duke of Feltre from me, with my grateful thanks for the interest he was so kind as to profess, but that, if my son was to serve, I must still request his Excellency to lay before the Emperor my demand for a nomination to the school of cavalry for him, where I knew the exercise and duties were severe, but trusted that they would fortify his constitution, and give to his education, which had hitherto been purely classical, a military finish, which would render him more worthy of his Excellency's future notice. As I wished to let his first displeasure pass before I saw him, I pleaded indisposit



moment, but appointed that day week. if it was agreeable, to call upon him. I knew the Irish legion to be his hobby-horse, or one of his nags, at least: it was peculiarly his own; he thought he could establish it. as the Irish brigade had been before the Revolution, and used to play the Duke of Berwick very prettily.

I waited on him at the time appointed. It was a teasing and wearisome talk, which ended in nothing. In vain I strove to represent to him, that the whole color of my son's future life, and his life itself, depended on the use made of the two or three ensuing years; he was but a delicate half-grown stripling, just from the benches of a college, and if he had any talents, sending him on active service, so ill prepared for it. and to such a country as Spain, was only wasting and throwing away both them and his life. What could his Excellency, I said, what could Imperial power, what could Omnipotence do for me on earth, if I lost my boy? He would not listen to one of my reasons, nor could I consent to his decisions. He said, if my son was a Frenchman, he was subject to the conscription. I answered, that, even if I were a Frenchwoman. the only son, not to say the only child of a widow, was exempted: that I believed our case was still stronger: that, however. I did not attempt to keep my son back from serving his Majesty, but only endeavored to qualify him for it. He got angry. and asked me rudely, "*If I thought he would take the Emperor by the collar, to force him to place Mr. Tone?*" I was offended in my turn, and answered literally and gravely, "That I had not imagined the possibility of such a thing, but that. if my son was to be an Irishman, it was in Dublin only he could be so: and that, if the Irish Legion was insisted upon for him. I would feel it my duty as his guardian, to bring him home whilst he was yet a minor and uncompromised." He stalked about the room with all the *hauteur* of Louis Le Grand, and actually had the weakness, to use his words, when the Irish Legion was mentioned, though they were *apropos of nothing*, "*I have more trouble with that Irish Legion, than with all the armies of France.*" It was my cue to have answered in the words of the Duke of Berwick, "*The enemies of France make the same complaint;*" but, indeed, I was not in the humor, and we parted but little pleased with each other.

What was I now to do ? It was hard to be stopped in the outset by the vexatious fancies of this vain man: for, though my son was entitled to, and qualified for the military school, so were many others; and, as the number of scholars for whom the government paid, was limited, the nomination to a vacancy was a favor, the regular channel for obtaining which, was through the Minister of War. I then thought of speaking to the Emperor himself, and the more I thought of it, the more it appeared to me what was fit and right to do. I stood in the same situation with respect to Napoleon, that I did to all those whom I had lately seen, and who appeared, without excepting the Duke of Feltre, to feel a kind interest in us. Why should I doubt his feeling the same ; particularly, as to him I had my fine boy, his talents, and his devotedness, to offer. I determined to try, though I felt that it required great prudence, or I might do more harm than good. To ask an audience, even if I obtained it, I knew would be a mere ceremonial, as I should be referred to the Minister of War, in whose department my business lay. I also felt that I should speak to the Emperor from other ground than that I stood on, and that my son should be already in the school. There was no doubt of his title to it, and no interest wanting to enter, if he could bear his own expenses. I thought, if he was once in, I could get exempted from the payment, and this idea I laid by to mature, as the time came round.

The Duke of Feltre's relations came often to see me, and all had something to repeat, concerning his resentment and displeasure. He would not allow that my son was in delicate health. I sent him, by one of them, a certificate from the physician who had attended all my children. He would not read it, but said, " Doctors wrote to please Mamma." I answered, that an interested Doctor would rather write to please a powerful Duke and Minister, than a poor woman and foreigner in my unfortunate situation, but that I would trouble his Excellency no more ; that I would enter my son in the school of cavalry at my own cost. At this, I was told, he laughed out, and said, " She has not the means ; let her alone ! She will come round " when the time comes ; I fancy she will prefer the Irish Legion " to the conscription." I do think this ugly speech decided me. It alarmed me more than I chose to acknowledge: for I answered stoutly, that we were not yet French subjects, and that the

conscription could not apply to us : but indeed my heart quivered : for I knew that the laws against refractory conscripts were summary, and if he was wicked enough, he might have the power to destroy my child, before I had time to make a reclamation. I could not, however, think he would go that length. The object was not worth the odium. Still the subject of the contest was of a peculiarly disagreeable nature in our circumstances, and my sage and experienced son desired nothing better, than to march with his knapsack, as so many of his comrades were doing. For my sake he would not do it willingly ; but I plainly saw he would have no objection, “ *if his Grace would constrain him to go,*” and felt but little desire to enter another school.

His Excellency was right: “ *I had not the means*” of my own, but how shall I do justice to the noble and generous character of whom I now must speak : he, of whom Tone said in his last letter to me, “ *I am sure you have a friend in Wilson, who will never desert you.*” And so I had : a friend who has been a second Providence to me, and from Scotland watched over me with care, which might be called paternal. He had purchased a large sum in the French funds, and left it in M. Delessert, the banker’s hands, for my use : to use, sell, or dispose of as I pleased. Indeed, I did not abuse this confidence, and would have held it infamous to have touched a sou for any superfluous object, except when long sickness, death, and sorrow, left my own means insufficient : But it gave great security and solidity to my situation, and inspired me with confidence and courage, and the friendship of M. Delessert, who answered for me on all occasions, was in the highest degree respectable and valuable. To Scotland I wrote how things stood with me, and received an answer, urging me, in the strongest manner, not to lose a moment, when my son’s term at the Lyceum was expired, but to take the money necessary, and enter him a pensioner in the School of Cavalry : that, even if he never entered the French army, it was the best thing he could do, both for his health and further instruction, and that the knowledge he would acquire might be of use to him all the rest of his life, wherever he might go. The event has proved the justness of this opinion. My friend added, that, for his own part, he would prefer that my son should not get the nomination, as it would leave him free, &c.

Thus authorized, thus urged, I felt calm and resolved. My boy stood his last examination, and finished his college course with great honor; the best scholars in the four Lyceums of Paris were examined against each other, and he got the prize above them all; he had the following certificates from his own Lyceum, and from the Grand Master of the University:

“The *Proviscur* of the Imperial Lyceum, Member of the Institute of France and of the Legion of Honor, certifies, that William Theobald Wolfe Tone, born in Dublin, was appointed as a Government scholar to the French Prytaneum, in consequence of the services of his father, Chef de Brigade and Adjutant General, who died in the prisons of England; that Mr. Tone remained in the Prytaneum, and in the Imperial Lyceum, from the 7th year of the Republic, (1799,) to the end of November, 1810. That during these eleven years, he was remarked for his modesty, talents, and excellent conduct; that he obtained numerous prizes in all his classes, and joined, in a tender age, to a good disposition, the erudition of a man; that he proved it by a good work on the legislation of the Goths in Italy, which was favorably received by the Institute, and contended, in 1810, for the prize which was obtained by Mr. Sartorius: That Mr. Tone, in short, has been one of the best scholars, for character and for learning, which the Lyceum has produced. **CHAMPAGNE.”**

“Paris 12th Oct. 1810. The Senator Grand Master of the Imperial University, to Mr. Wm. Th. Wolfe Tone.

“SIR: At an age when, usually, a young man can only deserve the praise of promising dispositions, you have already obtained the eulogiums of the Institute of France. This distinction, so rare and so flattering, and which proves in you, talents already ripe, makes me regret that you do not enter the career of the Imperial University. It assures you also of the pleasure with which I have read your work, and is a certain pledge of the esteem and interest with which you have inspired me.

“The Senator Grand Master of the Imperial University.  
**“ FONTANES.”**

Early next morning, before the Duke of Feltre could hear that he had quit the Lyceum, we took leave, and drove to the castle, where

established : It was necessary to pay the entrance, 800 francs, (about £55 sterling.) and the first quarter in advance ; the pension was 2,400 francs, or £100 sterling a year. I paid down 1,400 francs (about £60 sterling,) gave in his certificates from the Lyceum, which he had left but the day before, and a letter from M. Delessert, whom I had named as his correspondent, answering for the regular payment of his pension. All this was to go from the General commanding the Castle, to the Minister of War, who had the right of refusing admission to an improper person, (a foreigner for instance, or one who had not received a preliminary education, or had not evident means to pay the pension.) But here he could not dare to do it. Our rights, certificates, and securities, were unexceptionable, and it passed of course.

I really wished, if it were possible, without meanness, or too far forgetting what I owed to myself, to conciliate the Duke of Feltre: for though I certainly owed no obligations to him; though I yet remembered how he had wearied and harassed Tone by his whims and fancies; and could not forget his cold and ungrateful neglect at the period of our first and great distress; yet I believe he *then* meant us good, and that, with his views and feelings, he had some reason to be hurt; therefore, as soon as I had succeeded in placing my boy, I wrote to him, telling him what I had done. I believe I wrote with feeling: for I felt much; I have no copy of the letter; I expected no answer, and received none. I then removed my own little establishment to the town of St. Germain's. I had no further business in Paris, nor the *Pays Latin*. I took apartments in the *Hotel de la Surintendance*, on the *Parterre*, where I could see my boy exercising every day beneath my windows, and every Sunday I could visit him in the Castle. It succeeded with him beyond my hopes; he was all life and activity, and appeared quite well.

I soon found that, without intending it, I had precisely gone to the place where I could speak to the Emperor without difficulty. He hunted in the forest of St. Germain's two or three times a week, and passed to it before my windows. I saw I could choose my time, and prepare myself at leisure. I had been cautioned that Ministers never forgave passing them by, and asking any thing, in their departments, from the Sovereign. They had more opportunities to do injury than he had to do good, and I feared that my friend, the Duke, was vindictive; I then

determined to compose my memorial accordingly, and not to ask any thing but naturalization for my son, which did not belong to the Duke of Feltre's department, but was of the law or special grace of the Sovereign. For something I must have asked, or it would have been impertinent to speak to his Majesty. I began, then, by recalling to his memory "that he had  
 " known Tone; and added a brief account of his fate, and of  
 " the adoption of his children by the National Councils; that  
 " his family was now reduced to an only son, who had been  
 " educated in the Imperial Lyceum, to which school I referred.  
 " and to the documents I had the honor to present to his Ma-  
 " jesty for his character and conduct there; that it was his  
 " ardent ambition to serve his Majesty, and that I was proud  
 " of the sentiment; that I had, in consequence, on the termi-  
 " nation of his studies in the Lyceum, made the last effort  
 " my ruined fortunes allowed, to place him in the School of  
 " Cavalry, where he might become better qualified for that  
 " service; that now I resigned him, with confidence, to his  
 " Majesty's paternal and protecting care; that, nevertheless,  
 " when I reflected on his father's fate, I could not but feel that  
 " he was also exposed to the same: for, though cradled in  
 " France, he was born in Ireland. I therefore prayed his Ma-  
 " jesty, when my son should have attained the proper age, to  
 " grant him a special act of naturalization, confirmed by the  
 " rank and title of Baron of the Empire; that I was well aware  
 " of the boldness of thus soliciting the reward of a veteran for a  
 " schoolboy, but the French nation had promised me to honor  
 " the memory of his father; that it was in his son only that this  
 " could be done. I therefore asked it from his father's tomb, as  
 " a public proof of his own adoption and naturalization in  
 " France." To this I added his certificates from the Lyceum,  
 and the essay he had composed for the Institute, which I got  
 bound together for the purpose.

In the course of a few months, when my son was out of the awkward squad, and beginning to be known and distinguished in the school, I thought it was time for me to act. Accordingly, one fine morning, seeing, from my windows, preparations for the hunt, I determined to make the attempt. I suppose St. Germain's, with its terrace and forest, is well known. At the first entrance to the forest, on the parterre, the Emperor always

riage on his arriving from Paris, and drove on to the Lodge, about a league off, where he breakfasted and took horse; that was the general *Rendezvous*, and where many went to give petitions. I thought I should be obliged to go there too, but I did not like it, on account of the crowd and the distance, and went only to the first entrance; horses and a few guards were on the spot. I asked the officer if I might be permitted to present the book and paper I held in my hand to his Majesty. He told me the Lodge was the best place, as his Majesty never stopt where we were; that the horses were changed as quick as possible, and he drove on. I said it was impossible for me to go so far; that the book was written by my son, a scholar in the Castle, and I thought would be pleasing to his Majesty; so he told me to stay in the circle, and that I might try. If I could not succeed, he advised me to wait till the next hunt, and then take a coach and go early to the Lodge.

Very soon the carriage, with the Emperor and Empress, drove into the circle; the horses were changed as quick as thought, but I stepped up, and presented the book and memorial. He took them, and handing the book to his *ecuyer*, opened the paper. I have said it commenced by recalling *Tone* to his memory. When he began, he said “*Tone!*” with an expressive accent. “I remember well.” (*Je m’en souviens bien.*) He read it all through, and two or three times stopped, looked at me, and bowed, in reading it. When he had finished, he said to me, “Now, speak to me of yourself.” (*Maintenant, parlez moi de vous.*) I hesitated, for I was not prepared for that question, and took small interest in the subject. He proceeded, “Have you a pension?” I said I had. “Is it sufficient? do you want any extraordinary succor?” By this time I had recovered myself, and said, “That his Majesty’s goodness left me no personal want: that all my cares, all my interest in life were centred in my child, whom I now gave up to his Majesty’s service.” He answered, “Be tranquil then on his account, be perfectly tranquil concerning him. (*Soyez donc tranquille sur son compte, soyez parfaitement tranquille sur lui.*)” I perceived a little half smile, when I said “My child,” (*mon enfant*;) I should have said my son; I knew it, but forgot. He had stopped so long, that a crowd had gathered, and were crashing on, crying *Vive l’Empereur!* They drove in the guard, and there came a horse very close to me; I was frightened, and retiring; but he called to me to stay where I was. “*Restez!*”

*tez là."* Whether it was for my safety, or that he wanted to say more, I cannot tell, but more it was impossible to say, for the noise. I was close to the carriage door, and the guards on horseback quite close behind me, and indeed I was trembling. He saluted the people, and directed that two Napoleons a-piece should be given to the old women, and women with little children, who were holding out their hands. He then drove on, and in going, nodded to me two or three times with affectionate familiarity, saying, "Your *child* shall be well naturalized," (*Votre enfant, sera bien naturalisé,*) with a playful emphasis, on the words *Votre enfant*. I crossed instantly where the carriage had stood; the closing guards covered my retreat, and I got, by a by-path of the forest, home in quiet, by another gate, *La porte de Pontoise*.

As soon as I got home, I wrote a precise account to the Duke of Feltre, to prevent jealousy and misconstruction, and enclosed him a copy of my memorial, (the book he had already) entreating his good offices, and, may I be pardoned, if I felt something like pride, in showing his Excellency that he need not *take the Emperor by the collar* on our account, and in letting him quietly feel and understand, that, defenceless as I was, in case of oppression, I knew both where to appeal, and how to do it?

When the hunt was over, General Baron *Clement de la Ronciere*, commander of the Castle, called on me. I had told him my intention of speaking to his Majesty, and showed him the book with its Imperial binding. He had been at the Rendezvous, and when he saw the equerry carrying it, (which he did after the Emperor, all through the hunt,) he knew I had succeeded. He said I had uncommon favor; that the Emperor should stop where he did, and read my memorial all through, and keep it himself; that, in general, it was considered favorable when he looked at a memorial, and gave it to an Aid-de-Camp to give him at their return. He invited me to go to the Castle in the evening, as Madame Clement would be anxious to see me; and, as further inducement, my son should meet me. I went in the evening, and found that exaggeration had already begun. The town of St. Germain's was almost entirely inhabited by persons of the *ancien Regime*, or returned emigrants of very high rank, but ruined fortune. Several called in the evening at the Castle, to ask of the General if he could tell who it was who had



the Emperor; as they described what they saw from the parterre, a lady, whom nobody knew, dressed in gray silk from head to foot, with a long black veil, who had the air of a nun, (*d'une religieuse*.) had a long conversation with the Emperor and Empress, on the terrace, and the Emperor was frequently seen to bow to her with great respect. No one knew whence she came, or where she went afterwards, for she was seen no more. Some thought the Empress took her into the carriage at the other side. It was singular pre-occupation of mind; they had seen me for months, walking about this little town, where strangers are generally remarked, and there I stood before them in the very same attire, excepting my veil, yet they did not recognise me. I thought of Fontenelle's story of the bishop and lady, looking at objects in the moon; one saw the spires of a cathedral, and the other two lovers. My poor devout *Emigrés rentrés* saw a nun returned from emigration, and I felt for them; I thought perhaps they were looking out for the return of some friend or relation that answered her description. They were evidently disappointed, when Madame *Clement de la Ronciere*, rustling my gown, asked them "Did they know the gray lady?" and the General, presenting my son, said, "here is the son of your *Religieuse*."

To return. The Emperor frequently visited the school of infantry at St. Cyr, reviewed the Cadets, and gave them cold collations in the park. But he had never visited the school of cavalry, since its establishment, of which we were very jealous, and did all in our power to attract him. Whenever he hunted, the Cadets were in grand parade on the parterre, crying "*Vive l'Empereur*," with all their young energies; he held his hat raised as he passed them, but that was all we could gain. Wise people whispered that he never would go, whilst they were so evidently expecting him; that he liked to keep them always on the alert; it was good for discipline. The General took another plan, and once allowed no sign of life about the Castle when the Emperor passed—it was like a deserted place; but it did not take neither—he passed as if there was no Castle there. It was *désespérant*. When, lo! the next day but one, after I had spoken to him, he suddenly galloped into the court of the Castle, and the cry of the sentinel, "*L'Empereur*," was the first notice they had of it. All were in undress, all at work, and this was what

he wanted. He examined into every thing. In the military schools the cadets got ammunition bread, and lived like well fed soldiers ; but there was great outcry in the circles of Paris against the bread of the school of St. Germain's. Ladies complained that their sons were poisoned by it ; the Emperor thought it was all nicety, and said no man was fit to be an officer who could not eat ammunition bread. However, being there, he asked for a loaf, which was brought, and he saw it was villanous trash, composed of peas, beans, rye, potatoes, and every thing that would make flour or meal, instead of good brown wheaten flour. He tore the loaf in two in a rage, and dashed it against the wall, and there it stuck like a piece of mortar, to the great annoyance of those whose duty it was to have attended to this. He ordered the baker to be called, and made him look at it, *sticking*. The man was in great terror at first at the Emperor's anger, but, taking heart, he begged his Majesty not to take his contract from him, and he would give good bread in future ; at which the Emperor broke into a royal and imperial passion, and threatened to send him to the galleys ; but, suddenly turning round, said, " Yes ! he would allow him to keep the contract on condition that, as long as it lasted, he should furnish the school with " good white household bread, (*pain de ménage*) such as was " sold in the bakers' shops in Paris ; that he might choose that or " lose his contract ;" and the baker thankfully promised to furnish good white bread in future, at the same price.

By this time, the Cadets had got on their full uniforms, and were drawn out on parade. The Emperor inspected and reviewed them. He stopt before my son, and asked the General if he was not the young Irishman, (*le jeune Irlandais*,) looked at him a little while, and passed on. The General told me, afterwards, that he had made inquiries about him, and that he (the General) had spoken of Monsieur Tone as he deserved ; he did not tell me how that was. He added, that he was sure they owed the Emperor's visit to me.

Talleyrand Perigord, Prince of Benevent, had a country lodge at St. Germain's, where he often spent a week. He happened to be there at this period, and I thought it right to wait upon him. He had known Tone well ; I had not seen him since the entrance of my boys in the Prytaneum, but I remembered his conduct at that time. He received me with great po

and interest, inquired into my fortunes for so many years past, and listened to them in full detail, with much kindness. I told him all: the loss of my children; my voyage to America to save my son; his success in his studies; the Duke of Feltre's plans; my objections to them; the means on which I had placed my son in the military school; my speaking to the Emperor; his Majesty's coming to the school, and inquiries about my son. He took the kindest interest in all: observed, the first and chief object was to take care of my son's health, till his growth was finished and his constitution formed: he could not be in a better place for this purpose, with good air and exercise, a very active life, and I so near to watch over him. "But this, (he added,) must not be at your cost; it is a national debt; I will speak of it to the Duke of Feltre, and to the Emperor; I make it my own business." He then inquired about my pension. I explained to him how that stood; and he desired me to bring him all my papers, titles, and documents, concerning that and my son. He would charge himself with them all. I brought them to him the next day, with a copy of my son's essay for the Institute, the letter of Count Fontanes, Grand Master of the University, and my own memorial to the Emperor, which, he said, he would answer for it, his Majesty would never forget. For the title of Baron, he made no doubt of it; the very demand entered into the system of the Emperor's policy. "Perhaps, (observed he,) we must serve a campaign or two first;" but he pledged himself it should not be in Spain; and then, he added, "we must see and get him into some line of life more suitable to his talents, and more conducive to your happiness, than a military one can be; in the interim, we must get what is more immediately necessary."

This conversation was very consoling and satisfactory to me, and I expressed my grateful thanks to the Prince. Its consequences were not long delayed: for, soon after, I received a letter from the Duke of Feltre, telling me that *he* had represented our situation to the Emperor, who was pleased to order that my son should be a Government scholar, (*un des élèves du gouvernement*), and that the money I had advanced should be restored to me; also, that my son, being from that time forward in the service of his Majesty, could no longer hold a pension on the State; and it was his Majesty's pleasure that the whole pension, originally granted, (2,400 francs,) should be reunited on my head,

as long as I lived. The Government scholars had also the advantage of being furnished with horse and equipment on leaving the school: It was with pure and unspeakable pleasure I returned to Mr. Delessert the money I had taken, and his security.

Time passed quietly and innocently on, and my son attained his twenty-first year. His birthday was on the 29th of April. On that day the General told him, on parade, that the French Government owed it to him to bring up his youth, but that it forced no one to become a Frenchman—that he was quite free. That, if it was his own choice to become a Frenchman, and serve the Emperor, he must make the demand freely, and in his own person, to his Majesty's Council of State. That, in all his despatches to the Minister of War, for the last fortnight, he had asked permission to give him leave of absence for that purpose, and wrote specially for it three days since, but had never received any answer on the subject, which was inconceivable to him. He felt, however, that, to-day, he had no right to detain him, and if it was his own pleasure to go, he was free to do so. If he gave in his demand to the Council of State, that instant he was a French soldier. (*militaire Français*,) and it would be his duty to return immediately to his school. He hoped to see him on the parade, next day, if possible. My son answered, that there was no earthly title he would be so proud to hold as that of *militaire Français*; that he knew the duties it imposed, and would be at his post. We set off immediately for Paris, but the lawyer told him he could not make his demand till the day after he was of age, so we spent the evening at the opera, incog.; and at ten next morning, 30th April, 1812, he lodged his demand at the Council of State, and got a receipt for it. We instantly set off for St. Germain's, and, with good driving, arrived on the Parterre a little after twelve, whilst the school was still on parade. He was received with acclamation by his comrades, and with cordial and paternal welcome by the officers. His mother witnessed it at a distance. On the 4th of May, we received the act of naturalization, in form, expedited in a shorter time than any such act was ever known to be in the Council of State, and signed by the Emperor's own hand.

My son remained about nine months longer in the school. The awful campaign of Russia took place that winter one thought that the next year must bring pen

time to time, a visit to the Prince of Benevent, to keep remembrance alive. We agreed that my son should enter the regiment of his nephew, Count Edmond de Perigord, Colonel of the 8th Chasseurs, and whatever applications might be necessary to make to the Minister of War, he offered to take on himself. "I shall charge myself with it, (he said,) he wont refuse me"—(*Je m'en chargerai. il ne me refusera pas.*)

At the close of January, 1813, my son was appointed Sub Lieutenant in that regiment, and ordered to its depot or headquarters, at Gray, in Franche Comté, to instruct recruits; another and a very good practical school: but the account of this I shall leave to himself. Before going off, he had leave of absence for a month. We removed again my little establishment to Paris, and took lodging in the Rue de Lille, now Rue de Bourbon. It will be believed this month was a most interesting period to me. I had lived with great economy at St. Germain's, and was able to make considerable additions to the Government allowance for equipment. We got an excellent little horse, of Arabian breed, called Solyman, with whom I made acquaintance; it used to eat bread out of my hand, and was as gentle as a little dog. At length the day of departure arrived, and I accompanied him as far as Brie Comte Robert, the first day's journey, to see how Solyman went on. Horse and rider frolicked on before me, and now and then returned to the coach window to receive a caress, Solyman always putting in for his share. We passed the night there.

Next morning we walked from the town together, out of human ken. (Solyman, with his little portmanteau, making one;) and there I blessed my boy and parted with him. Oh! people talk much of the pain of parting; but, in the variety of painful feelings which have passed through my heart, it is not the worst. The feelings are then, at least mine always were, of a very mixed and active nature; some of them delightful. Besides, parting is not *parted*: the object is there, but—parted—gone. Even now, I must not think of it.

Hitherto I had not allowed myself even to feel that my William was my own and my only child. I considered only that 'Tone's son was confided to me; but, in that moment, nature resumed her rights. I sat in a field: the road was long and white before me, and no object on it, but my child; nor did I

leave “to after eye him till he had melted from the smallness of a gnat to air.” But then I thought my task was finished ; my business in life was over. I could not think ; but all I had ever suffered seemed before and around me at that moment, and I wished so intensely to close my eyes forever, that I wonder it did not happen. The transitions of the mind are very extraordinary. As I sat in that state, unable even to think of the necessity of returning home, a little lark rushed up from the grass beside me ; it whirled over my head and hovered in the air, singing such a beautiful, cheering, and, as it sounded to me, approving note, that it roused me. I felt on my heart as if Tone had sent it to me. I returned to my solitary home.

I never was long without hearing from my boy. He wrote whenever he halted, and as soon as he got to Erfurt, after the battle of Leipsic, he was enabled to write to me by an officer coming on with despatches, fortunately for me, for his name was in the list of the killed. I also owe it to the Duke of Feltre to acknowledge, and feel pleasure in doing it, that he wrote to me immediately, with his own hand, to tell me my son was safe at Erfurt, with his cousin General Dalton.

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I have here given a precise and circumstantial account of my interview with Napoleon ; what led to it, and its consequences. It was the only time I ever approached him, or that he ever saw me. I have been thus exact, because I have heard it repeated so often, and so strangely, that there is no saying to what it may not be exaggerated at last. I was much amused lately by being asked the particulars of the breakfast I gave to Napoleon and Marie Louise. I stared, and asked, “*Is thy servant a dog, to do this great thing ?*” But I was assured that there was a report, that, as the Emperor and Empress drove by my lodgings at St. Germain’s, I ran out and invited their Imperial Majesties in to breakfast, which they most graciously did accept ; were delighted with my establishment and my breakfast ; on which I threw myself on my knees, and asked *the arrears of my pension*. And this was said to be related by a gentleman who had it from myself, a few days after it took place. Certainly, *if ever I spoke to this gentleman, he has afterwards been* wonderful history of *Puss in his*

and had a vision, like my good old friend the Spectator, in which he has confounded me with that faithful, spirited, and intelligent domestic animal. No! fortunately for all those who may be obliged to listen to me, "*their Most Sacred Majesties did not honor my poor house by taking their disjune therein.*"

It is worthy a passing remark, that, however those tales differ from each other, all agree in one point, viz. *that I asked the arrears of my pension.* The respectable editor of the New Monthly Magazine, in his liberal and delicate comments on the auto-biography of Tone, repeats the same story, and has heard that I stopped the Emperor's carriage to do so, in a manner that would have been quite impossible. I believe this coincidence, in cotemporary writers, would be considered as good evidence of a historical fact: and yet it is not true. The French Government did not acknowledge any arrears to be due to me. On receiving the brevet of my pension, I inquired if it was not retrospective to the period of my husband's death. I was told that it was only due from the time it was decreed by the Emperor. It was, at all times, punctually paid, and no application ever made for arrears; and, certainly, I never should have troubled his Majesty or myself by a personal one on the subject. In all my misfortunes, I never learned to hold out my hand: "*for grief is proud and makes its owner stout.*" My immediate object in addressing the Emperor, was to obtain for my son the place of Government scholar in the school of Cavalry; my remote one, to bring him under his own immediate notice and protection; and I had predetermined not to divide this object by any pecuniary demand. I asked only for naturalization: but I asked a proud one, for it pleased me to support my Irish character in his eyes. Those who were in my confidence, said he never would forget the lady who did not ask for money, though encouraged by him to do so. The reuniting all the pension on my head, being the immediate consequence of my speaking to him, gave rise, I suppose, to the report that it was what I had asked for; but, certainly, I never said so to any one.

And now let me be permitted to make a few observations, relative to the publications I have alluded to. Napoleon Buonaparte is a great historical character; he belongs to the world and to posterity. "They have put him on a grand pedestal: he

is there for history." (*Ils l'ont mis sur un beau pedestal : il est là pour l'histoire,*") was the sublime exclamation of General Bernard, his ancient Aid-de-Camp, on hearing of his death. And no individuals who have ever spoken to him, have any right to complain of their names being mentioned, *so far as it serves to throw light on any trait of his character.* Tone belongs to Ireland, and every proof that his memory lives there must call up the fondest and most grateful feelings in the hearts of his family, to that country for which he so nobly died, a generous and willing martyr; and wherever, relative to him, or in conjunction with him, it may be necessary to mention his wife, by such mention I can only be honored. But I have seen a publication in the 51st number of the London New Monthly Magazine, and which has been copied into several other magazines and newspapers, pretending to be a biography of me and of my son, which, so far as I am concerned, gives me much pain. When ladies write and publish, and go before the public, I suppose they lay their account and make up their minds to become objects of public observation, and see their names in the public prints. But I, who have never done so, was not prepared to see mine so bandied about, in whatever spirit of kindness, compliment, or flattery, it may be done. I have lived for the sole and single purpose of taking care of Tone's children; and I promised him I would do this, when, in setting off for that last unfortunate expedition, he told me he knew his life was gone, but that executed he never would be, and urged the care of our darling babies to me. I told him if they should fall from me, one by one, whilst one remained to whom I could be useful, I would not fail. This was, perhaps, at the time, the hyperbole of grief; but I have been put to the test, even to the letter of my promise. "*Remember, you are now the only parent of our dearest children,*" was my sole support, when, for years, if I transferred the drooping head of one beloved child from my bosom to the pillow for a moment, it was but to run to the grave of another, and vent my broken heart in tears of truly unutterable anguish. So passed the best years of my life; and I troubled no one, till, reduced to my last child, my fate resembled that of a poor cat, whose kittens had all been destroyed but one; that one she catches in her mouth, and every other fear, save that of losing it, runs.



and houses. Much so did I. till I placed my young one in Napoleon's army—to save his life.

The article at present before me, is evidently written, as it professes to be, by some person who has seen us in the course of the year 1815, or rather 1816: it is equally evident, that, to write it, was a late thought, perhaps inspired by reading the auto-biography, (which is genuine) when the circumstances which it pretends to delineate, were almost forgotten. They have been furbished up with alterations, additions, and embellishments, so as to form a sort of dramatic narrative, amusing to read, but where times are confounded, and truth and fable strangely jumbled together. In a historical novel or tragedy, this license is permitted or taken, but the author generally apologizes for it. I cannot think it should be practised in real life, and on living and feeling beings. When I was on a visit to Paris, about three years since, I heard Madame de Villette complain of some publication of Lady Morgan's, very flattering to her, but bringing her name disagreeably forward. "*Elle m'a imprimée vive.*" was her expression. I also complain that I am "*printed alive,*" notwithstanding the very handsome things which are said of me.

This writer speaks of a party to St. Germain's. He describes me as stopping suddenly at the gate to relate the interview I had with Napoleon. He is right as to the place, but adds, "*The circumstances of the interview, as she repeated them to us at the moment, were exactly these*"—and not one of them are correct. He also makes me ask *the arrears of my pension*. He makes my son absent at the army at the time. Napoleon had set off for the army before my son, and never again hunted in the forest of St. Germain's. He proceeds: "*On our return in the evening to Paris, a murmuring under voice of rumor spread like wild fire, the apparition of Napoleon on the shores of France;*" and continues to describe, minutely, the effect it had on my son. Is it permitted to romance at this rate? At the time of the return of Napoleon from Elba, my son was in French Flanders with General Bagneris, inspector of the troops there, to whom he was aid-de-camp: they were both in active service; communications were instantly stopt between that and Paris, &c. Rumors they had heard, but the first positive intelligence they received, was the flight of the royal family to Ghent. If

this is not a *clear alibi*, then was I a distinguished lawyer's wife for nothing.

In his very pretty description of my home, he says, "*there were portraits of herself when a girl. eminently beautiful.*" It is hard upon me to be obliged to contradict this, and I wish I had got some "*schedules made of my beauty; Item, two dark gray eyes with lids to them,*" for, of a truth, no such portrait ever existed. But a portrait of me there certainly was, (it is at present in Edinburgh,) and one of my sons in the uniform of the Lyceum. They were both done by a young Irish lady, who was learning, and had just begun to paint in oil colors, from nature. She coaxed me to sit for her, in the year 1809. I was born on the 17th June, 1769, and was, I must own it, in my fortieth year. Did my Biographer take this for the portrait of a girl of fifteen, and eminently beautiful, too! He continues—"Portraits of a son and daughter she had lost a very few years before." Now, lie upon this! Alas! there never existed any image of my lost darlings, but that engraven on their mother's heart.

He proceeds to recount a visit, on which, he says, he accompanied me "*one day to a French lady, who had done something very clever, and all but scandalous. We found the lady in bed;*" and concludes, "*She laughed heartily at my surprise, and added, that the first time she had witnessed such a scene, she mistook the tender inquiries of a Chevalier Francais, making a morning visit to a pretty woman, for the gallantry of the family apothecary, putting professional questions to his fair patient.*" This is intolerable fabrication. I suppose he meant merely to enliven and diversify his tale, but must I declare, seriously, that I never knew any such person as is here described; never went with young gentlemen, visiting ladies in bed, and never spoke in the flippant and disrespectful terms, which he attributes to me, of that people who gave me hospitality for near twenty years?

But there is no part of the article which offends me so much, as that, in which he speaks of my marriage with my venerated friend, Mr. Wilson; and, I must say, that he seems very thoughtless, not to say careless, whose feelings he may wound, provided he makes a story. What a hackneyed and commonplace novel scene is the following:

"*I called on her the day before that fixed for her marriage. She happened to be alone, and, unusually,*

*time, that I had seen her, dressed in white."* Now, I have not worn or possessed a white dress, except a morning wrapper, for upwards of twenty-five years; it would have been no harm if I had, nor is it worth speaking of; but the fact is, I have not. "*I felt slightly shocked at the instant, by the transition."* What more could Russell or Emmet have said, eighteen years before? "*My eye passed involuntarily to the portrait of Tone, which hung immediately before her; she rose, and retired in silence and in tears."* (He is nae blate.) "*Next day the marriage took place in the chapel of the British Embassy."*

Now, I would venture to stake my head, though I have no recollection of the circumstance, that this sentimental scene is nothing more, than that this gentleman called, (if he called at all,) perhaps *early*, as he states a little after, or perhaps, *inconveniently*, and found me in my wrapper, and that I have gone away and sent my son to him. As for where his eye might glance, I certainly never noticed, but I can answer for it, he brought no tears into mine. I was past the age for those *prettinesses*, and my feelings were of a more elevated character. When, near the close of my half-century, I accepted the protection of, and united my fate with that most pure and virtuous of human beings, Tone, in heaven, and his son, on earth, were approving witnesses. He is now, also, gone, to tell Tone how faithfully he fulfilled the trust reposed in him.

But how is this *interesting visit* to be reconciled with the passage which follows it, almost immediately?—" *The last day I saw them together, (my son and me,) was signalized by that act of bad faith which astounded Europe, &c. I have said that Mrs. Tone resided in the Faubourg St Germain, near the upper gate of the Luxembourg garden. Intending to leave Paris in the course of the morning, I went to call on her at a rather early hour; the posts, as I approached, were much more strongly guarded than usual, and on coming to the door, I found the house occupied by military, who refused admittance."* He then proceeds to describe the death of Marshal Ney, and his account of that horrible murder is quite correct. I had returned at that time to my *Pays Latin*, for quiet and safety; but that morning the court yard and offices of the house I lodged in, and the surrounding houses, were all filled with soldiers, who were stationed there to be in readiness, but who did not prevent these

who chose it from passing in and out. Now, my biographer states this to have been "*the last day he saw us,*" and that he came "*early, to take leave,*" previous to his leaving Paris. Connected with such a public event, one would think there could be no error here. Marshal Ney was shot on the 7th December, 1815. Mr. Wilson did not come to Paris till July following, and our marriage took place on the 19th August, 1816, as may be seen in the Edinburgh Evening Courant, of Thursday, 29th August, 1816, which lies, at present, before me.

Facts are checks that when die,  
And down be disputed.

The whole account of his visit to me the day before my marriage, is, therefore, drawn from his imagination; but, indeed, it is neither fair nor delicate, to bring me before the public in this manner. Vague reports I should never have thought of answering; but this writer is so very circumstantial, and so wrong, pretends to so much intimacy, which, he says, "*particular circumstances admitted him to, from the first moment:*" that he forces me to speak for myself, for the first and for the last time.

. . . . . "I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal."



## APPENDIX—PART III.

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# NARRATIVE OF MY SERVICES AND CAMPAIGNS IN THE **French Army.**

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BY WILLIAM THEOBALD WOLFE TONE,

MEUTENANT OF LIGHT CAVALRY, AID-DE-CAMP, AND MEMBER OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

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### CHAPTER I.

*Arrival and Service at Head Quarters, from March 21, to April 20, 1813.*

March 7, 1813. It was on a lovely morning, early in the Spring of 1813, that I took farewell of my poor mother, at Brie Comte-Robert, on the road to Troyes, and proceeded to join the depot (*head quarters*) of my regiment, at Gray in Lower Burgundy, (*Department of the Upper Saone.*) I will not attempt to describe the mingled variety of my sensations of pain and pleasure, launched for the first time on the world, and thinking of my past career and future prospects. An exile from infancy; by the time I had reached my sixth year, I had followed my parents from Ireland to America, Germany, Holland, and France; eleven years I had afterwards spent in study and seclusion in the University of Paris, and one twelvemonth, (during the years 1807 and 8,) in travelling over America and the south of France. Twenty-seven months of severe preparation in the Military Academy of St. Germain's, had nerved me for

my profession. And now, just coming on my 22d year, young, and slight looking for my age, but full of ardor and hopes, and conscious that I had an honorable name to support, my military character to establish amongst strangers, and to deserve the title of a French citizen and officer, which Napoleon had just granted to me in consideration of my father's services, I was entering the busy stage of life, as a Sub Lieutenant, (*Cornet*.) in the 8th Chasseurs (*Fügers, or Light Horse*.)—I performed the journey on horseback, in delightful weather, through the plains of Champagne and Burgundy; enjoying, in the exuberance of high health and spirits, my horse, (a beautiful and fiery little war-courser, of Arabian breed, whom I had trained myself, and called Solyman,) my arms, my uniform, the smiles of the country lasses, and the deference paid by the farmers and innkeepers on the road, to the dashing appearance of a young officer—I was a fortnight on the way.

*March 21, 1813.* On my arrival at the depot, I was received with the greatest cordiality by my brother officers. Indeed, whatever was the reason, both in the Military Academy and in the army, I soon became a kind of pet with my chiefs, comrades, and soldiers. I believe they felt kindly towards an adopted child of the army, and the son of one of their old Generals, who had perished in the cause of France. Perhaps my youthful and slight appearance, and a certain college bashfulness and timidity, which I could scarcely overcome in society, produced a favorable impression upon them. On my part, I liked the frankness and gaiety of my companions. I was kind to my soldiers, and loved to speak with them, for, in the French army, though the greatest respect is preserved for rank, yet there does not exist the same uncommunicating distance between officers and privates as in other services; which will be readily conceived, when we remember that nine out of ten of the former rose from the ranks, and that the conscription filled the files of the latter with men of birth and education. My comrades laughed good naturedly at my passion for books, which was very much out of their line, but they were pleased with my zeal and attention to my duties, and my constant readiness to assist them in theirs. By common consent my war name, (*nom de guerre*) of *Petit Loup*, (Little Wolf,) by which I had been christened at St. Germain's, was confirmed, and by that denomination I was

popularly known to the end of my service. It never recurs to my memory without wakening my warmest feelings for the military frankness, hilarity, and good nature, of my brave comrades.

I was immediately employed in the Council of Administration, and in the instruction of the recruits: And heavy work we had, in both of these departments. By a long course of economy and good administration, the Council had accumulated considerable funds and *matériel*. All were now required to reorganize the regiment; for that fine corps, which had for several years been attached to the army of Italy, and had marched 500 strong, (of whom the youngest soldier had seen four years' service,) to the Russian campaign, was reduced to about sixty privates and fifteen officers on its return. This disproportion between the loss of the officers and privates, which I have had frequent occasions to observe in the subsequent disasters of the Grand Army, was not to be attributed to the lesser hardships or better accommodations of the former; they shared in all the perils, and in all the fatigues of their men. But their superior moral courage bore them through privations, under which the others sunk in despondency.

In the course of a single month, we received, trained, clothed, armed, equipped, and mounted, upwards of 400 recruits. I must here animadvert on a great defect in their repartition between the several services of the army. Sufficient attention was not paid to their previous habits and qualifications. Whilst numbers of the conscripts of our immediate neighborhood, (Alsatia and Franche Comté,) where the peasantry are all horsemen from their childhood, were marched off in the infantry and artillery; we received ours from the valleys of the Alps and Cevennes, Aoste, Yvrea, the Doria, and Cantal. Those mountaineers, who would have made excellent light infantry, had no conception of a horse, and gave us a great deal of trouble. I was chiefly employed in training them, because I could make them understand me in Italian. As soon as our men could ride and manœuvre in some order, I was marched off with a detachment of three officers and fifty-seven men of my own regiment, and one officer and thirty-seven men of the 6th chasseurs, to join the Grand Army, which was just commencing its operations. We took our departure on the 20th of April.



## CHAPTER II.

*First Campaign of 1813 and truce—From April 15th to August 10th, 1813.*

*April 15 to June 10.* Before I enter into the detail of my own campaigns, it will be necessary to give an idea of the previous state of affairs. On the 15th of April, Napoleon left Paris, and on the 25th, joined, at Erfurt, the head-quarters of his army, which had fallen back to the Saale, under the command of the gallant Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy. On the 2d May, after some bloody actions, in one of which, the Duke of Istria (Marshal Bessieres,) was killed—he defeated, at Lutzen, with 170,000 men of raw troops and without cavalry, 200,000 Russians and Prussians, commanded by the Emperor Alexander and King of Prussia. Pursuing the enemy with his usual rapidity, on the 8th he entered Dresden, where he was joined on the 12th by the King of Saxony. On the 19th, 20th, and 21st, he fought the desperate battles of Bautzen and Görlitz, in the last of which fell his friend, Marshal Duroc, (Duke of Frioul,) and by the first of June, had reached the banks of the Oder. A truce was then concluded by the interposition of Austria; indeed, both parties were so exhausted, that it was impossible for them to proceed further, and whilst negotiations were pending, both began to rally and recruit all their forces. During this astonishing campaign, which seemed to retrieve in a moment the disasters of the Russian war, and restore the ascendancy of Napoleon, our weak and half trained cavalry was never allowed to engage. I have heard, that at Lutzen, we had but one regiment, in line, (the 10th hussars,) which, of course was kept in reserve. The numerous cavalry of the enemy, though foiled in every charge by the firmness of our young infantry, covered his retreats, and prevented our victories from being decisive.

On the 20th April, our little detachment, ninety-eight men strong, had left Gray. We traversed the valleys of Lorraine and the Palatinate, where I critically studied the field of battle of Kayerslautern, the theatre of one of the greatest exploits of Hoche, my father's friend. At Mayence, about the 15th

of May, we heard, with feelings of great impatience, of the battle of Lutzen—we trembled lest every thing should be over before our arrival. The numerous detachments of cavalry which arrived from all the depots, were here formed into temporary regiments (*regiments de marche*,) to join the army. At Hanau, after crossing Frankfort, we were passed in review, I believe, by General Boursier, a severe old soldier. Those who had wounded or neglected their horses, were condemned to march on foot, and I had the satisfaction to be complimented by him on the state of mine, which he said were in better case than those of any other detachment. We halted a few days at Dettingen to repose and exercise our men, and then proceeded, following the steps of the Grand Army, and murmuring at the news of every victory in which we did not share, through Fulde, Eisenach, Gotha, Erfurt, Weimar, Jena, Rochlitz, Dresden, where we were informed of the truce, and passed in review by Napoleon. From thence we marched on to quarters on the frontiers of Silesia and Bohemia.

*June 10 to August 10.* During this truce, we were quartered in the rich and beautiful valleys of Silesia, exercised without intermission and reinforced every day, till the regiment was raised to 500 men. We were brigaded with the 6th chasseurs (Colonel Count Talhouet,) and the 6th hussars, (Colonel Prince de Carignan,) under General Chastel, and attached to the corps of Count Victor de Latour Maubourg. I might here insert some interesting details on the character of the French soldier in quarters, which has been so much misrepresented. The fact was, that, in every village where we lodged, our men became universal favorites. Good natured and gay, instead of insulting or oppressing the country people, they assisted in their labors, especially in those of the women, with whom they danced every evening, and who were very fond of their guests. The good boors, satisfied with their pipe and beer pot, were too phlegmatic to rival, or even to be jealous of them. They smiled good naturedly at French vivacity and childishness, and we lived in the greatest concord with them. The cruel ravages which ensued after the recommencement of hostilities, and which are equally attributable to both parties, were inevitable, when we that one million of men were contending in a country, and that the flight of the terrified p

villages reduced the armies to starvation and despair. In the regiment in which I served, I can attest that I never saw an instance of plundering, except for provisions; and for these we always gave a receipt, when the magistrates could be found.

### CHAPTER III.

*Second Campaign of 1813—Part I.—From August 10th to September 3d or 4th.*

*Introduction.*—At the close of this truce, our forces were raised to between 3 and 400,000 men, French, Italians, Poles, Swiss, Saxons, Westphalians, &c.; we had even some Spanish, Portuguese, and Irish battalions in our ranks. Our cavalry now amounted to near 40,000 men; but soldiers and horses, though full of ardor, were but half trained and unable to support continued exertion and great fatigue. Marshal Davoust (Prince of Eckmuhl) had recovered and occupied Hamburg; Marshal Oudinot and Victor, (Dukes of Reggio and Bellune,) and Generals Bertrand and Regnier, covered Magdeburg and Wittenburg; the great mass of our army was, however, towards the right, in Lusatia and Silesia, under Marshals Ney, (Prince of Moscowa,) Macdonald, (Duke of Tarente,) Marmont and Mortier, (Dukes of Ragusa and Treviso,) Murat, (King of Naples,) and Prince Poniatowsky. But the enemy had made equal efforts; his forces were still more numerous than ours, and the defection of Austria rendered our position beyond the Elbe extremely critical, as her dominions gave to our adversaries the means of turning us. In first line, the Emperor Alexander, with 200,000 Russians and Austrians, occupied Bohemia and was in our rear; Bernadotte, with 120,000 Russians, Prussians and Swedes, covered Berlin, and was opposed to our left; and Blücher, with 100,000 Prussians, was in Silesia and in our front. Numerous reserves supported and reinforced them each hour, for every avenue was open to their advance or retreat, and the beleaguered garrisons of Dantzic and Glogau, though they still held out most gallantly, could oppose no impediment to their

march. Posted in the centre of these forces, we might, indeed, for a time, be stronger than them on any point, by bearing all our means upon it, but our reinforcements and convoys could only reach us, by prolonging and lending their flanks to the whole hostile frontier of Bohemia.

But I intend not, nor have I the means, to give an analysis of this stupendous campaign. It is but little that a subaltern officer can see or know of the movements of the great body, of which he forms such an imperceptible atom; especially in the light cavalry, where, detached from the main army, he has frequently no communication with it, and hears nothing of its reports. I have been in many an encounter, the result, object, and details of which, I did not learn till months afterwards. I have preserved no notes; I cannot ascertain the precise date of each fact; and, writing merely from memory, wish only to state, as far as my recollection will serve me, the particulars of those actions which I saw, and wherein I participated. The only book which I can consult at present, for dates and particulars, is Baine's History of the Wars of the French Revolution, an estimable work, and impartially written for an Englishman, but wherein I have, nevertheless, found some errors and inaccuracies.

**IN SILEZIA—August 10 to 24. Action with the Black Hussars...Skirmishes.....Battle of Löwenberg.....Battle of Goldberg.**

As soon as hostilities commenced, we raised on all sides our quarters, and for the first time began to *bivouaque* by brigades and divisions in the open air. The novelty of it was very pleasant. On the 19th August, Blucher pushed a reconnaissance to the Bober, and our light troops fell back on the main army, advancing under Napoleon. The first action which I witnessed, was a rencontre with the black Hussars of Prussia, who had just driven in a party of the 25th chasseurs. We halted and charged upon them, driving them back in their turn, with a very trifling loss on our side. Our young recruits, who had never seen fire, went to the charge with great resolution, but I observed that numbers of them fell off their horses in the skirmish, by their saddles turning over, when they attempted to strike with the sabre. They had neglected to tighten their girths, as every good horseman should do before an action, and two or three times a day, on a long march.

We continued to retreat through the mountains, halting and forming repeatedly, and had to stand some cannonading. I was spattered by the blood and brains of two men of my company, carried off behind me by a slanting cannon shot. It was my first action, and I was so intent on keeping my countenance, (standing as I did in front of my platoon, eager to catch and repeat with a bold and clear voice every word of command, and thinking, like a young man, that every eye was fixed on me,) that, though my heart fluttered a little, I declare I had no time to think of danger.

At night we halted on a ridge, divided from the enemy by a small ravine and rivulet. I commanded our outposts; my men were as new to this service as myself, and very much frightened at mounting their first guard. As I performed my second round, one of my vedettes hailed me, but, in his trepidation, without waiting for my reply, fired off his carbine at me. Instantly, the last vedette I had past returned the fire, and, during a few minutes, it was repeated all along the line, whilst I stood in the middle of them. I remained motionless, as my best chance; and, luckily it was pitch dark: but, to my great vexation, the alarm was given, and all the brigade mounted and formed. However, the circumstance, when explained, only furnished matter of laughter for next morning.

Next day, on Napoleon's approach, the enemy retreated, and we followed in our turn. On the morning, (I think of the 21st August,) we joined, at break of day, Napoleon and the mass of the army on the heights of Lœwenberg. We witnessed a magnificent cannonade from one ridge to another—it was a most awful scene. I saw several ammunition wagons blown up, and whole ranks carried off close to us. Our voltigeurs (light infantry) plunged down into the valley, and up into the woods, and by bush fighting, gained the opposite summit and flanks of the enemy. I will not deny that my heart beat with a strange animation, when the cavalry received orders to follow them, under the fire of our batteries, which, crowning the ridge, thundered all the while over our heads. I believe there were upwards of two hundred pieces firing on each side. I expected a general charge, but the action turned out a mere cannonade: the prudent old Prussian retired from ridge to ridge, and we could never bring him to close quarters.

Next day, 22d August, Napoleon received notice, that whilst Blücher was thus drawing us towards the Oder, the mass of the Austro-Russian army, concealing its march behind the mountains of Bohemia, was falling on Dresden to cut off our reserves, our stores, and our communications with France. He instantly set off for Dresden, leaving the command of the army to Marshal Macdonald, (Duke of Tarente,) with orders to despatch after him, with all speed, the Imperial guard, and the flower of the troops, especially the cavalry. We were detached to the left, and I marked, for the first time with pain, the ravages of war, in the smoking ruins of those very villages, where we had been so hospitably quartered during the two previous months. They were deserted and burnt. Even our soldiers "*grumbled pity*," as they thought of the kind boons and comely lasses whom they had parted from, a few days before.

On the 23d of August, we received a sudden notice that Blücher was turning back upon us, and that a division of our infantry was attacked and almost overwhelmed by superior forces. We pushed on rapidly towards Goldberg, and deployed suddenly on the flank of the enemy, to the great relief of our infantry, which was beginning to give way. The Prussians had, however, time to form three squares, flanked by artillery, and covered by the old camp which the Duke of Ragusa's corps had occupied during the truce. But our brigade performed, on this occasion, as brilliant a charge as any which our oldest soldiers could remember in their previous service. The enemy began his fire too soon, he faltered, and—darting through the smoke and through the old camp, (our Colonel at our head, giving the first sabre-slash,) we fairly rode down two squares, plunged in the valley, ascended the hill, with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, and brandished swords, and had it been possible to rally there, would have cut down or taken the third square. But, at this critical moment, the fire of a couple of howitzers, loaded with grape shot, and discharged at twelve paces distance, made our foremost wheel to the right-about, and before we could form again, the foe had retreated in order.—In this action, I received my first wound, (a mere contusion,) from a grape shot. We used, in charging, to twist our large horse-cloaks into a thick rope and fasten them over the left shoulder and under the right arm like a belt. The ball pierced seventeen folds of the

cloak and flattened on my left shoulder. The soldiers said, after the battle that "*Petit Loup*," must be "*né coiffe*," (born with a caul on my head) from a common superstition, that such men are invulnerable to the effect of fire arms. I was not ten paces from the howitzer when I was struck. I counted them already as my own peculiar prize, and never felt such rage and disappointment as when I saw my chasseurs turn their backs. On our return, a number of Prussians rose from the heaps of dead, where we had rode down their two squares, and fired upon us, but they were cut down effectually as we rallied. It was reported that evening, (but I cannot answer for the correctness of camp reports,) that 4,000 dead were counted on the field, sabred in less than ten minutes. We took several colors and prisoners; and my Colonel promised that I, and another young officer from St. Germain's who served in the regiment, should be decorated, on the first occasion, with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The French and Prussians fought in this action, and in most of their subsequent engagements, with an uncommon degree of animosity, such as was not seen in our encounters with the English, Russians, or Austrians, where a good deal of mutual courtesy was displayed on both sides. But in the contest between us and them, mutual wrongs seemed to call forth the personal feelings of both parties. The Prussians had been severely humbled since the battle of Jena. They have a high national spirit, and had lost a great military fame. On the other side, they had profited of our distresses in Russia to exercise a cruel retaliation, and massacred our unfortunate wounded and frozen stragglers in the very walls of Königsberg. The pride of our soldiers was irritated at this sudden insurrection of an enemy whom they had so completely conquered.

Upon the carnage of this action, I must make another observation. The French have been accused of ferocity, and the charge may appear founded, from the unsparing fury with which they generally fight on the field of battle. The fact is, that they engage in combat, body and soul; they are, during that time, in a state of temporary intoxication, and seldom think, especially in a charge, of giving or asking quarter; their cry is "*Kill! kill! kill!*" When the action is over, this spirit subsides, the natural humanity of their nature prevails, and to the wounded and prisoner I have always seen them, tender and humane, ~~they~~ never insult nor abuse them.

Neither the battle of Goldberg, nor that of Leewenberg are mentioned in Baine's history, (Book IV. Chap. XXIII.) which, I think, is not quite fair.

IN SAXONY AND BOHE-  
MIA.—August 24 to  
September 3, or 4.  
Battle of Dresden...  
Skirmishes... Defeat  
of Vanhomrigh, in  
Bohemia, and escape  
of our Brigade.

On the 24th August we received sudden orders to countermarch on Dresden. We performed this forced march, of one hundred and twenty miles, in four days; proceeding day and night with scarcely one moment of repose, under pouring rains, and through swelling floods, which we repeatedly had to swim over. Our fatigues were incredible. Commanding the vanguard, I had to lead in fording the Bober and the Spree; no pleasant achievement for one who could not swim. We lost upwards of one-third of our regiment on the way, from their horses falling under them; and the roads, completely ruined, were strewn with carcasses of steeds and men, left to rot on the ground, and fragments of wagons, and broken guns. We began too to suffer from famine; for the movements of the army were too rapid for provisions to follow; and we depended on chance for our daily food. Since the opening of the campaign, we had not received one ration of bread—our French soldiers sadly missed their soup; and we subsisted on the cattle we caught and the vegetables we dug up and broiled in our nightly *bivouacs*.

In this state, on the fourth day, we crossed the bridge of Dresden, in the afternoon of the 27th August, whilst the battle was yet raging on the surrounding heights. At that moment an officer, galloping over the bridge, called out to us, "Comrades, do you know the news?"—"What! What!"—"Moreau is with the enemy, Moreau commands them!"—"No! No! Impossible!" was the general cry; "'Tis a story of Buonaparte, who hates him. Moreau would never fight against Franco."—Well would it have been for Moreau, could he have heard that cry, it was a noble burst. I leave the comment to the heart of every reader, adding only, that my regiment was one of Moreau's old favorites, and that out of its twenty-two officers, eighteen were veterans of his school, risen from the ranks. When the fact and his death were ascertained, through the report of prisoners, his name, by a tacit agreement, seemed forgotten, and was never mentioned again. It struck on their



hearts like a family shame. Moreau had great popularity, but in calculating upon it the Allies forgot, that, in the eyes of French soldiers, his desertion would cancel all his former merits.

The battle of Dresden, where those two great commanders were fairly pitched against each other, had begun at four o'clock in the afternoon, on the preceding day, and was already won when we arrived. On the first day, with the Imperial guard, and about thirty thousand men, Napoleon had stood the desperate assaults of the whole Austrian army; but his reinforcements arrived every hour. On the second, he sallied out, and, perceiving a great defect in their position, broke through their centre, and forced their two wings to retreat separately. This retreat had begun by two o'clock, and we only had to join in the pursuit. The number of prisoners was immense; whole squares laid down their arms, not on the ground, but in the mud, without firing: indeed, their powder was unserviceable from the rain. In charging on them, we could not excite our jaded horses to a trot. Very unlike the Prussians, they showed but a faint spirit of hostility, and when surrendering, as they did in crowds, uniformly shouted, "*Vive Marie Louise*," to conciliate the French. In the evening, I saw Napoleon returning, in his grey riding coat, dripping wet, with the flap of his cocked hat hanging down over his neck, and bowing to the long columns of prisoners.

The pursuit lasted till it was pitch dark, and we then halted, under the rain, in a field full of corpses, without fire, food, or covering, for ourselves or our horses. In the night, as I lay in the mud, with my bridle in my hand, I felt a man by me: I laid my cheek on his stomach, as a pillow, and slept soundly, till the dawn breaking, I discovered that he was an Austrian, whose head and right shoulder were carried clean off by a cannon bullet: and there he lay under me, a clotted mass of gore, brain, and mashed bones. I was past the feeling of horror, but I started up in disgust.

The account of that battle, in Baine's History, is very incorrect. He speaks of a drawn action on the 28th, after that of the 27th, and states that the French fell back on Dresden, and the Austrians on Tœplitz. The fact is, that the defeat of the Austrians, on the 27th, was as complete, and the disorder of their army as great, as that of our own, after the battle of Leip-

zick. The number of prisoners which fell into our hands on that and the following days was currently reported at 40,000, besides killed, wounded, and missing; but I know from the official registers at Erfurt, that 28,000 passed through that city, on their way to France, besides those who died or escaped into Bohemia on their way to it.

Our brigade made part of the corps detached in pursuit of the Austrians. During the 28th, 29th, and 30th of August, we followed them into the mountains of Bohemia; masses of prisoners and convoys of baggage falling every hour into our hands. We had some skirmishes with them; but they generally retired in great haste and disorder, and opposed very little resistance. On the first night, one of my men, called Micono, a Piedmontese, who was flanking the regiment, lost his way in the woods. Led by the light of a bivouac, he fell in with a party of seventeen Austrians and one Russian, cooking their suppers. He gave himself up for lost, as he frankly confessed to me, when, to his great surprise, they rose, threw down their arms, and begged for life. The Russian alone seized his gun; Micono gave him a slash across the face and he yielded. He made them march in file before him, and joined us next morning with his eighteen prisoners.

At this time, I suffered an almost ludicrous distress. My clothes were literally in rags: my leather pantaloons had rotted with the wet, and burst at the fire of the bivouacs. I had no means of recruiting my wardrobe, as I could not, with propriety, share in the little booty which the soldiers took from the enemy's baggage, and had not one penny. At length one of my men gave me a pair, from the portmanteau of an Austrian officer, slain in skirmish. Poor fellow! it contained his *album*, filled, according to the German custom, with love verses, sentences, and quotations, in the handwriting of young ladies. If I could have discovered his family, and found an opportunity, I would have sent it to them to Vienna; for I know the value of such keepsakes. But, as will be seen hereafter, I lost it, along with all my own baggage.

We enjoyed, during a day or two, the plenty of those beautiful valleys, which no enemy had rifled since the wars of Frederick the Great. Ignorant of what was passing elsewhere, we deemed that Napoleon was following us, and <sup>4</sup>

soon be on the high road to Vienna. We knew not that, on the 23d. the Dukes of Reggio and Bellune had been defeated by Bernadotte, at Gross Beren and Baruth, and had repassed the Elbe; and that, on the 26th, (the very day on which the battle of Dresden began, and two days after we had left the army of Silesia,) Marshal Macdonald, in a most bloody and desperate action, had been completely routed by Blucher, and pursued from the Katzbach to the gates of Dresden. The enemy took 103 pieces of cannon, 18,000 prisoners, and all his baggage, and numbers were drowned in the swollen waters of the Bober and Spree. These disasters had compelled Napoleon to forego the pursuit of the Austrian army, and turn his attention to the North. Marshal Ney was detached against Bernadotte, and Marshal Marmont against Blucher. Vandamme, with about 30,000 men, left to observe the Austrians, engaged himself, imprudently, in the mountains. On the 30th or 31st, rallied in the valleys of Tœplitz, recovered from their panic, and animated by the news of the success of their allies, they fell upon him, with overwhelming force, surrounded him in the valleys, and, after a desperate resistance, cut to pieces the greatest part of his infantry, and took the General himself, about 10,000 prisoners, and 60 pieces of cannon. Some divisions, by a furious effort, broke through the passes and escaped to Dresden.

Advanced as we were in Bohemia, and detached from Vandamme's corps, the position of our brigade became very critical. We were cut off from our main army, and the whole Austrian force was interposed between us. We were soon surrounded by their light troops. Our General, like a man of spirit, kept up a running fight from mountain to mountain; but at night we had the pleasure to behold the enemy's bivouacs forming a complete circle of fire all around the horizon. They made sure of us in the morning. At that moment discovering, luckily, an old peasant, we brought him to General Chastel, who compelled him to undertake our guidance, placing him between two trusty soldiers, with orders to cut him down if he betrayed. The boor swore there was no way but through the enemy's quarters. But, as it was pouring rain and blowing very hard, we resolved to try. Leaving our fires to deceive the foe, and placing some Germans at the head of our column to answer their sentries,

we entered a long village, where every house was blazing with lights and filled with soldiers ; their sentries, who were probably sleeping, with their backs to the wind, did not hail us in entering ; indeed, the measure was too audacious to be foreseen. It was not till we issued at the other extremity, and our rear guard was filing out, that we were recognized and fired on by the guard, who ran away. Without staying to reply, we plunged, at a hard trot, into the forest, and could hear, for an hour afterwards, their drums and trumpets, and discern the flaring of lights, moving to and fro. The alarm was given, but the bird had flown. We marched all night, joined Murat, the King of Naples, next morning, at Frayenwald, or Ippoldiswerda, (I forget which,) and were attached to his corps. On this occasion, I was again promised the decoration of the Legion of Honor. This retreat, which reflects great credit on the General, is a proof of what light cavalry may attempt, when conducted with boldness, coolness, and presence of mind.

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*Part II—From 3d or 4th September to October 1st.*

*Introduction.*—By this time, the fatal plan of the allies, suggested, I believe, by Bernadotte, began to develop itself. The attack on Dresden was a bold but premature attempt : they paid dearly for it. They were now more cautious; and surrounding us, with every facility of advance and retreat, wished to exhaust us, by forced marches and movements, before they united for any decisive operation. I have not the presumption to pretend to penetrate, still less to judge of the motives which engaged Napoleon to retain, with such obstinacy, his central position on the Elbe ; but I cannot help thinking that, from the moment that Austria had declared against us, it was untenable. He was like the lion surrounded by Hottentot hunters : when he rushed upon one, his foe sprung back, and the others forced him to turn round, by assailing his rear. Wherever he appeared they retired, but as soon as he was called away by some other attack, his Lieutenants received severe checks. His brave but half disciplined troops, untrained to want and fatigue, were daily consumed by these rapid and eccentric manœuvres in a ruined country.

The desolation of all that rich and fertile tract, which extends for upwards of two hundred miles between the Saale and Oder, was completed by these movements. They were so rapid, that the provisions collected for the service of the campaign could not follow the army, and the country, (already exhausted by requisitions to fill the magazines,) was drained to its last resources by the immense consumptions of a million of men and horses, living on what they could glean from its remaining stores. I believe that, by the close of the campaign, there did not remain in that country, (the most industrious and best cultivated quarter of Germany,) one hamlet, one hedge, fence, or garden, entire, nor one head of cattle. The clouded sky was illuminated every night by the conflagration of villages. And yet I believe there were few instances of wilful outrage; but, (besides the inevitable accidents of war, and burning of villages from shells, in the daily actions which took place,) the frightened peasantry had fled to the woods and mountains, in every direction; the harassed soldiers, of both parties, who, after fighting all day, arrived at night in deserted quarters, ransacked, with burning flambeaux, every corner, for provisions and forage, and pulled the houses to pieces, in their despair, for fuel. I have seen our bivouac fires fed with mahogany furniture, pianos, pictures, and looking glass frames, and, what was worse, with the household tools and implements of husbandry of the poor. And who could check such excesses in a famished crowd of armed men?

The patience of our poor soldiers, and their devotion to Napoleon, under all this distress, were wonderful. Their boundless attachment to him was one of the purest and most disinterested of feelings. I speak not of the higher ranks, of whom a great number, then and afterwards, disgraced themselves by selfish calculations, and proved that a victorious Emperor, distributing rewards and honors, was very different in their eyes from one who required their support, at the risk of those very fortunes which he had given to them. But the common soldiers, and subaltern officers, though they had never courted him with servile flattery, and often inveighed against him with the greatest liberty, were aware of the great cause which he was defending, the cause of the independence of France, the cause of the Revolution, and of the prevalence of the new principles of Government, over the old. The feelings of the peasantry and soldiery.

of France, were purely patriotic, and they were uniformly attached to Napoleon, because he fought their battles. In the midst of their greatest murmurs and sufferings, his sight operated like a charm—like a sunburst in the gloom of a stormy day—and however dark and dispirited they may have appeared before, their frowns would clear, and they would instantly salute him with loud and cheerful cries of “*Vive l’Empereur.*”

It is impossible for me to remember the precise date and number of our marches, countermarches, and skirmishes, during the month of September. The following abstract is, however, as close as my memory will enable me to make it:

IN LUSATIA AND BOHEMIA.—4th September to 20th September. Two incursions in Lusatia and Bohemia—Skirmishes.

On the 4th or 5th of September, the cavalry, under the King of Naples, was ordered across the Elbe, to repel the late advance of Blucher. On this occasion, and several times afterwards during this month, I rode over the field of battle of Dresden, and observed, with surprise, that the corpses lay, during the whole campaign, where they had fallen, unburied, and in steaming and corrupting heaps; and, what is more singular, *unstript*. I knew them, at length, in my rides, like landmarks. I never saw dead bodies plundered in the field; in fact, the peasantry had fled, and it certainly was not the practice in our armies. I had conceived, from English works and novels, a most erroneous and unjust prejudice against that class of females, who followed the camp as sutlers, or washerwomen. We had very few in our army, but so far from plundering or murdering the wounded, they were always ready to assist them, with the natural humanity of their sex, and I have always found them, though coarse in their language and manners, cheerful, honest, worthy, and kind-hearted.

On our arrival at Dresden, we received, for the first time since the opening of the campaign, a ration of bread, and were passed in review by the Emperor, who granted to the regiment ten crosses of the Legion of Honor, and several promotions for its good conduct. On this occasion, I experienced one of those little mortifications, which young officers, who have their way to make, must expect to meet with, several times. My Colonel did not keep his word with

cross, although he apologized very kindly, observing that I was very young. that this was my first campaign, that occasions were plenty, and that I should soon obtain a decoration, but that *old servants* must be recompensed first. To these reasons I had nothing to reply: for I think that a man always makes a foolish figure in complaining that justice is not done to his merits. Besides, these crosses were all given to sergeants and privates, of whom many were also raised to the rank of officers, equipped on the spot, and embraced by their new comrades. I believe it was good policy, and it made a very interesting scene. I must observe here, that, although a little mortified on this occasion, I never had any reason to complain of any want of kindness and friendship in Count Edmond de Perigord, who was greatly beloved in the regiment, one of our bravest officers, and the first in every charge.

We then crossed the Elbe for the third time, in pursuit of old Blucher, who retired before us. The desolation of the country was extreme. I remarked the town of Bischoffswerda, a flourishing and prosperous little manufacturing city, which we had crossed through in advancing; it had been set on fire in Marshal Macdonald's retreat, by the shells of the enemy, and now presented a smoking heap of ruins. In this incursion, and in the following skirmishes, we remained under the command of the King of Naples, and I could not help admiring the personal prowess of that brilliant and fascinating warrior. His eyes would sparkle at the random discharge of a *tirailleur's* carbine. Without counting the enemy, he would cry, "*Chassez moi ces canailles là,*" (Drive off that rabble.) Nor could he refrain, covered with gold and feathers, and remarkable as he was by his singular and theatrical dress, and tall and beautiful appearance, from dashing in amongst the sharp shooters. He was an admirable horseman and swordsman, and when he singled out some wretched Cossack, would dart on him, like a falcon on his prey. I must add, that he was a better soldier than General: incomparable in a day of action, by his clear sight and rapid decision; he was too careless of the safety and subsistence of his troops, on common occasions, and had an undue contempt for infantry and artillery, repeating frequently, that good cavalry was always sufficient to guard itself.

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About the 7th and 8th September, we were suddenly recalled, and repassed the Elbe, in all haste, in consequence of the tremendous defeat of Marshal Ney, by Bernadotte, at Jutterbock, and Donnewitz, on the 6th of September. He had advanced on Berlin, with 70,000 men, of whom a great part was composed of foreign troops. He was engaged with General Bulow, when Bernadotte came up with 10,000 horse and 70 battalions: his troops, seized with a panic terror, suddenly broke and fled in disorder; their loss was terrible. Napoleon then concentrated his forces, still waiting for some favorable opportunity. Ney fell back and rallied his corps under the walls of Torgau, Marmont at Grossenhayn, Macdonald on the Spree; whilst Murat, with the cavalry, flew constantly from one wing to the other, from the frontiers of Silesia to those of Bohemia.

On the 13th of September, (as I find by an old letter of my own to my mother, of that date,) we crossed the Elbe for the fifth time, in support of Marmont and Macdonald, against a new advance of Blucher. He retreated, as usual, and our corps dwindled every day with starving, sickness, and forced marches. We had, however, some brisk skirmishing with the Cossacks, and cannonading at Bautzen. I believe it was on that occasion that a ludicrous incident raised a laugh, amidst all our fatigue and distress, and the havoc of war. Our young infantry placed great reliance on the artillery, and were never satisfied till they were flanked by it, and heard it begin. An old Colonel, impatient at the delays of the artillery officer, and at the bullets his corps was receiving in the mean time, called out to him, “Why do you not open?” “I am taking my *prolongements*,” he replied, (that is, in technical language, calculating the line and direction of my fire.) “Deuce take the artillery,” cried the old Colonel, who did not understand him, “they are always prolonging and prolonging.”

We were recalled from this incursion by an advance of the whole Austrian army on Dresden, the 14th of September, which was repelled by Napoleon in person, on the 15th and 16th. This forced march, in which we crossed the Elbe for the 6th time, was one of the most fatiguing which we had to go through. On the way, exhausted by heat and thirst, I perceived a neat little brick house by the road side, ~~where~~ rose out of the chimney, and the windows were ~~on~~



sight in these moments. I dismounted and stepped in, in order to get a drink of water. For some time I called in vain, and wandered from room to room. At length some groans attracted me to a door, which I threw open. There, yellow, gaunt, and half naked, immersed in filth, and buried in straw, about half a dozen of our poor soldiers, in the last and most disgusting stage of dysentery and typhus fever, had lain down to die in quiet. A jug of water was all their provision, and medicine; the stench was intolerable, and they seemed in the throes of death. My thirst was forgotten; I was overcome, almost to fainting, and rushed out in the open air. What could I do for them? I had nothing; they did not even seem to perceive me. I remounted my horse, but the image pursued me, and for an hour I could not recover the sickness and faintness of my stomach. I thought, for a time, that I had caught the infection, but, indeed, it was not of myself that I chiefly thought at that moment. I believe, though the incident had nothing rare or uncommon in it, that it was one of the greatest shocks I received during the campaign.

We were quartered again for a day or two in the miserable, ruined, and deserted villages round Dresden, and on our old field of battle. Every time that we crossed that city, where we never stopt beyond an hour or two, we received a ration of bread. We saw very little of Dresden: in fact, always lodged in hamlets and villages, we of the light cavalry had but few occasions to become acquainted with the cities of Germany, and higher or more polished classes of society of the country in which we were fighting. The soldier or sailor, who hopes, in the course of his wanderings, to become intimately acquainted with a great variety of manners, &c. will find himself wofully mistaken. Engrossed by his professional duties, he will have little leisure for such observations.

RIGHT BANK OF THE  
ELBE--20th September  
to 1st of October. Ac-  
tion of Muhlberg--quar-  
ters of Grossenhayn.

Our forces were now still more concentrated. The enemy pressed closer, and I think it was about the 20th of September that we crossed the Elbe for the seventh time, to reinforce Marshal Marmont at Grossenhayn. Report published that Bernadotte, now co-operating with Blücher, advanced towards that quarter from the North. Our brigade, now reduced to about 1,100 men, and all composed of light

cavalry, was detached several leagues in advance, to the village of Muhlberg, the same where Charles V. had defeated the Protestants and Elector of Saxony. We remained there two or three days. The village was near the Elbe, in the centre of a vast plain, surrounded, at a distance, by woods, and we had neither artillery nor infantry to guard it. I was told that our General remonstrated against the unfitness of the position, but in vain. We were thrown forward like a forlorn hope. We received advice that the enemy was advancing in great force, and sent notice to the King of Naples; his orders, as I was assured, were to stand as long as we could, and observe them, and then fall back on Grossenhayn.

I cannot, as I have already observed, be perfectly accurate as to dates; for I have no notes but a few letters which I wrote to my mother at the time. But I cannot be above two or three days in error. I think it was about the 24th September, that thickening clouds of Cossacks began to issue from the woods, and agglomerate in masses. The village was untenable; we formed eleven squadrons in the plain, of which our regiment yet presented three, and the skirmish commenced. The heads of the Russian columns began to blacken in the horizon, and, after about two hours skirmishing, we commenced a retreat, *en echiquier*, covered by tirailleurs. But the numbers and boldness of the enemy increased every instant; they were supported in rear by their fast advancing columns, and, as our disunited line was breaking by platoons, an impetuous *hurrah* was made upon it, the enemy driving in our tirailleurs, and forcing his way between our platoons. In a moment all order was confounded, the ranks were broken, and the affair became a *mêlée*; the force of the enemy was overwhelming, and we were fairly borne down by the torrent: numbers were killed, thrown, or taken, and the best armed and mounted, rallying in small masses, cut their way through the surrounding forest of lances, and, hotly pursued for upwards of six miles, fled towards Grossenhayn. My Colonel, Count Edmond de Perigord, was taken, after a desperate resistance, with one half of our officers: his horse fell under him: about seventy or eighty men of our regiment got off, and all who escaped of the whole brigade, with the General, were about three hundred.

In no action had I been so closely engaged, hand to hand. I cut down two or three Cossacks, one close to the General, whom he was aiming at, but was twice beaten down on the neck of my horse. The first time it was by two officers, whom I took for French, from their cloaks being similar to ours, and allowed to come up along side of me on the bridle hand, when they cut at me with their sabres, crying, "*Prisonnier! Rendz toi, brave Français;*" I cried, "*Non, jamais!*" attempting to return the stroke, but was stunned by five or six blows in an instant, for their men had come up. The speed and ferocity of my Solyman, the finest horse in the whole brigade, saved me; one of them pricked him with his spear: he flung and kicked about, and how I clung to him I know not, but he carried me off like a flash of lightning. On recovering, finding myself out of the *melée*, I rushed on a wild looking Cossack, with a long beard and spear; I struck up the point of his lance, but he almost felled me by an unexpected stroke with the wood of it, and made his escape. I was joined at that moment by a little trumpeter, scarcely fourteen years of age, crying and roaring. "They have taken our Colonel: I have seen him cut down by a dozen of them. Oh my officer! Let us deliver or revenge him." I followed the poor little fellow to the woods, where we discovered, trotting through the woods, a Cossack as ugly and clumsy as my last antagonist. I sprung upon him, but, as I struck, he threw himself off his horse, uttering the most piteous prayers, with uplifted hands. My trumpeter, seizing his horse, cried, "Kill him! kill him!" But though I could not understand the poor wretch's language, I could not strike a prostrate man begging for life; and discerning my hesitation, he sprung up, with a cry of joy, and leaped in the bushes. I then pushed on through the wood with the enraged little musician, who continued to roar and scold me for letting the Cossack escape, till I pacified him by making him a present of the horse. Gathering some stragglers, and joining some officers of the 6th Chasseurs, we rallied about forty men of our three regiments. We had three or four times to cut our way through clouds of Cossacks. At length, at dusk, we reached a little farm, buried in the woods, where we spent the night. I found that I had received three sabre cuts on the shoulders and arms, (none of them dangerous,) and my schako was split

on my head. My cloak, but especially my Solyman, again saved my life on this occasion. The good farmers received us very hospitably, and gave us a welcome supper. Their pretty daughters expressed a great deal of compassion for the young wounded officer, dressed my wounds themselves, and sat up with me all night. Next morning, after expressing our warm thanks, we proceeded to Grossenhayn, with a guide, whom they provided for us.

At Grossenhayn I met my father's countryman. Col. Wm. Corbett, then Adjt. Genl. and Chief of the Staff of the Duke of Ragusa. He rendered me the most friendly services, and shared his lodgings with me in the best house of the city, where we were quartered on the family of Major De Seidlitz, of the Saxon Horse Guards.

On the next day after my arrival, I was ruffled by a visit from a Chamberlain of the King of Naples, "*all clinquant, all in gold,*" who, after many smooth compliments, *with many holiday and lady terms, questioning me,*" and telling me, "*but for those vile Cossacks he would himself have been a soldier,*" began to inquire from me. "*confidentially,*" whom did I really deem in fault in the late "*unhappy action.*" I was literally "*smarting with my wounds,*" and replied, rather Hotspur-like, "That, General, Officers, and men, we had all done our duty, and, if any one was in fault, it was he who had placed us in such a position without infantry or artillery." Now, on this occasion. I feel it due to declare my full conviction that the gallant Murat was incapable of endeavoring to throw the blame of his own imprudence on another, still less to sound an officer, for secret denunciations, against his chiefs or comrades. But I fancy this court parasite thought that, by doing it himself, he might please his master.

During this period of repose, I must render justice to the kindness of my worthy hosts, who treated me as if I had been one of their own children. Here, also, I was nursed and compassionated by amiable and accomplished young ladies, who read to me, made music, and insisted on my writing in their albums; I enjoyed a good bed, a good dinner every day, and change of linen—luxuries of which I had almost lost all memory.—Since the opening of the campaign I had not, for two months, taken off my clothes nor boots, nor slept un-

tent or roof, but bivouaqued every night in true Indian or Tartar style. frequently in the mud, under the rain, and without fire. The man who got an old plank, shutter, or door, to lie on, was happy; and he who gathered some dry straw, revelled in luxury. Our meals had been what chance afforded us, generally a piece of meat broiled in the ashes, without salt or bread; sometimes beets or potatoes cooked in the same style, milk, or boiled cabbages. Of these meals we never had but one in the twenty-four hours, usually at daybreak: for the day was spent in marching or skirmishing: nor did we halt and procure our provisions and fuel till late in the evening, and cooked them at night. They were frequently interrupted by the Cossacks; but I must say that the trumpet never roused us to horse unwillingly, nor found us unprepared but once. when our soldiers had had the good luck to find some pots, and were boiling their soup, which they kicked down with rage when summoned to arms. The privations of our poor steeds grieved us more than our own, for none but a soldier can conceive the intimacy of feeling which grows between a horse and his rider in a campaign. They were generally fed on the green corn and oats mowed down in the field, but compelled sometimes to eat leaves, the thatch of cabbins, or, worst of all, the *populous* straw on which Russians had been sleeping the night before, and which made our skins curdle when we approached it.

It may be asked, what are the charms of a soldier's life, which compensate for those privations? This is one of those questions to which it is not easy to reply: for those charms depend on feelings, which to those who have no sense of them, it is impossible to explain. I can only say, that, if I suffered in the field, hours of hardship and fatigue, I also enjoyed hours of great happiness. Many a delightful night have I spent by the bivouac fires, cheered by the free and careless conversation of my brave comrades, and listening to the tales of veterans, often replete with varied and entertaining information; many another, smoking my pipe in solitude, and gazing at the moon and fleeting clouds, in the expectancy of some gallant action in the morning. The thoughts, and recollections, and fancies, that would crowd on my mind, at these moments, are indescribable. And,—not to speak of the brilliant scenes which shifted each instant around us; of the spirit-stirring emotions excited by martial music, by the an—

of troops and horses, the brilliancy of arms and uniforms, and sound of artillery ;—can any thing more effectually rouse the faculties and exertions of man (and their action is enjoyment) than the very animal and physical energy produced by continual adventure and enterprize, and by living and wandering in the open air ? Is there aught to compare to the light carelessness of spirit, proceeding from the very uncertainty of fate ; to the consciousness of mental and physical power, and the thrilling gratification of pride, in braving and surmounting peril and difficulty ? There is no room, in such a life, for the *lædium vitæ*.

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*Part III—From the 1st to 24th October.*

*Introduction.*—In the beginning of October this gigantic campaign was evidently drawing to a close. Our army was greatly weakened and diminished, but Napoleon had drawn in all his divisions around Dresden, to prepare for some future effort, or await some favorable opportunity. The allies had also drawn closer around us, and had received great reinforcements ; Platow and Benningsen, with 40,000 Russians, had lately rejoined the Emperor Alexander in Bohemia. The Austrians were preparing to invade Bavaria ; Napoleon had been compelled to withdraw his troops from that country to fill up the vacancies in his own army ; and the King, who had always been our faithful ally, was reduced to his own forces, (about 35,000 men.)

At length they began to execute their great plan about the 5th of October. The Emperor Alexander and Prince Schwartzenberg, with 100,000 Austrians and 90,000 Russians, advanced upon Leipsick from Bohemia, whilst Bernadotte and Blucher, uniting the flower of their armies, (about 130,000 Prussians, Russians, and Swedes,) crossed the Elbe at Acken and Dessau, and advanced from the North to co-operate with them. Their object was obvious: to throw themselves between us and France, cut off all our supplies, and compel us to a general action with vastly superior numbers. On his side it appears, both by his movements and bulletins, that Napoleon meditated a deep counter-manceuvre ; to transfer the seat of war to the Lower Elbe, and make Magdeburgh, instead of Dresden, the centre and pivot of his operations. This plan, had it not been defeated

by subsequent events, was both judicious and formidable. It not only defeated the main object of the enemy, that of intercepting us, (for giving a hand to Davoust and the Danes, he opened a new and safer communication with France, through Westphalia and Holland, and was no longer flanked and surrounded,) but in his turn he cut off his adversaries from Prussia and the North of Germany, and the whole of that country remained open to his arms. Above all, it transferred his army from the ruined and desolated region, where they were starving, to new ground. Evacuating, therefore, all the provinces beyond the Elbe, and recalling all his divisions, on the 7th of October he departed, at length, from Dresden, for the last time, leaving in that city a garrison of 18 or 20 000 men, under Marshal St. Cyr. Torgau, Wittenberg, and Magdeburgh, were likewise occupied by strong garrisons, and Davoust held Hamburg with his whole army. His line of operations was thus well covered. On the 9th of October, the two great armies of the allies had completed their junction beyond Leipzick, and the Saal, and on the 10th, Napoleon had his head quarters at Duben, between them and the Elbe, where he cut off all their communications with Prussia. In fact, by that very able movement, their position was, for a moment, more critical than ours.

I need not repeat, that, in this brief analysis of the motions of both parties, I write from those public documents and private information, which I did not acquire till several months afterwards. At the time, confounded in the crowd, we blindly executed movements, of which, we neither knew the object nor connection. I will now return to my private memoirs.

LEFT BANK OF THE  
ELBE—Last incursion  
beyond it, 1st to 16th  
October—Guard on  
the Elbe—Actions of  
Coswick, Rosslau and  
Acken—Retreat to  
Leipzick, in Saxony.

After enjoying, for a few days, the kind hospitality of my good hosts at Grossenhayn, impatient to rejoin my regiment, I repassed the Elbe, for the eighth time, at Meissen, and found our brigade rallied and quartered in the neighboring villages. To my great surprise, the superior officer, Lespinasse, who now commanded the fragments of the regiment, received me with a cold and distant manner, which I did not think I deserved. I attribute it to his fear, lest my boldness, which he had heard of, might prejudice the King of Naples against the regiment: for he had heard something about indiscreet conversations at Grossenhayn—

convinced that such an apprehension wronged that gallant Prince. But I was soon consoled by the warm affection and cordial greetings of my comrades, with whom *Petit Loup* was as great a favorite as ever.

In a few days, our troops having, as I have already observed, all evacuated the right bank of the Elbe, we were marched towards Torgau, and quartered opposite to that fatal plain, which we had such good reason to remember. It was still occupied by the numerous corps which had beaten us, and they were making demonstrations of crossing the river. The General here required an officer to command a forlorn hope, and observe his movements, with 25 men. My commander sent me to him, with my arm yet in a sling. The general directed me to occupy a little sandy peninsula, which stretched in a great bend of the river, close to their position. I observed, that the ford which Charles V. had crossed, before the battle of Mülberg, lay some distance below my post, and that the enemy might pass there, when and in what force he pleased, and cut off my detachment; whereas, at the ford, I could watch him nearly as well, and have my retreat secure. "Your business," he replied, "is not to oppose the passage, but to give notice of it, and if one man of your detachment escapes for that purpose, your duty will be performed."

This pithy conclusion admitted of no reply, and feeling, besides, somewhat flattered with the trust reposed in me, I strung my mind to the occasion, and thought of the brave Schouardin. In the war of La Vendée, his General, defeated by the Royalists, and retiring in utter disorder, called out to him, "Schouardin, take fifty men, hold the defile, and stop the enemy till you are all killed."—"Yes, General;" was his sublime reply, and the deed was performed, with the same simplicity as the words were pronounced. There was, however, no need for this heroism. The enemy was only making false demonstrations: for the mass of his army was passing at another spot. This was about the 5th of October. My watch was disagreeable, but we were not attacked. As there was a battery on the other shore, and I had not a tree to cover my men, as besides it was pouring rain, and we had neither shelter, fire, nor provisions, I dispersed the whole of them by couples, up to their saddles in the water, amongst the flags, reeds, and rushes. For myself, I spent the whole



twenty-four hours of my guard in riding backwards and forwards along their line. The enemy's posts and sentries fired wherever they saw two or three of us together, they seemed to me to be Landwehr or militia, and very fond of shooting; they discharged at least two hundred musket and rifle shots at me during my rounds, but with little danger, as they fired across the Elbe. The night passed quietly, and I was relieved next morning.

When Napoleon, on the 10th, had succeeded in interposing himself between the allies and the Elbe. General Regnier was detached with a strong corps of French infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and Polish lancers, (who had just made a great hurrah on the Cossacks, and a tremendous slaughter of them, under the walls of Torgau.) The object of this detachment, of which we made part, was to destroy the bridges of Bernadotte, and seize every passage on the Elbe, preparatory to the movement of the whole army on its right bank. We crossed that river for the ninth time at Wittenberg, a fine old city. I thought, as we filed through its streets, of Luther and Melancthon, of Hamlet and Horatio—

*“Hamlet.* And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

*Horatio.* A truant disposition, good my Lord.”

as I might have said of myself at that very time. We marched to Coswick, and then to Rossau, where we had severe skirmishing with the Swedes and Prussians; we drove them across the river, after a tremendous cannonade, and burnt the bridge of Dessau. From thence we pushed to Acken, with the same purpose, and were in the midst of the cannonade, when we received sudden orders to countermarch in all haste, and proceed towards Leipzig.

A sudden and fatal news had determined Napoleon to renounce his former plan, and fall directly back on the Rhine. On the 8th of October, the King of Bavaria had declared against us, and his army, joining the Austrians, proceeded straight to the Mayn and occupied Frankfort and Hanau. In justification of that Prince, it must be granted, that he gave previous notice of the distress to which he was reduced: and offered to support the war, if he received reinforcements from France. But that was impossible.—The Bavarian troops in our army, behaved also with great honor. They retired, but refused to fight against us,

and after the battle of Leipzick, protected the retreat of a part of our army to Torgau.—Our position now became untenable, and without reinforcements from France, or communication with that country, our means were too exhausted to continue the contest much longer. The Cossacks pushed also a hurrah in Westphalia, and took Cassel, and we were almost instantly deserted by all the Westphalians in our army.—On this occasion, I cannot help thinking, though with great diffidence of my own judgment, that Napoleon, from his reluctance to abandon his German fortresses, and his hopes of soon returning to relieve them, and enclosing the enemy between their garrisons and his army, committed a fatal oversight. Though it was evident that we could never reach the Rhine without fighting a general battle, he left within their ramparts a number of his best troops, which were sadly missed at Leipzick, and shortly blockaded and rendered useless to France and to his cause. Without mentioning the garrisons of Dantzic or Glogau, (whom he could not reach;) had the 70,000 or 80,000 men, (for I am sure there were not less,) whom he left in Dresden, Torgau, Wittenberg, Magdeburgh, and Hamburgh, been on the field—

Another sight had seen that morn,  
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,  
And Leipzick, Jena's fame had borne.

On the evening of the 14th of October, we recrossed the Elbe at Wittenberg, for the tenth and last time at nightfall; and pursued our march the greatest part of that night, and the whole of next day, with scarcely a momentary halt, through forests and marshes. We knew not where we were going; and no description could give an idea of the ruined state of the roads, and desolation of the country. The Cossacks soon appeared, and kept hovering and skirmishing in our rear.—I could not help admiring our Polish auxiliaries. Our own troops, by this time, presented a miserable, haggard, and ragged appearance, but they and their horses, light and brilliant as on a parade, bore no traces of famine or fatigue. Always in high spirits, reckless and dauntless, even beyond the French, they seemed, like young Stephen de Crevecœur, to have a particular vocation for sticking those black hogs, the unfortunate Cossacks, and evidently overmastered lance, and at every other weapon. War was the and their natural element. But, it must be a

plundered as they fought, without fear or mercy.—In this retreat, as I commanded the rear-guard. I observed three Poles skirmishing with the Cossacks behind me. After some time, they galloped up, laughing and shouting; one of them bore a bottle of spirits at his belt, and all partook of it in high glee. At that instant, he received a random shot in the ribs, and fell writhing on his horse's neck. I stopt, and his comrades dismounting eagerly, and without minding the Cossacks, bore him to a ditch on the road side. I began to feel touched by their humanity, and was going up to their assistance, when I saw them—strip him, take his horse and portmanteau and brandy bottle, and gallop off, laughing and drinking the spirits. Such was my indignation, that I was tempted to discharge my pistols at them, as they past me; however, as on further reflection, I could only accuse them of insensibility, for they merely anticipated what the Cossacks, who prowled behind them, and gazed at them all the while, would have done in ten minutes. I did not think it worth while to waste my powder upon them, and let them pass. We spent that night, crowded in the hovels and ruined gardens of a miserable burnt and deserted village, and resumed our march before day break on the 16th of October. We had made, as I perceived by the event, a great circuit by Torgau: I suppose in order to avoid Blucher's army, which now encircled Leipzick, to the North, whilst, turning round him, we approached the city on the Southern side.

LEIPZICK.  
16th October.  
Battle of Leipzick.  
1st day.

Of the terrible battle of Leipzick, the most gigantic certainly that has been fought in modern ages. I can say but little, for I only saw part of the first day's engagement, and even of that, buried in the crowd, I had but partial glimpses. The chief particulars of the engagement, I only learned by the public reports, which, as will be seen in the subsequent relation, I had no means to procure for several months, nor till after the war was concluded. Endeavoring, out of these, to give a general idea of the whole, I will only enter into details, as to what I saw and participated in, myself.

I shall never forget the sudden start, which awaked and roused our feelings, when, in the stillness and silence of our morn-

ing march through the woods, a little after the break of day, we heard three distant and distinct cannon shots, sounding like signals. They were followed, after a short pause, by such a continuous and rattling peal of artillery, as convinced us that Napoleon was there, and that a general action, which we had so long sighed for, was at length at hand. Such was the perfect reliance of the inferior officers and soldiers of the army, in the Emperor's star and abilities, that, amidst all their distresses, they only wished for such an event. Could he bring them to a decisive battle, we were sure to be shortly on the road to Berlin or Vienna. We closed our ranks, and in awful silence and suspense pressed on, listening to the tremendous sound of that cannonade, which for four days, with scarcely any intermission, except during a few hours every night, continued, hurling death and destruction amongst half a million of men, and deciding the long balanced fate of Europe.

When we issued from the woods, on the plains south of Leipzig, between the army and the city, we filed for a long time, through the deep array of the baggage wagons and artillery parks, and formed at length in rear of the vast array, which extended in a semicircle, as far as our eyes could reach. The hot and hazy air was already obscured with smoke, and we breathed a heavy and sulphureous atmosphere. But far distant in front, and to the South, a dark and dense cloud encircled the whole horizon and wreathed to the skies, slowly curling and thickening with the continuous volleys of the artillery. Here we dismounted and prepared for action, tightening our girths, and twisting our cloaks, which we threw round us like belts. Exhausted as we were, every heart was roused, and every nerve was strung. I got my poor Solyman, who had twice saved my life, and was here destined to perform his last services to his master, new shod. I refused, from a brilliant staff officer, 1200 francs and another horse for him that morning; "*If heaven had made me such another horse, of one entire and perfect chrysolite, I'd not have changed him for it.*"

On examining the accounts of the battle, I find that we were opposed to Prince Schwartzberg, and posted in rear of the villages of Wachau and Lieberwolkowitz, where Napoleon in person covered the south of Leipzig, against the great Austro-Russian army. For several hours we remained in this state of

suspense; a random shot or shell ploughing now and then the field where we stood, after running its destructive course through the crowds which covered us. Fresh columns of infantry pressed forward every instant, and plunged in the darkness of the battle. We could see, we could judge of nothing. To stand impassive and motionless under fire, as we did here, at Lœwenberg, and at Bautzen, is the most trying situation for cavalry, and most contrary to its very nature of rapid and decisive action. The enemy evidently outnumbered and encircled us, and, I believe, that in our quarter of the field, the first object was to dislodge him, in order to get room for the horse to act.

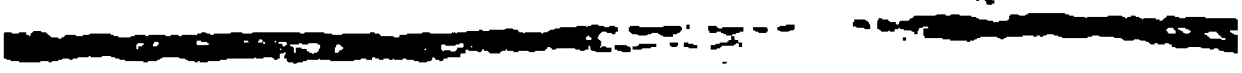
Before twelve o'clock, he had made six successive attacks on our front, with dreadful slaughter, but without producing any impression. Marshal MacDonald, on the left of our line, advanced at length, supported by Lauriston, and drove him back some distance. Marshals Oudinot and Mortier instantly followed the movement, and General Drouot, with one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, flew to the front. Yielding on all sides, the foe fell back, and Prince Schwartzenberg ordered up his reserve, his cavalry and the Russian Imperial Guard. A little before three o'clock he advanced again, and a new and desperate attack upon our position was made by his whole army. Towards our right, next to the Elster, they forced Prince Poniatowsky from the village of Dœlitz, and their cavalry charged on the squares of the Duke of Belluno, (Marshal Victor,) and rode round and round them.

At that moment the welcome cry of "To horse! to horse!" ran through our ranks, and we perceived the masses of cavalry in our front, moving forward. We mounted and followed in silence. I now saw that a ravine and hedges ran along our left, and presented a small opening, through which our squadrons filed rapidly but successively, and formed in the plain beyond it. One line was already formed and marching on. As our brigade, of three regiments, (now reduced to less than three hundred men,) closed the column, we formed last on the second line, at the point of its right wing, and next to the ravine. We were scarcely deployed, when the first, charged and routed by the enemy, came like a whirlwind driven upon us, amidst clouds of dust and in utter flight and disorder. There was a

pause, an instant of doubt and dismay; the fatal cry of “Platoons right wheel!” to break into column and repass the defile, was heard. The consequence would have been a repetition of the disaster of Mùhlberg: for our flying comrades and the pursuing enemy would have swept away our broken division during the movement. An intrepid captain of our regiment, Guillemain, vociferated, “No! Sabre in hand!” and at the same instant, we heard the command fly along the ranks; the Generals had given it—Murat was there!

Pointing our swords, the disordered squadrons of our first line were checked and poured off to the right and left, and when the dust began to clear, we saw the enemy advancing at full trot, in several deep columns. Those in front were Austrian cuirassiers, in white uniforms, with black breast plates. On perceiving our well ordered array, firm countenance, and pointed swords, they made a sudden halt, and for a moment both parties seemed to pause. Our chiefs commanded “Forward! Vive l’Empereur!” and we advanced at a trot upon them.—They wheeled about by threes in beautiful order, and began to retreat; our tirailleurs, (skirmishers,) darting out of the rank and discharging their carbines in their backs. I marked a powerful Austrian officer, mounted on a gigantic charger, who seemed in no hurry to follow his men; he waved his sabre in their rear, and looked back with great coolness. Three of our little chasseurs fell on him, but with two sweeps of his sword, he felled them from their horses.

The blood flashed to my head. I did not like this trifling with carbines, instead of charging home, and conceived the instant idea of darting along their flank and intercepting their front, I knew that if I could stop them one minute with a dozen men, our comrades would charge them in rear, and that we might take the whole column. I commanded the extreme platoon of the right; calling to my chasseurs to follow me, I spurred on, prolonging the flank of the Austrians. In a moment, I perceived a party of lancers rushing on me in front. I turned my head, and lo!—I was alone; my men had not followed. I was surrounded, and struck about me with fury, right and left; my Solyman, whose spirit seemed a breath of fire, leaped, sprung, and kicked all around. But a young lancer, throwing himself boldly along side of me, let go his reins, and grasping his



spear with both hands, drove it full in the neck and chest of poor Solyman. "*That was a felon stroke,*" as King Richard Cœur de Lion said of Waldemar Fitzurse. My poor steed reared on his hind legs, and, falling backwards, crushed me under his weight. The shouts of the lancers, stabbing at me with their spears, yet ring in my ears; and the last thing I felt was one endeavoring to nail me to the ground, and thrusting and twisting the point of his lance round and round into the back of my neck, through the folds of my cloak, as I lay with my face to the ground.

How long I remained in this position I know not; but believe it was only a few minutes. The first thing I felt, on the return of my scattered senses, was an unusual weight pressing on me. It was poor Solyman, stark dead, with his eyes glaring. I extricated myself from under him. I had fallen in such a manner that he covered my whole body, and my wounds, which began to smart, were all in the arms and neck. I had six lance strokes, of which the chief were through my left arm and in the nape of my neck. I looked around: French and Austrians all had disappeared; the charge had gone over me, and corpses were strewn about, but the dust was so thick that I could not see fifty yards. I knew not which way to turn. At this moment, one of the wounded gathered himself up; he was one of my own men whom I had seen cut down by the Austrian officer. He looked round with such a stare of terror and bewilderment, that, bloody as we both were, I could not help bursting into a laugh, and called him up to me. I found he was slightly hurt by a cut in the cheek, but stunned by the blow and horribly frightened.

Leaving poor Solyman and my portmanteau and baggage to their fate, I turned, at all chances, uncertain whether I should fall into the hands of a friend or foe, in the direction I thought we came from. In a few moments, to my unspeakable relief, I heard the French trumpets, and presently discerned the superb regiment of the Carabineers, advancing in splendid array. The officers all cast a look of kindness and wonder at me. I called, "Could they take me with them?" They replied, "We are going to charge." I requested to join them. They answered, "They had no spare horses; and besides, I evidently appeared too much wounded." They then directed me to the ravine we



had past, and told me, that, in following it, it would lead me to the baggages and *ambulances*, (flying hospitals.)

I soon reached the rear of the infantry, and was directed from regiment to regiment, to the surgeons. I lost my poor companion in the crowd, and began to faint from heat, thirst, and loss of blood. At length I reached a small village, filled with the wounded and prisoners. Following their train, I entered a large tavern-looking house, and ascended to an upper hall, where an appalling spectacle lay before me. A long table occupied one side of it, the rest was strewn with straw, and crowded with maimed and bleeding wretches. A dozen of young surgeons, naked and bloody from the middle upwards, eating and drinking and passing jokes in the intervals of their occupation, were cutting off limbs with all expedition, as the wounded were successively laid on the table, and casting the amputated legs, arms, hands, and feet, into a corner, where they formed a hideous pile; the floor streamed with blood; the straw was soaked with it, and it ran down the stairs. I threw myself on the ground, waiting for my turn. The sight was better calculated to cure a passion for war than that of a field of battle; it had all its horrors, and none of its brilliant accompaniments.

A young officer of Hungarian Hussars, just taken and slightly hurt, lay by me. We bound each other's wounds with our handkerchiefs, and entered into conversation, commenting on the scene before us, and making very sage, moral, and philosophical observations, though now and then I felt myself overcome with fits of faintness and dizziness. I observed, with surprise, the different demeanor of the wounded. Some old soldiers displayed the most intrepid coolness, smoking whilst the surgeons amputated them, and crying "*Vive l'Empereur*," when the operation was over. But most appeared to lose all command over their nerves, and shrieked in a hideous manner, when laid on the table. It was the more unaccountable, as soldiers in general suffer and expire with great calmness, and complain very little on the field of battle. It should seem that, in the ranks, the inevitable fate which comes equally to all, and the idea of being at their post, and in their duty, represses such feelings; at least there I have seen but small difference between the countenance and demeanor of one man and another. My companion and I waited with great anxiety, and some trepida-

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tion, the approach of the Surgeons; they were in such a train of cutting off limbs that we trembled for ours. But the hurricane of battle grew louder and louder, and approached the village, shells fell in it and the cry of "fire!" was heard. The scene which ensued was horrible. The surgeons, and such of the wounded as could crawl, rushed down stairs; by great exertions, the Hungarian and I did the same. When we were out, he said, "I see I shall soon be delivered; will you follow me?" I did not consider myself bound to detain him, and, I believe, he escaped in the *hurrah*; but, rallying my strength, I got out of the burning village, where the poor amputated victims were, I fear, a prey to the flames.

Evening was now approaching, and I soon fell in with the bivouacs of the heavy cavalry, where I found some old comrades of the Military Academy, who shared their provisions and straw with me. This was all that I saw of the famous action of the 16th of October. In the English accounts, I see it mentioned that General Nostitz, with three regiments of Austrian cuirassiers, charged and overturned the French dragoon guards, and Polish cavalry, under General Letort, and cut several squares of French guards to pieces. I suppose this was the charge I witnessed; but they should have added, that, after overturning our first line, he was beat back by the second, and never reached our infantry, and, of course, did not cut our squares to pieces. I see it also mentioned, that Latour Maubourg's cavalry, headed by the King of Naples, and sent to repel him, was, in his turn, overthrown by the Cossacks of the Imperial Guard, who took twenty-four pieces of cannon. This I believe to be equally incorrect, but I was then wounded, and not on the field.—The French account states, that at the close of the day, the Russian cavalry charged on General Davoust's artillery, and were received with such volleys of cartridge-shot, that they were driven back; that General Curial retook the village of Doelitz, which the enemy had forced Prince Poniatowsky to abandon; and that, in a last charge, General Latour Maubourg repelled them entirely off the field, but had his leg carried off by a cannon bullet. It is certain, that, at the close of this day, and in this quarter of the field, the advantage was entirely on our side. We were masters of the ground, and the enemy was driven back from the positions he had occupied in the morning.

To the North of Leipzick. another battle, equally fierce, was maintained with the same obstinacy between Bernadotte and Blucher on the one side, and Marshals Ney, Marmont, and Generals Bertrand, and Regnier, on the other. The advantage was rather on the side of the allies, who were greatly superior in numbers. The French, towards evening, fell back nearer Leipzick. Both actions were fought, on both sides, with the greatest obstinacy. The French artillery, in the course of this day alone, expended 80,000 cannon shots, and the carnage was tremendous.

LEIPZICK.—17th to 19th October. Battle of Leipzick; 2d, 3d, and 4th day.

On the 17th, the two armies were occupied in reorganizing their forces, repairing their artillery, and preparing for a new contest, more obstinate and formidable than the former. The allies were reinforced by General Bennigsen and 40,000 men. Aware of their immense superiority, Napoleon, towards night-fall, drew nearer to the city, and occupied an inner and stronger line. Ney executed the same movement to the North, and Bertrand was despatched to secure a retreat on Erfurt, by occupying the bridge of Weissenfels, on the Saale: in which he succeeded by twelve o'clock next day. This fact disproves the ridiculous charge which has been made against the Emperor, of never providing against a reverse.

On the 18th the battle recommenced with new fury. On the south, Prince Schwartzenberg, and the Russians, carried three times the central village of Probstheyda, and were three times driven out of it at the point of the bayonet; and, with all their superiority, the enemy could make no impression on the French position. To the North, the contest was maintained with the same fury, and the same equality, till three o'clock. At that moment, the whole Saxon corps, by a desertion unparalleled in history, passed over to the enemy, and turned, in the heat of the battle, their artillery (forty pieces) against their allies. This occasioned a momentary disorder and vacancy in the French lines; but Napoleon, with the Imperial guard, immediately marched to the spot, recovered the lost ground, and maintained the contest till night-fall. The situation of the French army was, however, becoming more desperate every hour; and, at night, the report of General Sorbier, Director of his artillery, informed the Emperor that 220,000 cannon balls had been expended in five days; of which, 80,000 had been fired on the 16th, and 95,000 on

18th : that there were only 16,000 remaining, which would barely suffice for two hours action; and, that the nearest supplies were at Erfurt, or Magdeburgh. Immediate orders were then given to begin the retreat on Erfurt; and, during the whole night, the troops began to file across the Elster and Saale towards Weissenfels.

During these two days, I lay in a kind of stupor, stretched on the straw of the bivouacs in rear of the army, in the midst of the cannonade which thundered all around. Every now and then I would rouse myself to inquire of the passing events. But so vague and incorrect were the flying reports which reached us, that it was not till some days afterwards that I learned the desertion of the Saxons. On the night of the 18th, an old college comrade, serving in the staff, discovered me, and invited me to his lodgings in the city. On the 19th, by break of day, making a great exertion, I reached the gates, and proceeded to the quarters of my friend.

We were scarcely seated down to a comfortable breakfast, when the bursting of shells on the roofs of the houses, the shrieks of the inhabitants, and redoubling din of war, gave us the first information of the retreat, and of the storming of the city by the allies. The resistance, made by our rear-guard, at the gates, was desperate, and Napoleon remained within the walls till ten o'clock. At length, the enemy forced in at some points; when our host, with his wife and daughters, pale and trembling, rushed in, and, falling on their knees, begged us, with clasped hands, to leave the house, as the Cossacks, they said, would certainly murder them, if we were found there. I sallied out: the terror of the poor people, barring and bolting their doors and windows, was horrible. Shells were falling and firing the roofs every instant. I reached the street, leading to the gate and bridge of the Elster. It was crowded to suffocation, with horse and foot, of all arms and uniforms, shouting and pushing on; guns, and caissons of powder and ammunition, wagons and carriages driving: several houses were on flames on both sides, and burning cinders and sparks flew about, and fell upon us. Three times was I borne by the crowd to the gate, and three times borne back, without feeling the ground. From the North and South, the whole mass of the two armies of the allies had fallen on the city, as soon as they perceived the retreat; and, at this moment, the Elster road was blockaded by

their attack. The heroic valor of the young guard opened a way for us ; driving back the mass of the enemy. they formed on both sides of the road, from the city to the bridge, like two walls of iron sheeted with fire and smoke ; the gates were thrown open, and poured forth the accumulated and agglomerated crowd which rolled on to the bridge of the Elster. I passed it along with them ; but I shall never forget the sublime sight of that guard, "*which could die, but knew not how to yield,*" and which, repelling on each side the reiterated and impetuous attacks of the enemy, protected this retiring and helpless mass. At length, when I reached the green fields, crowded by the relics of our army, exhausted by my efforts and emotions, I sunk on the grass and resigned myself to repose.

To this moment, though the enemy outnumbered us by almost 100,000 men, though our allies deserted us in the midst of the action, the battle was fought on nearly equal terms. The first day, we positively had the advantage ; the second and third, we fought without losing one inch of ground till our ammunition failed ; the retreat was begun with order, and the heroic efforts of the Imperial guard, breaking a way for us through the surrounding foe, covered it against all his attacks. An unforeseen accident, the blowing up of the bridge of Elster, completed our disaster, as an immense quantity of cannon, baggages, and ammunition, several divisions of the army, and all the wounded, &c., were yet on the other bank. Seized with a sudden panic, they broke and fled ; most of them fell into the hands of the enemy ; and numbers were drowned in attempting to ford the river. Marshal Macdonald swam over, but the brave Prince Poniatowski, crying "*Gentlemen, it is better to fall with honor, than live disgraced,*" cut his way, sabre in hand, through the enemy, and plunged into the Elster, where, numbers clinging to his horse, he sunk to the bottom.

I have seen my name quoted as certifying the official account of the blowing up of this bridge. I may have said, I never doubted that account: for it is simple, clear, and consistent. But I had crossed before the explosion happened: I did not even hear of it till several months afterwards, when I first read the bulletins ; and, therefore, could never certify it on my own authority. An undue importance has been attributed to this incident, which only became disastrous in consequence of the mo-

ment of confusion when it happened. The Elster, to my recollection, is a shallow stream, fordable in twenty places, and temporary bridges might have been thrown over it, in any number, in a few minutes, with the mass of wagons and planks on the field. The loss must have been occasioned by the panic and disorder of the troops who were left behind.

To conclude with Leipzig. It was certainly the most gigantic battle which has been fought in modern ages. The reports of the allies state their own force at 320,000 men; I have never seen any evaluation of the French army; but I suppose that 240,000 men on the side of the allies, and 160,000 on ours, would come nearer to the effective numbers engaged. 80,000 dead were collected and burnt on the field of battle; 1,500 pieces of artillery disgorged their fire without intermission; and the French, alone, fired 220,000 shots. The Russian campaign began, and Waterloo completed the ruin of the Emperor. But neither at Mojaïsk nor Waterloo were one half of the numbers engaged or killed, nor did these actions last one-third of the time of this bloody and obstinate conflict. It was there that the charm of Napoleon was broken—it was the first great battle where he was defeated, and he never recovered it. He made noble efforts, and displayed consummate talents afterwards, but could never regain his ascendant. But, though the French army yielded the palm of victory, it will be confessed, on all sides, that it lost no glory.

I believe the movements of the allies were chiefly directed by Bernadotte, certainly the ablest General amongst them. I was told, that, during the action, this wily and hypocritical Gascon stood behind his artillery, with his usual coolness, courage, and gaiety, exclaiming, “Brave Frenchmen! Brave fellows! I esteem them—But, point a little lower, cannoniers, point a little lower, my lads.”

RETREAT TO ERFURT..

October 19, to 24 ...

Preparations for the  
siege.

From Leipzig to Erfurt, I followed the retreat of the army, with no other dressing on my wound but the Hungarian's handkerchief, and loaded with my sabre and horse-cloak, the only effects which I had saved. It presented a scene of *unique* singularity, and peculiarly characteristic of the French soldiery. In their defeats, and when they are broken up or disorganized, the Germans or Russians fall or surrender in

crowds with great coolness and apathy, but never dream of acting for themselves. In our mass of Generals, officers, soldiers, and followers of the camp, where all order and subordination was now at an end, one cry was heard, one feeling appeared to pervade and animate the whole: “Home! Home! Home!” And, on the way to Erfurt, (trusting for subsistence to what chance should offer, and sleeping at nights in ditches and fields on the road side.) all precipitated themselves. About 60 or 80,000 men, of all descriptions, one-half unarmed, formed the main body; the rear was closed by some veteran corps, who preserved their ranks, discipline, and cannon to the last—such as the Imperial guard, the cannoniers of the Marine, and parts of several divisions. The retreat of those brave troops was that of the lion: they always presented a threatening front, and repelled the unceasing attempts of the Cossacks and light artillery, detached to harass us in rear: for the enemy was so shattered, that, for several days, his main body did not move after us. The inhabitants fled as we advanced; and, from Leipzick to Erfurt, I did not see one native. The weather was beautiful, a most lucky circumstance: for, in our actual state, one day of rain would have completed our ruin; but the country presented a scene of desolation unparalleled. Yet, strange as it may seem, our spirits were cheerful, and even high. The idea of returning to France seemed to have taken possession of every mind, and animated every heart; home, parents, wives, and children, were in every mouth.

On the first day of the retreat, the 19th, it was a melancholy sight to behold some of the poor, wounded, amputated victims of Leipzick, endeavoring to keep up with the march. I saw men, with a raw and bloody stump, drag themselves on, for miles, hopping, with the help of their muskets. But they dropt off, one by one, and were stript and speared by the Cossacks, along with the rest of the stragglers. That night, I slept under the carriage of my General, Latour Maubourg, who lay within, with his leg amputated.

On the second day, the 20th, we passed the Saale at Weissenfels. I saw Napoleon and Murat, the former, as cool and collected, the latter, as brilliant and cheerful as ever. In the crowd which I followed, rank was of little use, nevertheless, I met with several acts of kindness, and got an occasional lift

on a cannon or sutler's wagon. At night. I was welcome to share the bivouacs and chance meals of the soldiers, and never received a repulse, or a rough or insolent word, from one of them. I believe it was on that night that we all took our supper on apples, of which, an immense store was discovered, probably collected to make cider.

On the third day. (21st) after crossing a small stream, (I believe it was the Unstrutt.) I lay down, exhausted, on the grass, and fell fast asleep. How, indeed, I kept up my strength and spirits so far, with the fever of suppuration already fermenting in me, I know not—the thought of home, and of my poor mother, supported me. I was suddenly waked, by the explosion of a shell, and found that I had let the whole column pass on, and that the enemy were attacking the bridge, defended by our rear guard. I saw a long file of Imperial carriages, wagons, and servants, in full flight, and marked one man, in Imperial livery, who, to run faster, threw a bag off his shoulders. I walked up to examine it, and finding it was a bag of rice, threw it over my own, and proceeded in the most cheerful spirits as fast as my legs would carry me, certain of a supply of food. Every night during the remainder of the retreat, I walked up to the bivouacs of the soldiers, and called out, "Comrades, who has a pot or a pan? here is rice." We then boiled a mess of it, and all shared alike—officers and soldiers taking turn about in fetching fuel or water. That bag of rice brought me to Erfurt.

On the fourth day. (22d Oct.) we were joined by a superb regiment of *Gardes d'honneur*, in splendid uniforms, just arrived from France. These were all young men, of respectable families, formed into volunteer regiments of cavalry; they were immediately sent to the post of honor and of danger, in the rear. But, though they afterwards served nobly in the campaign of France, and fully retrieved their character, I cannot give a very flattering report of this, their first exhibition in the field. It must be added, that they had never yet smelt powder, nor seen fire, and their minds were probably prepossessed and intimidated by the most frightful and absurd exaggerations of the irresistible prowess, fierceness, and cruelty, of the Cossacks, which were circulated by the rumors of every gossip in that class of society to which they belonged. On a sudden, we saw them break their ranks and fly down the road, in the utmost

disorder, crying, “The Cossacks! The Cossacks!” The confusion which followed had something ludicrous and horrible; the whole mass of stragglers, even the poor sick and wounded, began to run, they knew not where. In that extremity, I saw a little party of about twenty grenadiers of the old Imperial Guard, and drawing my sabre, joined them. “Stay with us, my young officer,” they said, “we know what kind of rabble those Cossacks are, and they know us.” They enclosed me in their group, loaded their muskets, and awaited the charge. It proved a false alarm; and after some time, we found that it was caused by the appearance of a party of our own Polish Lancers, who had been marauding, according to custom. This excited great laughter amongst the Grenadiers, and sundry military jests on the prowess of the poor *Gardes d’honneur*. I staid with these brave fellows all night, and shared their straw and supper. The Imperial Guard were not loved by the line of the army. They did not generally share in its hardships, and their privileges rendered them haughty and overbearing. A private of this corps would scarcely salute an officer of any other, except on duty. But when the season of real peril and distress came on, they nobly maintained their high reputation, and their conduct at Leipzick, in the campaign of France, and at Waterloo, should never be forgotten by their country.

On the fifth night of the retreat, (28d,) in a little village of the Duchy of Gotha, I remember burning with thirst and fever, and proceeding to a horse pond, where five hundred horses were bathing and drinking. I lay down on my belly, and scooping up the water with one hand, and stopping my nose with the other, drank along with them, though the strong rankness of its smell and flavor made it almost impossible to swallow.

On the sixth day, 24th October, I reached the gates of Erfurt, where Napoleon had arrived the day before. The first person I met, was again, by a singular chance, my friend Colonel Corbett. He was shocked at my appearance, pale, bloody, and fairly worn out with fatigue and sickness. He brought me immediately to his lodgings; a bucket of warm water was procured, and I was scrubbed, scoured, and put to bed. They were obliged to pour warm water down my back for half an hour,



and get my shirt off by pieces, as it was sticking with blood from my neck to my hips. The fever, which had been kept back, I believe by the very agitation and exertion of my spirits, now broke out with redoubled force; and on being informed that my father's friend, General Dalton, was Governor of the city, conscious that I was unable to proceed, I determined to remain and take my chance with him. The event proved I was right, for I never could have stood the additional toils of the march to Mayence and bloody battle of Hanau. I crawled up to the castle next morning, was received by the General with the kindness of a father, and he promised to fix me in his Staff. I then returned to my city lodgings.

The army halted a couple of days and rallied at Erfurt. Napoleon held a council of war, to which Dalton was called, and his means inquired into. He had plenty of military stores, corn, flour, and forage, for the place was one of the two great depots of the army. The city and forts of Petersburg and Cyriacberg were lately strengthened with additional works by General Bernard, and mounted from three to four hundred guns; but he had very little meat, and no troops. One of the Generals present, (I forget whether it was Arrighi, Duke of Padua, or Lebrun, Duke of Plaisance,) cried, "Poh! with plenty of bread and water, what do soldiers want with meat?" Napoleon was of a different opinion; and thought the toils of a siege required substantial food. Dismounting the brilliant regiment of *Gardes d'honneur*, which had lately joined us, he added 500 horses to our live stock. The brigade of General Bagneris, containing three fine and entire battalions, (the sixth battalions of the 15th, 47th, and 70th regiments, which had just joined us,) was ordered to remain, along with the 6th, 7th, and 8th battalions of the 2d regiment of marine artillery, old and tried soldiers, now organized as infantry to serve on a new element. Two companies of artillery, two of sappers, and one of pontoniers, with a detachment of artillery train, completed our garrison, and all the sick and wounded were left in the hospitals of the city, in hopes that, on their recovery, they might reinforce us to 8,000 or 9,000 men. With these means, General Dalton engaged to hold to the last extremity, and delay the enemy as long as possible. He nobly kept his word; for even Napoleon could not have foreseen that he would stand nearly seven months,

and not surrender at last. He was also empowered to make promotions; and, on this occasion, procured for me a nomination to a First Lieutenancy, and the long desired cross of the Legion of Honor, the sole relic which I have preserved of my services in the French army.

The Emperor then proceeded towards Mayence, with the mass of his army, reduced to 70 or 80,000 men, and shorn of much of its splendor, but reorganized and ready to engage anew. I wrote to my mother, by my friend Corbett, and thus happily prevented the shock which she would have felt on seeing my name amongst those of the killed at Leipzick. The attempt of the Bavarians, on the 31st October, to cut off the retreat of the French army, and their signal chastisement at Hanau, are well known. I am told that our soldiers never fought with such fury; they were fired by a thousand motives, but chiefly by indignation at the desertion of allies, and the attempt of so weak an enemy to complete their destruction at the moment of their distress, and at the very gates of France.

Within a day or two after Napoleon's departure, we were blockaded by the advance of the light troops of the enemy, and such was the termination of my first campaign.

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## CHAPTER IV.

*Campaign of 1814—Blockade of Erfurt—From the 24th of October, 1813, to the 15th May, 1814.*

*Introduction.*—The blockade of Erfurt, which lasted nearly seven months, presents scenes of less stupendous magnitude than those of the preceding campaign, yet highly interesting to him who would study the character of the French soldiery. The skill of our Generals, the devoted patience of our soldiers, their unbroken spirit, courage, and fidelity, their cheerfulness under every privation, afforded a valuable lesson to a young warrior, desirous to learn the duties of his noble profession in every situation. It has been said that the French are only formidable in a first shock; that they have no patience nor firmness under protracted wants and sufferings. Let this

relation, and those of the sieges of Mayence, Genoa, Malta, Dantzick, Hamburgh, Torgau, &c. serve as a reply.

Before I enter into the narrative of this blockade, I must pay a due tribute of gratitude and esteem to the two brave Generals who commanded us, and to whom I owe such inestimable obligations. Alexander Count Dalton, Governor of the city and fortress, was a cousin of the Duke of Feltre, a handsome man and accomplished soldier, prudent, skilful, and intrepid; he had served in the Bantry Bay expedition along with his brother James, who was also Adjoint to my father in the last fatal expedition of General Hardy. They are both honorably mentioned in his memoirs. He lost another brother, William, an Aid-de-Camp of Napoleon, at Marengo, and was himself Aid-de-Camp to Berthier, and employed with distinction in Spain, Germany, and Russia. In the campaign of Moscow, he led the finest regiment of infantry in the army, and had his right ankle shot off by a Biscayen in storming Smolensko. He was then promoted to the rank of General, and appointed to the stationary government of Erfurt, a most important position at the time, as it covered the rear and contained the stores of the army, and was, indeed, the key of its communication with France.—General Bagneris, of a respectable family in Gascony, had enlisted as a volunteer in the beginning of the Revolution, and passed through every rank; he had been thirteen or fourteen years Adjutant General and Chief of the Staff, in Corsica, and through the whole Spanish war; he was just promoted to the rank of General, and led a fine brigade of troops from France, when he was detained at Erfurt, where he had the immediate command of the troops. This brave old soldier had the kindest, purest, and most single heart, that I have known; he was a warm and energetic patriot, a strictly and scrupulously honest man, and a true philanthropist. Both were covered with honorable wounds.

**BLOCKADE OF THE CITY  
OF ERFURT.**..24th Oc-  
tober 1813, to 1st Ja-  
nuary, 1814 ....Sally  
of Iivergehofen.....  
bombardment. ...ca-  
pitulation of the city.

A day or two after my arrival, General Dalton assigned me lodgings in the citadel, and gave an order to the Municipality to provide me with bed and bedding. But the inhabitants, who thought we would shortly be obliged to surrender, were in no hurry to

obey requisitions ; and, in the mean time, wrapt up in my bloody and tattered cloak, I lay for two or three nights on the stone floor, burning with fever and pain. I lost patience at length, and rousing myself, by a desperate effort, walked down, in a passion, to the Municipality, threatened the sitting Magistrate in most execrable and voluble High Dutch, (I believe I drew or handled my sabre,) and compelled him, with his followers, to carry up to the fort a bed and bedding for me. After this exploit, (the only instance of military oppression with which I can be charged,) I sunk on my pallet, perfectly exhausted, and was seized with delirium. Had I been conveyed in this state to the crowded and infected hospital, I was gone. But General Dalton, whose staff was full, proposed to General Bagneris to take me for his Aid-de-Camp, giving him the most flattering assurances of the use of which I might be, by my military zeal and literary acquirements, if I recovered. Of this there was certainly no probability at the time, and my appearance must have been far from prepossessing. But this excellent and worthy man, moved by compassion for a young and wounded stranger, had me conveyed to his own apartment, and nursed me himself with the tenderness of a parent.

When I recovered, at the end of a few days, I found that my clothes, or rather rags, (no great loss) had disappeared. I suppose the soldiers threw them away: my old cloak, which I have preserved, and still call my Leipzick, was wrapt around me, and, therefore, escaped. But what grieved me to the heart was, that my sabre, my companion, which I had preserved in every extremity, was also gone. My General equipped me from the public stores, with a soldier's coarse uniform, sabre, horse, and accoutrements, decorated rather incongruously with epaulets. I was installed in the staff, like one of the family, and entered on my duties in a few days. I cannot express my gratitude to that excellent man ; my service was arduous at times, but very instructive, for Dalton and Bagneris were both vigilant officers, and inspected daily and nightly all their works, batteries, stores, and hospitals.

The enemy had now formed a regular blockade, and thrown a cordon of troops all round the city, occupying the neighboring villages. This blockade was conducted at first, I believe, by General Kleist, afterwards by Ziethen, and latterly by Tauen-

zien, after he had successively taken Glogau, Dresden, Torgau, Wittenberg, Magdebourg, &c. These troops were occasionally relieved : for each division of the allies, on its march to France, stopped a few days to salute us with a cannonade or bombardment. In the first days of the siege, we observed that they mostly consisted of landwehr, or militia, and guarded themselves very negligently. We planned, in consequence, a sally, in order to teach them more caution, and, on a dark night, detachments, from our three infantry regiments, led by officers trained to the *petite guerre* in Spain, glided out, surprised their outposts, without giving an alarm, and surrounded the village of Iiversghofen, a little more than a cannon shot from the North side of the city. Before a musket was fired, detachments were placed in ambush, in ditches and hedges all around, to intercept all aid : the village was then attacked, and fired in an instant. Though surprised in their shirts, for they were mostly gone to bed in the houses, the Prussians, (a corps of Silesian volunteers,) made a desperate resistance, and, refusing all quarter, continued to fire from the windows till they were surrounded by the flames. We took few prisoners, and few escaped, but several hundred were consumed in the burning village. Though still very weak, I accompanied this sally, and ran considerable risk by riding up the street to persuade them to surrender ; they fired at me, and compelled me to retire, faster than I went in. The alarm was now given, and all the posts of the enemy were in motion, but fell back, when saluted on every side by the fire of our ambushes. We re-entered the city at day-break, with little or no loss.

This exploit exasperated General Kleist. He showed his resentment, by erecting some batteries of howitzers, and commencing on the 6th of November a most furious bombardment on the poor city. During this scene, I made the following observations: 1. In the first place, on the superiority of the common shell, over most of the engines of destruction, since invented. I have heard and read, that, during the battle of Leipzig, the allies employed Congreve rockets and Shrapnells. I can answer, that, in that mass of firing, their effect was not even perceived. But the common shell, so much simpler in its construction and operation, is more destructive in every way, and an incendiary machine, will set fire in a few minutes, to a

village. I have seen it at Bischofswerda, Leipzick, and Erfurt. 2. In the second place, I was struck by the very trifling effect of a bombardment, on the military defence of a fortified place. It was very mischievous to the inhabitants of Erfurt, for it burnt a large quarter of the town, and left a great esplanade between the city and citadel, which was very useful to us afterwards. This was rather hard on those poor people, who hated us most cordially and patriotically. But as to the garrison, they were scarcely annoyed by it. It burned some of their barracks, stables, and forage, but did not diminish our means of defence. The soldiers were a little stunned on the first day, by the number of shells which exploded every instant around them; but, after a few hours, did not mind them. Shelters were formed by placing beams against the ramparts, at an angle of from thirty to forty-five degrees, and there they lay in perfect safety. When a bomb fell by them, they threw themselves flat on the ground, and waited till it exploded; it could not hurt them in that position, and we had not above seven or eight men injured in all. The bombardment lasted three days, and the enemy cast about six thousand shells on the city.

During this bombardment, a very alarming scene took place at the hospital, where the patients took fright at the noise of the shells bursting on the roof. General Dalton hoisted a black flag over it, but it seemed only to attract the enemy's fire. The sick and wounded, in their terror, wanted to force the gate, and we were compelled to drive them in, for the building being slated, the bombs rolled off it, and they could be no where so safely.—Whilst we were watching their effect from the ramparts, we were also informed, that a store of spirituous liquors was in flames, and that our soldiers were leaving their post, and running in crowds, to save, or rather drink off the burning *schnaps*. I ran with another officer, sword in hand, and we seized the gate; the rioters instantly took to flight, and we allowed them to duck and dive successively under our arms, with a good whack on their heads, backs, and shoulders, as it was not worth while making an example. We had, however, been in some danger, if they had all got intoxicated.—As long as the bombardment lasted, I was galloping to and fro through the city, carrying orders, under the fire, 1

quite reckless of it. I perceived in one of my courses, an unfortunate bookseller in despair; his shop was burning. I offered him all the money I had, about seven dollars, and he allowed me to select as many books as I could carry off with me. I took a set of Latin classics, historians and poets, and Dante, Boccacio, and Ariosto, which proved an invaluable resource to me during the following winter.

In the beginning of this siege, our means of defence were ample, but a secret plague, introduced by the fugitives and stragglers of the Grand Army, soon proved more destructive than all the attempts of the enemy. The typhus fever broke out in the hospitals and city, and carried off, for some time, hundreds in a day. Cart loads of dead were conveyed from the hospitals every morning, and hurled by heaps into great cavities dug for the purpose, where I have often beheld them, naked, dyed by corruption, from a livid to a greenish hue, and frozen to the hardness of marble, looking like colored statues, in all the distorted attitudes and features of agony. I was seized with it, soon after the bombardment, and had a severe relapse. I have little or no recollection of this period, and was delirious most of the time; but I am assured that I was twenty-one days in this state; and, under that Providence, which reserved me to revisit and console my mother, I certainly owed my life, to the generous and tender care of General Bagneris. When I began to recover, the winter was set in, and I took a fancy to try the snow bath, in the Russian fashion. I rubbed myself with snow every morning from head to foot, as long as the cold lasted; and though I would not venture to recommend this remedy to any one else, it succeeded with me admirably, restoring my strength and appetite to a surprising degree.

Towards the commencement of December, and just as I was beginning to recover, our situation was grown very critical. The cold was intense, and several sentries were frozen; the snow drifted in our ditches, to the height of more than twenty feet, and in many places, offered to an enterprising enemy, the means of scaling the ramparts in the night. We used every precaution of modern, and even of ancient warfare, erecting cavaliers, planting palisades, and hanging heavy beams on our parapets, to hurl upon him if he should attempt it. But the fever had already carried off four or five thousand men; our hospitals were

full, we were not fifteen hundred fit for duty, the circuit which we had to guard was immense, and the soldiers were exhausted with incessant watching, and unable to keep even the gates and entries in sufficient force.

Under these circumstances, General Dalton at length listened to the repeated propositions of the enemy, and conducted his negotiation with consummate skill and ability, disguising his real weakness, by demonstrations of desperate obstinacy and resolution. The following conditions, (which the enemy would assuredly not have granted, had he known our real condition,) were agreed upon, after much debate: 1. That the French troops should retain, not only the citadel of Petersberg and fort of Cyriacsberg, but the whole height on which they are built, the two cathedrals, and the upper course of the river, with the watermill erected on it, which was indispensable to us. These were all to be surrounded by field works and palisados, and time was granted to us to erect them, along with many new cavaliers in the citadel, and in that part of the ramparts of the city, which we retained. 2. That neutrality should be maintained towards the city, the allies making no attack on the forts, nor the forts on them, but that hostilities should continue on the other side, towards the country. 3. That the French sick, unfit for transportation, should remain in the city hospitals till cured, and then be sent up to the fort. By this last condition, we kept some communication with that world, from which we were isolated on the top of our two rocks. Mr. De Turenne, a superior officer of cavalry, was allowed, on the 27th December, to carry this convention to France, and I wrote again, by him, to my mother.

During the last month of our possession of the city, I remember frequently visiting it, and making some agreeable acquaintances amongst the poor inhabitants, who had suffered very much. I believe it was about the 1st of January, 1814, that we finally evacuated it, and shut ourselves up on our rock. The Prussians entered immediately, and, during the movement, the inhabitants rose in a riot, and beat some of our soldiers and commissaries who had been employed in levying contributions and requisitions, and tarried a little too late. The Prussians apologized for this violence.



**BLOCKADE OF THE CITADEL OF ERFURT.—**  
 1st January 1814, to  
 4th April.—*Salles*—  
 Convention.

The improvement of our condition when concentrated in the citadel of Erfurt, was immediate and striking. Our invalids transported to the airy summit of the rock, where one of the cathedrals was turned into an hospital for their use, rapidly recovered. The enemy filled the city with his sick, which was certainly a convenience to him, but a great pledge to us, as he durst not attempt the least violation of the treaty, lest we should fire the town, which was in our power at any moment. Our garrison was now ample for our narrow limits, our provisions, from the reduction of our numbers, were abundant, and we had nearly three hundred pieces in battery, on the only quarter, from whence we could be assailed. Our situation was singular enough; on one side, *peace*, and the sentries of the two parties stood quietly at ten paces from each other; on the other, *war*, and the moment one Prussian passed the limits, we fired upon him. Constantly at the batteries, I perfected myself very much in the service of the engineer and artillery officer, of which I had studied the theory at St. Germain's, and found this duty an excellent course of practical instruction. Our greatest anxiety was now to keep up the spirits of the soldiers in their confined situation, and for this purpose, General Dalton exerted all his means with admirable success.

One of the cathedrals, as I have before observed, was turned into an hospital. The other was converted partly into a stable for our horses, and partly into a theatre. Our Engineers exerted all their ingenuity to fit it up with machinery, and it made a very tolerable appearance, superior to many theatres in the provinces. Our officers gave representations once or twice a week, to which all the troops were admitted in their turn, and they were highly delighted with them. They played little comedies, Vaudevilles, the smaller pieces of Moliere, which passed very well, (though our ladies had to shave before they entered on the stage,) and they also gave concerts and dances. An orchestra was formed, and the old revolutionary tunes, the Marseillaise, &c. were revived, which produced, for a time, a wonderful effect. Contests arose between our musical bands and those of the enemy, who played the Tyrolese march every evening, on the esplanade of the city, under our ramparts, and on neutral ground. We replied, by the martial air, "*La Victoire*

*est à nous*," which I confess was not perfectly appropriate to our situation, and sounded somewhat like a rhodomontade. Another of our amusements, which for some time puzzled and frightened the people of Erfurt very much, was constructing and letting off air balloons, on the Montgolfier plan, which were answered by fireworks, &c. from Cyriacsberg. The first which we let off, excited the terror of the whole country. They could not guess what signal it might not convey, or what horrible engine might not be concealed in its bowels, and when it fell, they ran up and tore it to pieces, to search them.

On examining his means, General Dalton soon perceived that his beef would fail. He got some horses privately slaughtered, and distributed. When he found that the soldiers fed on it heartily and never suspected the change, he assembled them and announced it, adding that he had plenty of *that* meat. They shouted with great alacrity, and immediately ran to fetch the heads and hoofs of the horses, which had been concealed, and put them into their soup. Indeed, the cheerfulness of their spirits under every privation, was admirable. I should add, however, that horse flesh is very tolerable meat, and not easily distinguishable from common beef: I believe the chief reason for not consuming it generally as food, is, that the horse is so much more useful and expensive an animal than the ox, during his life, and that he has little more than half the same quantity of flesh on his bones.

In this strange and isolated situation, I contrived for myself a great number of amusements and occupations. I had a Nanny goat to feed, and she paid me by her milk. My Latin classics were a never failing resource: I read for the first time my Italian authors, in their own dialect, and studied its energies and capabilities. The *Divina Comedia*, the *Orlando Innamorato* and *Decameron*, which I could scarcely bear in translations, now appeared to me in unveiled beauty. I had always been passionately fond of music, but never sounded an instrument before. I now taught myself on an old piano, which lay in the organ loft, to play, first simple tunes, then harmonies, and, lastly, voluntaries *ad libitum*.

From the moment that the allies crossed the Rhine, which they did not venture till the 1st of January, 1814, the besiegers sent us due notice of their progress, which, of course, was not

underrated in the relation, and which we as duly disbelieved. At length, towards the close of winter, finding themselves too weak to attack us on the country side, and debarred from doing it openly on the other, they attempted to evade the convention by damming up the streams, so as to stop our mills. This excited, at first, some commotion : it was clearly against the sense, if not the direct tenor of our agreement, and it was proposed to threaten them with our cannon, and compel them to give up the attempt. But, after examining the ground, our engineers begged us to leave that matter to their care, promising, as they had the command of the upper regions, to turn this contrivance against those who had devised it. We remained, therefore, in perfect inactivity, allowing their workmen to labor under our very noses. But, as soon as they had raised the waters to a certain height, and stopped the mills, our engineers let it off suddenly in another quarter, full on their esplanade, between the citadel and city, and drove their guards off it, for a day or two. They twice again attempted the same work, and were twice foiled in the same manner.

During this trial of skill, a small incident excited much laughter, roused the spirits of the soldiers, and afforded a serious relief to our sick. The pioneers, in digging, discovered a mass of buried filth and dung; on removing it, an iron door, and then vast cellars, filled with the choicest Rhenish wine, and Champagne and Burgundy in quantities. We concluded this was a sacred deposite, the sanctuary of the convent, hidden from the profane by the good canons of the cathedral, who, on evacuating the place, concealed in it their holiest and most valued treasure. We quickly removed it hence; every officer received a small share, but the mass was reserved for the use of the hospitals, where it proved of the greatest benefit in curing the debility remaining after the typhus fever. We then closed up the cave as we found it, in order that the good monks might be edified on their return.

Thus was our winter spent. As soon as the first green appeared, our soldiers fell on every thing that looked like a root, leaf, or blade of grass, and devoured it. A number of them got very sick with boiling hemlock in their soup. I remember our ignorant cook culling the buds of some oak trees to sweeten our horse broth : the decoction was of course as bitter as ink,

and this novel experiment in cookery, was unanimously rejected with great laughter. As soon as the fields showed some grass and vegetables, the sound of musketry and skirmishing re-commenced; the General, for the sake of animating the spirits of his men, still more than for that of the supplies which they might gather, indulging them in frequent sallies, where the enemy, who feared the reach of our great guns, after a slight resistance, always retired to the mountains. We had some difficulty in restraining pursuit. At length these sallies were repeated till we had stripped all the space under our guns, like locusts or caterpillars. I remember a characteristic anecdote in one of them. A party of Cossacks, which had attempted to cut off some of our stragglers, was put to flight by a discharge from our batteries and a horse was killed. It lay visible from the rampart, but at a great distance. Next morning, as soon as the gates were opened, a party of soldiers ran full speed to the enemy's posts, dislodged them after some smart firing, and brought back in triumph a steak of the horse. This was not want; it was wantonness of spirit. Next day another party did the same, and on the third day, the mangled remains of the brute furnished a third party with a similar amusement. On this last occasion, a grenadier, to brave the enemy, and show that we did not eat their horse from famine, but for glory, left his loaf on the mutilated carcass.

General Dalton at this time distributed garden seeds amongst his officers and men, and the ditches were all sowed with them. They afforded not only amusement, but a serious relief and wholesome food to our scorbutic sick. Our communications with the Cyriacsberg were now repeated daily, and a curious incident which happened one morning, raised our spirits to an extravagant degree. From that fort a post chaise was discovered at dawn, driving near it, in order to avoid the Prussian outposts, which observed a very respectful distance. A party was detached to intercept it, and discovered a young Prussian militia surgeon, who seemed in a horror of amazement at his fate. He was brought to the citadel, and frankly confessed that, a few days before, about the middle of February, he had run away from those incarnate devils, the French, at the battle of Montmirail, near Paris, (one of the most glorious victories of that astonishing campaign of Napoleon), and that they were driving all before them. He had never

postchaise, and, lest he should be sent back to the miseries and dangers of the war, which he described in the most glowing colors, or arrested as a deserter, he was avoiding every military post on his return. when, to his utter astonishment, he found a body of Frenchmen in the very heart of Germany, and fell into their hands. He was dismissed as an innocent, and his postchaise would have been returned to him, but, during his examination by the General, his horse had been cut and eaten up by the garrison of Cyriacsberg.

Our fate was, however, involved with higher destinies, and this momentary glimpse of good fortune was soon clouded. By the middle of March the enemy sent us information of the victories of Blucher, exaggerated, of course, extravagantly, and equally disbelieved. We heard of the reverses of our last army, of the capture of Paris on the 30th of March, of the deposition of Napoleon, and of the defection of those leaders and counselors whom he had raised to such power and eminence. The enemy repeatedly summoned us to desert a falling cause, and yield to a common destiny. At length, the arrival of the Bourbons, the abdication of Napoleon, on the 6th of April, the acknowledgment of the new dynasty by all France, and the departure of our former Emperor for Elba, were announced, re-announced to us, and still disbelieved. We were told that we stood alone in arms against the new Government of France, as well as against all Europe, and were threatened with being excluded for our obstinacy, from any treaty, and sent to Siberia. We still held firm.

Our provisions began to fail, and we were reduced to sixteen or seventeen lean horses. Our foreigners began to desert, though we shot one sentry for an example, who endeavored to escape to the enemy whilst he was on guard. The enemy, by a most unmanly insult, assembled a dozen of the deserters on the esplanade, under the walls of the citadel, and in the neutral ground, and prepared a grand feast for them, with music, toasts, and songs. Our soldiers took fire, and could hardly be stopped from rushing out to seize them. The General, however, despatched me, with an imperative request to the Prussian commander to stop this unmanly and unmilitary scene, and withdraw these scoundrels, or we would consider the convention as annulled and instantly fire the city. As soon as I appeared at the barriers, the deserters rose and ran away, and the

Prussian commander made a shuffling and evasive apology, but attempted no more to present such spectacles to our sight.

At this period we agitated the most desperate projects, such as rushing out and pushing on to the Rhine, for we yet trusted there was much exaggeration in the reports we received from the enemy; though the Paris newspapers were sent to us. At length General Dalton consented to negotiate, on condition that a French and a Prussian officer should be sent to Paris to ascertain the real state of affairs, and bring back to the respective parties the definitive orders of their Governments. I cannot express how much I was flattered by General Dalton's choice of me for this delicate mission. I believe I enjoyed his confidence and esteem, and that he trusted in my prudence and discretion, but I also believe that he kindly thought of my poor mother, and of the joy she would feel in beholding me again.

I received from the General verbal instructions, as to what I should do or say in every supposition of circumstances, and orders to give in the adhesion of the garrison to the new Government, in case the news given us by the enemy was confirmed: for we clearly could not separate our cause from that of France. I also took accurate notes of our real force, means, and situation in Erfurt, to lay them before the French Government, (whatever it might be,) and, for fear of accidents, wrote them in Latin, in the form of marginal comments, through the pages of my Cæsar's Commentaries. The following table exhibits the numerical force to which we were then reduced:

Battal's.	Regt	Officers.	Non com'd Officers.	Privates.
Three	2d marine artillery,	59	82	387
One	15th infantry,	21	35	243
One	49th do	21	33	202
One	77th do	22	30	199
Of the artillery, artillery train and workmen,		8	10	123
Of the engineers, sappers & pontoniers		8	18	197
Of the cavalry,		8	15	99
		<u>147</u>	<u>223</u>	<u>1,450</u>
		Grand total,		1820

N. B. These were the relics of eight or nine thousand men. As fast as the sick in the hospital recovered, they were incorporated in one of these corps.

RETURN TO FRANCE.  
April 26, 1814, to the  
beginning of June—  
Adhesion of the gar-  
rison---its march to  
Strasburgh-- return  
to Paris.

On the 26th of April, one year precisely from the day on which I departed from my garrison at Gray for the army, and six months from that on which I entered Erfurt, I set out in company with a Prussian Aid-de-camp to return to France, by the same route which I had followed on leaving it. I need not, nor could I, describe the nature of my emotions on witnessing her humiliations, and the allies triumphing in Paris. I must, however, declare that, instead of meeting with any personal incivility, I was treated by all their officers with almost obsequious courtesy. They seemed extremely desirous. (especially the Russians,) to conciliate the French: they praised them highly, and did not scruple to express a much poorer opinion of their auxiliaries, the Germans. “*Were our two nations united.*” they would often say, “*we could give laws to the world.*” On my passage through Metz, I called on a warrior, illustrious by his early exploits in the armies of the Republic, but latterly notorious only for his immense wealth and sordid parsimony, Marshal Kellerman, Duke of Valmy: I wished both to pay my respects to him, and obtain some information on the present state of affairs. He invited me to dine. The company consisted of a dozen officers; the dinner was mean and silent. Each of those gentlemen had a little *demi-bouteille of vin du pays*, but the Marshal, to whom Napoleon had given the rich vineyard of Hochheim, had a bottle of its exquisite wine brought in, out of which he drank, without offering one drop to any of the company. I confess that I was not sorry to hear afterwards that the allies had confiscated this property. From thence, passing through clouds of Cossacks, I wept over the ruins of Champagne, and entered Paris, in the beginning of May.

On my arrival, I saw at once that I had but one course to follow. I hastily embraced my mother, (our mutual feelings it is needless to dwell upon.) and, calling on General Dupont, then Minister of War, explained to him our whole situation. Introduced by him to the Count of Artois, (the present King) I gave in the adhesion of our garrison, and received, on the 5th of May, orders to return immediately by Wurtzbourg to Erfurt, with instructions to the Governors of those two fortresses, (Generals Turreau and Dalton.) to evacuate them: delivering them to the

Bavarians and Prussians, and marching with their garrisons to Strasburgh. With the consent and approbation of the King of Prussia we were to carry off all the cannon and military stores in Erfurt, which belonged originally to France.

Posting back with all speed to Strasburgh, and proceeding night and day to Wurtzbourg, I delivered my orders to General Turreau, and pushed on to Erfurt, where I arrived about the 10th or 12th of May. The Prussians were now as flattering and complimentary as they had been insolent; they ate a horse flesh dinner in the Citadel: they admired our theatres, works, and inventions; when we told them we had buried 6000 men, they declared they had lost 13,000 during the blockade. We had 200 pieces of artillery to convey to Strasburgh, according to the convention, but wanted horses and money. They offered, immediately, to let a company of our artillery remain in the fort, to guard those pieces until the means of conveyance could be procured. On this assurance we marched out about the 6th May, in full array, with colors flying, carrying with us only six field pieces, and our personal baggage. On the second day we were rejoined by our artillerists, whom the Prussians uncereemoniously turned out, as soon as we were out of reach. Whether this artillery was ever claimed by the French Government, or satisfaction demanded for this insult, I know not. On this occasion I must repeat that, tinged by the stern military despotism of their Government, the Prussian character is neither amiable nor generous. The Prussians have neither the politeness and high honor of the French, nor the blunt good nature of the Austrians and Germans; proud and insolent in prosperity, fawning in adversity, they are universally disliked by all their neighbors.

On our march we formed as handsome a little corps of 1800 disciplined and well trained troops as ever was seen. We were proud of being the very last who had kept up the honor of France, and submitted, finally, not to the enemy, but to the voice of our own country. We were received every where with deference and civility. It was, I believe, on the third day of our journey, that I was detached to prepare our quarters at Meinungen. This pretty and romantic valley, in the centre of the Hercynian Mountains, forms a principality of about 30,000 souls, then under the regency of a worthy and excellent lady, the Duchess Dowager of Saxe Meinungen, as its Sove-



reign. Duke Bernard (her only son) was not above eight or ten years old. I lodged with her prime Minister, a good old Baron, who exercised as many functions in this little Government as Scrub : he was Minister. Chamberlain. Master of Ceremonies, Majordomo, Police Magistrate, and Ambassador, when occasion required, at the Congress of Vienna or elsewhere. In seeking a proper place to locate our artillery, I found none but the park of the Duchess. This threw the poor Baron almost in a trance: he exerted all his diplomatic faculties to convince me that I ought to plant our cannon in the market place, amongst the vile plebeians of the town, and remonstrated on the offended dignities and privileges of the Empire. I was inflexible, assuring him that our cannon would stand very quietly and innocently in the park, but that I was quite certain that her highness valued too much the lives of her subjects to allow such stores of powder to lie in a public square. Her highness took a very handsome revenge upon me for my want of consideration to her feudal privileges. On the arrival of the troops next day, she invited the two generals, with all their staff, and entertained us with the most amiable hospitality. After dinner she took us to walk in her park, without commenting, by a single word, on the incongruous appearance of our artillery amidst her orange trees and rose bushes. Whilst the Generals were entertaining the Duchess, I and my brother Aid-de-camp had the honor of escorting the two young Princesses, Ida and Adelaide, as amiable, simple, and unpretending, as they were accomplished and beautiful. They are at present married to the Duke of Clarence and Prince Bernard of Saxe Weymar. This little court exhibited none of the dull formality of German etiquette, and the whole resembled rather an elegant entertainment at a rich country gentleman's house, than one at a Sovereign Prince's.

We halted again a day or two at Wurtzbourg, where we were joined by the garrison and General Turreau. We now presented a very imposing force of nearly 3,000 bayonets, with which we crossed the rich valleys of the Palatinate and Grand Duchy of Baden. I remember lodging one night at a chateau of the Prince of Salm Reifferscheid Bedbur, whose name struck me by its Teutonic harshness ; but we did not meet with the hospitality of Meinungen, for his highness was absent, and the place was stripped to the bare walls.—The last day of this march, was

diversified by an incident, which was very near turning to a tragedy. As we approached the bridge of Kehl, I was suddenly startled by a great commotion in the front of our column ; I saw our troops running and forming rapidly into line, without command, and our cannoniers unharnessing and pointing their pieces. I ran up, along with the staff, and we found our soldiers in the highest irritation. A regiment of the Grand Duke of Baden was marching up, with boughs in their schakos, according to the German custom on returning home at the close of a campaign. Our soldiers took it as an insult, and all our efforts could hardly keep them from charging. The *Badois* had drawn up too, and when their commanders were informed of the cause of the tumult, they apologized, protesting that these boughs were no signs of triumph ; that they wore them, according to an old custom of the country, in congratulation for peace ; that they meant no insult by them ; but, since they had given offence, would cast them off. They did so, drew out of the road, and saluted us, as our soldiers, still grumbling and frowning, filed on before them.

On reaching Strasburg, I proceeded to Paris on horseback, running post, like a courier, day and night, for greater despatch. I had again some bitter feelings to subdue, in crossing the allied armies, which crowded the roads of Burgundy and Champagne, but met with great civility and attention from them, all along the way. One of the most painful moments of this journey, was that wherein I met the brave Polish lancers, in whose company I had fought so often. Engaged in the service of Alexander, they were marching home, with looks of dejection and disappointment, but their countenances would yet occasionally brighten, in shouting *Vive l'Empereur!* (*Not the Emperor of all the Russias.*) On arriving at Paris, in the beginning of June, I threw myself into my mother's arms, in the firm hope that we would not be parted for a long time ; and such was the close of my second campaign.

## CHAPTER V.

*Conclusion of my services in the French Army, from June, 1814, to July 21, 1815; campaign of 1815, and my departure for America in September, 1816.*

*Introduction.*—Of my situation in the French army during the reign of Louis XVIII. and employment from my return in June, 1814, to that of Napoleon in March, 1815, I have nothing to relate of any importance, nor should I have touched upon this subject, if I had not seen it so strangely misrepresented, in a recent publication, already alluded to. The author has very kindly drawn me with the interesting features of an unfortunate hero of romance, but his picture conveys a very fanciful and false idea of my position at that time. The fact was, that when I arrived in France, the revolution was accomplished, and, like all the rest of the army, I felt it my duty to submit to what the nation had submitted to. I was attached to Napoleon from personal gratitude and admiration. I deeply regretted the change which had taken place, and especially the circumstance of its being established by foreign arms, by the humiliation of France, and by the loss of her conquests and military glory. But to the new dynasty, neither I, nor the army, nor nation, felt any personal objections. To the generation to which I belonged, they were perfect strangers, and their past misfortunes disposed us to view them rather favorably, especially the Duchess of Angoulême, the daughter of Louis XVI. and prisoner of the Temple, whose story was so romantic and interesting, that a little more pliability and amiability in her temper would have made her the idol of the nation.

With respect to Napoleon, much as we were attached to him, we were aware that a great part of the nation, especially the commercial class, and inhabitants of the sea-coast, were weary of his perpetual wars, and that all were disgusted with their late disasters and sufferings. We considered him as dead to France, and no one dreamt of his restoration. Although the Bourbons arrived under evil and anti-national auspices, and were obliged to make great sacrifices in the first moments, it would not have been difficult for them to step into his place. They were not held responsible for the sacrifices they had submitted to, because we

were considered as the inevitable consequences of the late disasters. They had little more to do, than to adopt his institutions, and modify them gradually. But they came utter strangers to the country, as well as the country to them, and they were very ill advised in the beginning of their administration.

Return of Louis XVIII;  
from 10th June,  
1814, to 23d or 24th  
March, 1815 —Re-  
sidence in Paris.—  
Mission to Flanders.  
—Return of Napole-  
on.—My arrest at  
Bethune.

I returned to Paris, about the beginning of June, 1814, as Aid-de Camp to General Bagneris, and remained about eight months with my mother. But instead of roaming about, like a discontented ghost, as this author describes me, I was all that time in full pay and employment, and frequented society more than I had ever done before: for my former life had been very studious and secluded. I was introduced to many of our Generals, who on the return of peace crowded to the capital, particularly to Generals Dessolles, Commander of the National Guard, Lamarque, Latour Maubourg, Delort, &c.; and to my father's venerable friend, Carnot, who had just crowned his pure and glorious career, by the defence of Antwerp, and by the generosity with which he had declared for the first time, in favor of Napoleon, amidst his disasters. I neither called on Clarke nor Talleyrand, though I readily owned my former obligations to the latter; but I utterly and undisguisedly disapproved of the course which he had pursued, in the late revolution. To the new Government, I owed neither favor nor obligation, but I had no personal reason to complain of them. I was presented by my General to the King, the Count of Artois, and Royal Family, as an officer who had served well; I accompanied him regularly to the Royal Levee, and to the Court of the Duke of Orleans. That Prince invited me to attend his evening circles, and mentioned, in the most gracious manner, that my father's name was not unknown to him. By the special desire of Count Dessolles, I drew a memorial on a proposed new organization of the military force of France, which was presented to the Count of Artois, published, and favorably received, and was employed in writing several smaller memoirs on military tribunals, the service of cavalry, &c.

As I do not pretend to write a history of France, and that the subject has been fully handled by others, it is needless to recapitulate here the many blunders and errors, which gra

disgusted and embittered the public mind, and especially the feelings of the army, against the Royal cause. It required a great many faults to prepare the whole nation for the singular and unparalleled scenes of the return from Elba. I feel it, however, but right to declare, that, even when that disgust was at the highest, no one dreamt of such an event. I was then acquainted with many of our most respectable Generals, and, also, with many of the most inflammable and angry spirits in the army : my principles and feelings were well known, my honor, prudence, and discretion were, I believe, trusted in ; and, if any such expectation had been circulated, I am convinced that it would not have remained entirely unknown to me. Nor, after all the violent accusations vented against Soult, and others, have the least traces of any such conspiracy been discovered. On the contrary, it is well known to those, versed in the feelings and politics of that day, that the hopes of the discontented, though without any definite object in view, rested, chiefly, on the Duke of Orleans, as the most liberal of the Bourbons—as having served the Republic, shed his blood in her cause, and never borne arms against France.

Disgusted with the whole state of affairs, I had resumed my literary pursuits, and just undertaken a new essay for the historical prize of the Institute, on the changes of the Roman Constitution, at the æra of Diocletian, Constantine, and Theodosius, when my General, about the close of February, 1815, was appointed to inspect the troops and fortresses of French Flanders. I accompanied him, of course, (continuing, at every moment of leisure, my work :) which was certainly composed and concluded at a singular time, for such an undertaking. At St. Omer's, we were suddenly stunned by the news of Napoleon's having landed, on the 1st of March, from Elba. We thought him lost, and bitter were my feelings on the occasion. We heard of his arrival at Grenoble, on the 6th—we opened our eyes and ears with wonder—of his reaching Lyons, on the 10th—there was no longer any doubt of his final success.

The universal joy with which he was received, is an undeniable circumstance, and needs no comment. There was no conspiracy to recall him : but, he knew the public feeling, and seized his time. There could be no opposition to him : for there was not a soldier in the whole army, who would not have discharged

his piece in the bosom of his own father, as soon as in his. The single fact, that, by advancing alone and unarmed through France, he subdued it in twenty days, without drawing a sword or a trigger, testifies more loudly than any argument against the faults of the Royal Administration. His Eagle, according to his own sublime expression, literally flew from steeple to steeple, to the towers of Notre Dāme.

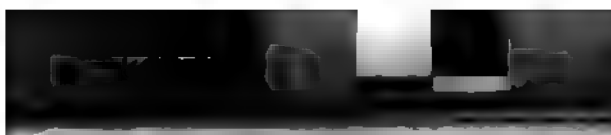
In this Revolution. I will not deny, that all my hopes, fears, and wishes, were with the hero under whom I had borne my first arms. I certainly had no personal complaint against the Bourbons, and was even actually employed by them; but I shared in the general disgust excited by the whole tenor of their Administration, and I had no ties of feeling towards them. Placed, however, at the other extremity of France, and farthest from the scene of action, I had as little part in this change of Government as in the last. I was not, like the gallant and unfortunate La Bedoyere, called upon to choose between my official duties, as an officer of the King, and all the sentiments and principles of my heart. It would have been a trying alternative. But I scorn to dissemble. Right or wrong, had I been in his place, and certain that my head was to pay the penalty, I would have acted as he did. It was the common feeling of the whole army.

When the news reached St. Omer's, we instantly felt, that, from our remote situation, we could neither influence nor take a part in the contest. We determined to follow the fate of the nation, whatever it might be: and awaited in anxious suspense. We could hardly restrain our soldiers from letting the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" burst from their swelling hearts. At length, about the 20th March, the mail was stopt—one—two days: vague reports were circulated, that the Royal Family had left Paris, and was flying to Belgium. A general officer had the baseness to propose calling in the English, and delivering to them the forts of Flanders. In a private council of all the General and Superior officers in the place, we determined to keep this one for France, at all events; and to point our cannon against all flags, red, white, or tricolor, till her fate was decided. I was despatched, at the same time, to Arras, to procure information, if possible, at head quarters—a mission of some delicacy.

Worn out with the anxiety of our nightly consultation, and setting out before break of day, I was indulging in a short slum-

ber in my post-chaise. when I was suddenly waked by a great noise, and the stopping of my carriage. Opening my eyes, I found myself in the market place of the little town of Bethune, filled by the Royal guard. and crowds of volunteers, of every uniform in the army, staring at me, and shouting, “An emissary of Buonaparte—seize him ! seize him !” I got out, and attempted to expostulate ; but I might as well have reasoned with a storm. I told them I was Aid-de-camp to the General Inspector of the frontier, and proceeding to Arras for orders. “To Arras ! the traitors there have hoisted the tricolor—he betrays himself.” Hurrying me into a tavern, they determined, after a short consultation, to bring me to the Duke of Berry, for examination. I called up my presence of mind : for my case was very clear and simple ; yet as to the clearness of his Highness’ comprehension of it. I had some rational doubts. I felt that I was fallen into the hands of a Prince, whose temper was very unequal. and intellect none of the brightest ; and began to ponder on the probability of being *shot on suspicion*. I was marched to his hotel in a procession of *Gardes du Corps*. But, just as we were ascending the stairs, an officer rushed in before us, with looks full of business. In a moment the doors were thrown open. and the Prince himself, staring wildly, ran down without heeding us, mounted his horse and disappeared. On inquiry, we were told the Buonapartists were at the gates. My conductors were puzzled : at length, they agreed to bring me to General Lagrange, Captain of the *Mousquetaires*.

Here I had to do with a cool man. and a gentleman, to whom I was not entirely unknown. He listened patiently and attentively to my story, and when I had concluded, asked me, “Are you faithful to the King at St. Omer’s?” I replied, “The white flag *yet* floats on our ramparts.” “But, will you receive us, if we go there?” “No, General—at a moment like this, it is our duty to keep that fort for France. We will receive neither Buonapartist. Royalist, nor Foreigner, till she has pronounced.” “Well ! will you come with us?” “I will not emigrate, General : I am a Frenchman, and will follow the fate of France.” At this, he smiled, and said, “You see, I cannot release you, at present, but your confinement will, probably, not be long.” I took my leave, and he assigned me lodgings, at a tavern, with the *Gardes du Corps*.



The evening I spent there, was one of the most singular in my life. I soon learned that the Duke of Berry had set off for the frontier, and that the King and Royal Family had past before him. The party, which had caused the alarm, consisted of a squadron of about one hundred lancers, from Arras. The town was crowded with four or five thousand officers and noblemen, of whom, however, the greatest part had followed from fashion, or a sense of duty, to see the Royal family safe : but none seemed to think of fighting. The only corps which took arms was the *Horse grenadier company* of the *Maison du Roi*, (which, by the by, was afterwards suppressed,) all composed of veterans of the army. They sallied out to cover the retreat of the Duke of Berry, and formed in front of the lancers. There was a pause: the two parties looking at each other. At length, the grenadiers shouted, “*Vive le Roi* ;” to which, the others replied, “*Vive l’Empereur*.” A smothered laugh ran through the ranks: for many of them were old comrades : and they parted without exchanging a shot or crossing a sword. It was, certainly, the most remarkable singularity of this Revolution, that it was accomplished without shedding one drop of blood.

The remainder of the evening was spent in negotiations. The behavior of my guardians was now quite altered—their very suspicions rendered them courteous and polite ; and many hinted to me that they had only come to see the King safely off, but would gladly resume their old service. Others showed a more generous firmness in their cause—some old emigrants declared they were willing to go again through all their former trials. Others said, they had enough of emigration, and would go home and plant cabbages. In this hum of conversation, (for there were thirty or forty officers, at least, in the room,) a ludicrous incident excited a general laugh. A young *Garde du corps*, apparently not above fourteen years of age, with his uniform soiled, and exhausted with fatigue, entered, and addressing the bewildered landlord, in a tone between crying and beseeching, said, “ Pray, sir, could you get me a little ‘ forage for my horse ?’ ” I verily believe the poor boy had neither unbridled nor unsaddled him since his departure from Paris ; he had, probably, never been without a servant before. “ Sir,” cried the landlord, who was at his wit’s end to provide for this sudden influx of company, “ if you were to ‘ give me its weight in gold, I cannot—your comrades have



“ got it all.” He burst into tears, and exclaimed, “ The Buonapartists will be here to-morrow, and I engage they will find some.”

Early next morning, the Royal guard capitulated. I was released a little before they marched out, joined the lancers, and had the pleasure to see their surrender. They delivered up their horses and fire-arms, and all received passports to return to their homes. On my arrival at Arras, I concluded, after a short communion with myself, that, by the King's desertion of his post, and his parting proclamation, I, as well as the rest of the army, was fully released from all ties to his Government : and, that the most proper course for me, was to proceed, without an instant's delay, to Paris, and to take on myself to offer to my old Sovereign and Commander, not only the homage of my own services but the assurance, that all my chiefs and comrades, on the northern frontier, shared in the same feeling. Writing a short note to my General, to inform him of the late events, and of my determination, I set off, without delay, and arrived, I think, about the 24th or 25th March.

CAMPAIGN OF 1815,  
UNDER NAPOLEON.--  
March 24, to July 21,  
1815. Mission to Al-  
moe...To Bayonne...  
Battle of Waterloo...  
Resignation.

I cannot describe the universal enthusiasm in which I found that city, and the congratulations of my military friends, and ancient comrades. My General soon joined me. My prospects were now more brilliant than ever; and, I confess that I indulged in all the dreams of young ambition. I was just closing the twenty fourth year of my age, and fifth of my military career, and entering on the third of my active service : and I had not only the immediate assurance of being promoted to a Captaincy, but the promise of the influence of people, now high in credit, to procure for me, in the course of the campaign, the place of *Officier d'Ordonnance*, and Baron of the Empire, in the personal staff of Napoleon. This was a post of great fatigue, expense, and responsibility ; but, which brought a young officer immediately under the eye of the Sovereign : and if he showed zeal, intelligence, and talents, was the sure road to obtain, in a year or two, the command of a regiment, with every prospect of rapid promotion for the future.

I have heard Napoleon blamed for not pursuing, at once, the career of his good fortune, seizing occasion by the forelock, and pressing on to the Rhine, as he had pressed on to Paris. Those who reproach him with this fault, are not aware of the total

state of disorganization in which he found the resources of France, and, to which, (having just been employed on the inspection of its chief frontier,) I can testify. Although he made some overtures for peace, and professed his intention to remain on the defensive, he knew, right well, that the Holy Alliance would never consent to his quiet restoration; and that his only chance for breaking the bond of its confederacy, was by crushing one or two of its members. But the regular troops, dispersed all over France, did not amount to 80,000 effective men; its arsenals were in the greatest disorder—he had every thing to create before he could bring an army into the field. On his advance to Paris, he could depend upon the soldiery that might be opposed to him—they were all his own pupils. But Belgium and Cisrhenean Germany were occupied, even then, by 70 or 80,000 English, Prussians, Bavarians, and Saxons. Considering these circumstances, the rapidity of his preparations was inconceivable: but, indeed, a new life seemed to run through every vein of the community, and men and means to spring up spontaneously, and as by enchantment, in every quarter.

Our first business was, of course, to cover each frontier with troops: for no one, as yet, knew in which quarter the storm would burst. Towards the close of April, my General was despatched to the Rhine, to assist General Rapp in forming an army. I accompanied him; and shall never forget the zeal and enthusiasm of those good Alsations. In the course of one month, the Department of the Lower Rhine, alone, armed and organized above 18,000 men. At Landau, where we were quartered, a company of Jews volunteered their services for the Legislator, who had restored to their race the rights of men and of citizens. Seventy-five of them armed and equipped themselves, at their own expense; and I never saw a finer troop. The whole eastern half of France, Champagne, Lorraine, Alsatia, Burgundy, Franche Comté, Lyons, and Dauphiné, participated in the same spirit. From our daily communications with the frontier, we learned that the people of Liege and Cisrhenean Germany, who deeply regretted the change of the legal and liberal Government of France, for the military despotism of Prussia, called on us, with loud cries; and many, even of the regular forces occupying that country, were disposed to join us. The Saxons,

(those very Saxons who had deserted us at Leipzick,) were disarmed at Leige, and sent home, lest they should pass over to us; so completely had the allies succeeded in making those who had been most animated against Napoleon regret him. It would have been a singular concatenation of circumstances, if that corps had been present at Waterloo: for there is little doubt, but that they would have turned the balance of Europe a second time, by their transition from one scale to the other.

In the South and West of France, the spirit was very different: but General Lamarque had almost subdued the Vendéans, who had received great benefits from Napoleon, and showed a very lukewarm zeal in the Royal cause. General Clauzel, at Bordeaux, had expelled the Duchess of Angoulême, the only female in her family: but the only one who had the spirit of a man. General Grouchy had dispersed, on the Lower Rhone, the party of the Duke of Angoulême—he had refused to confirm the capitulation, granted to him by General Gilly; and Napoleon, with a magnanimity which I cannot help thinking imprudent, had ordered the Royal captive to be released. Indeed, he gave the same orders, to favor the departure of every member of the Royal Family, from the moment of his landing. But, had he detained them as hostages, (and nothing would have been easier,) he might, even after the disaster of Waterloo, have made more effectual conditions for himself, and have saved those brave men, who were sacrificed after his departure, by a violation of the most solemn engagements of the Generals of England and of Prussia.

Towards the beginning of June, it was at length evident that the contest would be fought in Belgium. Our troops began to gather on that frontier, and Wellington and Blucher had collected there, all their forces; whilst the Russians and Austrians, on every other spot, were yet far distant. As we were now nearly ready in our quarter, my General received orders to proceed to the Pyrenees, on the same duties he had performed on the Rhine. But I was eager to join the Grand Army—he kindly entered into my wishes. My father's friend, General Grouchy, was just appointed to the command of one of the Corps of the Grand Army, with the title of Marshal, and I wished to join his Staff. My General allowed me to return to Paris for this purpose, whilst he proceeded on his mission to Bordeaux and Bayonne.

It was about the 14th or 15th of June that I arrived at Paris, and learned, with dismay, that Napoleon, Soult, Ney, Grouchy, &c. had already left it for the army. I eagerly exposed my wishes to the Minister of War, who seemed to approve of them. On the 17th or 18th of June, (the very day of Waterloo,) I called on him for my orders. He had just received the report of the successful battle of Ligny, on the 16th, and of the defeat of Blücher and of the Prussians. He requested me to take post, immediately, to the South, where it was necessary to confirm the wavering minds of the people, and distribute these news: he gave me despatches for General Clausel, at Bordeaux, and orders to rejoin my own General, at Bayonne, promising that I should soon be sent for: for nobody anticipated so prompt a termination of the campaign.

I instantly set off, and never stopt till I reached Bayonne. On my route I distributed, every where, the bulletins of the battle of Ligny: and even, in crossing through the heart of Vendée, did not discover a trace of civil war, but universal union and enthusiasm. Within two or three days, after joining my good General, I received the fatal news of the battle of Waterloo, of the second abdication of Napoleon, and of the return of the Bourbons: which fell upon us at once like a thunderbolt.

I will spare to the public a new account of this battle, at which I was not present, and on which enough has been written already. I will merely state my firm opinion, founded on the numerous relations, French, English, and German, which I have read, and on the particular accounts which I have received from the first authorities, that Napoleon never displayed more distinguished talents, nor more profound and rapid combinations, than in that short campaign, of four days. He was defeated, 1st. By the treachery of Bourmont, and other Royalists, whom he had imprudently employed. 2d. By the wild extravagance of Ney, whose whole conduct, from the landing of Elba to his trial, betrayed a mind under the influence of some secret derangement. His death, alone, could retrieve his character: and, I think, it was a very impolitic measure on the part of the Royal Government. 3d. By the irresolution of Grouchy, (and heartily glad I am, that I was not in his corps at the time.) 4th. By some unavoidable and unfortunate accidents. Both parties fought as well as men could fight; but, every military reader

must confess, that fortune favored the Chief who had displayed least talents for this kind of war, of great, sudden, and deep movements. Till the last scene of Waterloo, Napoleon preserved, what may be called, the whip-hand of his adversary; and drove him to a position where defeat was certain and total ruin: and where the obstinacy of despair alone could maintain his army, till the Prussians, whom Grouchy suffered to slip from his hands, came to their relief.

The resolution, alone, which Napoleon took to surprise both Wellington and Blucher, in their quarters, and which he executed with such admirable secrecy, vivacity, and precision, that nothing but the treachery of Bourmont could have defeated it, was a sublime idea. He knew, 1st. That 500,000, and in a short time 1,000,000, men would be on their march against him. 2d. That, with all his efforts, he had only been able to collect about 140,000 men on the Belgic frontier, and, perhaps, 60,000 on the others: and was aware, that the mass of France, taken by surprise, was yet balancing, and would be decided by the first events. One great victory would have given him 300,000 volunteers, and thrown Belgium and Cisrhenean Germany into his hands. The Belgic army would, at once, have restored 40 or 50,000 of his own veterans to his standard; and, checked in their first progress, he counted that the Holy Alliance would have paused, and its members begun to make their separate calculations. The lesser Powers were all discontented: he was sure of them: nor could he believe that Austria would be very eager, if she saw any probability of his success, to destroy the only counterpoise which could be opposed to the gigantic growth of Russia, and prevent a grand-son of its own Imperial House from succeeding to the crown of France. But, for a defensive war, against the collected Powers of that Alliance, he knew that he had not the means: and that the Nation was neither unanimous nor decided enough, in his favor, to support it. When that first plan was defeated, by the treachery of Bourmont, he instantly organized another, for crushing the Prussians before the English could assist them, which was disappointed, by the wild misconduct of Ney at Quatrebras; and, then, a third, to destroy Wellington before Blucher could rally to his aid, which failed, by the wavering and over-caution of Grouchy, at Wavre and Waterloo. Such a rapid succession of great conceptions is, perhaps, unequalled in history.

On the surrender of Napoleon to the British, on the various conduct of the several Generals who were at the head of his armies, of Ney, Grouchy, Soult, Davoust, Vandamme, Clauzel, Lamarque, and Lecourbe. I have nothing new to add. Their situation was extremely embarrassing, and they acted to the best of their judgment and abilities. The spirit of the soldiery was yet unbroken, and *they* were willing to continue the contest, if their Generals had rallied on the Loire. I have heard that the Vendéans offered to join them, and march together on Paris, provided they were allowed to retain their white colors; proposing to settle the question about a Royal, Imperial, or Republican Government, when the independence of France would be secured. But who could undertake the responsibility of a civil war, in which, to a moral certainty, the mass of the nation would not have seconded them, or who possessed (Napoleon gone) the credit to lead it? They all submitted in a few days; it was not, however, till the 21st of July, and six days after Napoleon had sailed from France, that the white flag was hoisted at Bayonne, and the Duke of Bourbon, coming from Spain, announced.

I need not, nor cannot, describe the state of my feelings at this time; and he who imagines that the total ruin and disappointment of my own prospects had a considerable influence upon them, knows little of the ardor and disinterested devotedness of a young soldier. I felt, however, that my connexion with France was broken, and on the day before the white flag was hoisted, resigned my commission, along with several officers of the division. I am far from blaming those Frenchmen, who, compelled by their circumstances, or deeming that their country, under any Government, had a right to their services, acted otherwise. But who does not feel, that this second revolution, this replanting of the lilies, after they had been torn down, by the common consent, or at least connivance of the nation, was very different from the first. In the former case, it was the fortune of foreign war which had overturned Napoleon, and the voice of the legislature had sanctioned his deposition; the duty of the army was to obey. The Bourbons came strangers amongst us; there was no party for, nor against them. “*They were tried, and found wanting;*” the mass of the nation rejected them, and recalled its old leader. The second revolution was the triumph of a party, and of a small minority, claiming antiquated privileges

and principles, opposed to all modern and liberal institutions, and supported against the nation by foreign force. I must repeat, however, that, personally, neither before, nor then, nor afterwards, had I any reason to complain of the Bourbons. When the resignations of the officers were delivered to the Duke of Bourbon, that prince approved of our conduct, and said it was that of honorable men, and that it was much better to declare frankly our objections to serving his Majesty, than to accept employment and then betray it.

The hoisting of the white flag in Bayonne was accompanied by incidents so characteristic of the French soldiery, that they are worth preserving. The people of that trading city were extremely attached to the Royalist cause, and deemed this change a triumph over the military, whom they hated. White flags and handkerchiefs were suspended from every window and balcony, and every place resounded with the madness of rejoicing, when the news suddenly arrived, that the camp was in insurrection. Instantly flags and rags disappeared, and the terrified citizens flew to their shops and houses, and bolted and barred them. The soldiers, about six thousand, entered in most ominous array and frowning silence: not a shout was heard, not an officer was seen among them. When one appeared, they waved him off, and cried, “Retire, my officer: this is *our* business, you would be compromised.” Forming in the deserted square, they burnt their eagles and tri-color colors, lest they should be insulted; each soldier kissed his cockade, and replaced it in his knapsack: they all embraced, and the battalions were dissolved at a ruffle of the drums. Dividing themselves into bands, according to their departments and districts, and appointing amongst themselves a sergeant or corporal, to command each detachment, they then set out on their respective routes, with their arms in hand, and relieved the frightened and astonished inhabitants from their presence. Not a citizen was insulted, not a house opened. I believe such a scene has never been witnessed but in France.

The garrison of Strasburgh, and indeed the whole army of the Loire, acted nearly in the same manner. And let it be added, as a just tribute to the moral character of the French nation, and of that much calumniated army, that in its voluntary and peaceable dissolution, not a disorder was committed. The French soldiers returned every where to their homes, in arms,

and in order, requiring nothing but food by the way, and refusing even to enter a village. Two hundred thousand men, at least, returned to the mass of the community, and resumed their civil avocations. And the number of crimes, recorded in the criminal calendar of that year, was not greater than usual, (and it is always much less in France than in the moral and self-praising community of England.) The character of an old soldier is yet a recommendation in any service or profession in the former country. After all the declamations which have been vented, not only against the abuses, but against the system of the Conscription, it must be confessed, that this was a noble result of it. Our soldiers never considered themselves as satellites, hired for wages, (like those of an army raised by recruitment,) but as citizens, selected to perform a public duty, and they showed on this occasion the pride and principle of citizens. The army remained, composed merely of officers of the staff and line, and was shortly after dissolved and reorganized.

CONCLUSION.  
21st July, 1815, to September, 1816.—Travels in the Pyrenees  
—Journey to Paris  
—Embarkation for America.

On resigning my commission, I set out with General Bagneris, through the beautiful scenery of the Pyrenees, and smiling districts of the Basques, of Bearn and Bigorre. I spent the whole month of August in the valleys of Bareges and Bagnères, climbing the mountains, the Pic du Midi, Marboré. Mt. Perdu, &c., and visiting every corner of this enchanting and romantic region. I might fill my narrative with descriptions of magnificent views and prospects, and tales of smugglers, outlaws, and mountaineers, but must hasten to its conclusion. This little journey not only cooled my spirits and soothed my feelings, which greatly required it, but was of invaluable benefit to my health. Such was the agitation of my blood, and the effect it had on my constitution, that, whilst taking the sulphureous waters of Bareges, my old wounds, received twenty-two months before, at Leipzick and Mühlberg, discharged a great deal of blood and matter. I should, however, have observed, that they had presented the same symptoms before, at Paris, swelling, repeatedly, so as to create some apprehensions of mortification.

At length, at the close of August, I parted from my good General, and proceeded to Toulouse, to take post for Paris. A day or two before I reached that fanatical city, (celebrated for



the murder of the Calas family,) the Royalist mob, infuriated by their inglorious success, had torn to pieces General Ramel, the King's Commissioner, and companion of Pichegru's banishment and misfortunes. He was accused of *moderation*. When he was wounded, and carried into a house, they broke in, murdered him in his bed, and women dragged his entrails about the streets. On the day of my arrival the Duke of Angoulême was expected, and all was music, songs, and dancing; the streets were literally carpetted and hung with white and green flags, ribbons, wreaths, and tapestry.

Marshal Brune was, at the same time, murdered at Avignon, by noblemen and gentlemen, who publicly vaunted of the deed. The persecution against the Protestants was raging at Montauban and Nismes. None of these crimes were ever punished, or even examined into, by the Royal Government. But what completed my disgust to the actual state of France, and my determination to seek a new country, was, that to secure my safety, and an easy passage amongst those enraged fanatics, I was occasionally compelled to assume the character, not of a French officer, but of an Englishman. What a contrast to the bloodless Revolution by which Napoleon reascended his throne!

On the last day but one of this journey, I beheld a remarkable instance of the power of determination, and of the manner in which it overawes common minds. Marshal Davoust and General Vandamme were the two officers of our army most obnoxious to the allies. The former was a harsh, but, in my opinion, an honorable soldier. The latter had, undoubtedly, sullied his fair military fame, by many acts of ferocity and brutality, but which were extravagantly exaggerated by popular report. He, and three or four Generals, of the same stamp, such as Loison, &c., had given some foundation for that character of cruelty, which has been so unjustly charged on the whole French military. At this time, (more prudent than the unfortunate Ney,) Davoust and Vandamme, remaining with the troops on the Loire, had made their peace, with arms in their hands. But the irritated Germans had sworn, that if the latter fell into their power, nothing should save him. What was, therefore, my surprise, on entering the town of Orleans, crowded with Austrians, Prussians, and Bavarians, to see an open caleche drive into the public square, with a General in full uniform—it was Vandamme, without arms, escort, or attendance. The crowd

of Germans stared at him, as he descended, crossed his arms on his breast, and looked proudly at them. Not a whisper was heard: and after staying there an hour, walking slowly up and down before the door of the Inn, he reascended his caleche, and drove off.

In the beginning of September, I arrived in Paris, and rejoined my dearest mother, with the firm resolution never to part from her again, and to consecrate the remainder of my days to soothe and comfort her, after so many trials. We spent a whole year in that city, before our final departure from France, but lived all that time in the greatest retirement; indeed prudence, as well as the state of our feelings, rendered this conduct necessary: for, though I was never personally compromised, though I had done no more than every officer of the army, yet Clarke, the Duke of Feltre, of whom I had no favor to expect, was then Minister of War, and signalized his zeal by the most ultra violence; Lord Castlereagh was in Paris; we heard of arrests every day, and officious friends repeatedly gave us notice that my turn would come next, and that I was going to be taken up. I did not mind these reports for myself, but felt severely for the anxiety which they gave to my poor mother. It will readily be believed, that a residence in France was now odious to me, and all that I wished for was to retire to some quiet corner, where I might give myself up to study, literature, and comforting the latter days of my only parent. We wrote to our faithful friend, Mr. Wilson, and in his answer, he pressed us, and all our English and Irish acquaintances joined in the request, that we should try, at least for some time, whether a residence in England would not suit us, and that, from the liberality of its institutions, our safety at least would be secured. It was with extreme reluctance that I entered into this idea. I was brought up, as may well be imagined, in the greatest dislike of that country, which had enslaved my own, whose power had formerly destroyed my father, and all my family, and latterly overturned the hero, to whose fortunes I had attached myself, and ruined all my own prospects. Nevertheless, I consented to try, and make at least a visit to it. My mother addressed Sir Charles Stuart, the British Ambassador, for a passport. To the obliging disposition and politeness of this gentleman, I render a willing testimony. He said, that he could not venture it on his own authority, but would consult his Government, and had no doubt

leave would be readily granted. The account given in the 51st number of the London New Monthly Magazine, of the subsequent transactions with Lord Castlereagh, is perfectly correct, except, that, instead of happening after my mother's marriage, they happened ten months before. The following letter, addressed to my mother, and which closed them, I have preserved as a curiosity.

“PARIS, 5th November, 1815.

“MADAM: I regret that, until the last post, I received no  
 “answer from his Majesty's Government, respecting the re-  
 “presentation transmitted to England, in favor of your son.  
 “The question appears to have been referred to Ireland, and  
 “it is unfortunate, that the disturbances of that country should  
 “have prevented that favorable decision on the part of the Go-  
 “vernment, which I had reason to hope for, at the time you  
 “did me the honor to call. I am, Madam, with great respect,  
 “your obedient and humble servant.

“CHARLES STUART.”

On the extreme wisdom, liberality, and caution, of this resolution, against one who had left that country an infant, twenty-one years before, and did not know a soul in it, and who did not even request to go there, but to visit England, I leave every reader to judge. I took it as a very high compliment to my importance and abilities: for I had never dreamt of being so dangerous a personage, or setting either the Liffey or Thames on fire. It may well be believed, however, that I renounced, instantly, all idea of visiting England at that time.

Meanwhile, the persecutions augmented in violence. It was on the 7th December, 1815, that the unfortunate Marshal Ney was shot, a few hundred yards from our house. Although the courtyard was filled with soldiers all the morning, we knew nothing of the execution till it was over. His wife was at the very time kneeling at the King's door for pardon; nothing could draw her from it, till Clarke came out, and told her that all was over: she was then carried off in convulsions, and shrieking, and they were obliged to stop her mouth with a handkerchief, lest her cries should hurt the delicate sensibility of the King.

We came at length to the conclusion, that the only country, where I could live in honorable independence, was in the United States of America. The final settlement of our affairs compelled

us, however, to remain several months longer in Paris. The description which I have seen of myself, in the Monthly Magazine, (No. 51,) may be tolerably correct as to this period; indeed, if, as the author says, his acquaintance with us began towards the 15th of February, 1815, it is pretty evident, from the foregoing account, that, although he may have been introduced to my mother, he cannot have seen me before my return to Paris in September, 1815.

In the month of July, 1816. our invaluable friend, Mr. Wilson, learning our final resolution, came over to France, and offered his hand and fortune to my mother, expressing his determination to go with us to America. With what full approbation I seconded his demand, it is needless to repeat. On the 19th of August following, they were married in the Chapel of the British Ambassador; and, in the month of September, I parted from them both, with a heavy heart, and embarked at Havre de Grace for New York. On board of the same ship, I found General Bernard, a favorite Aid-de-Camp of Napoleon, and one of the ablest engineers, and most amiable and virtuous men in France. I value his friendship as one of the most fortunate circumstances of my life; and when I reflect that I have known, in the ranks of the French army, two men of such pure and honorable characters, as Generals Bernard and Bagneris, I feel proud, in spite of all the calumnies which have been vented against it, of having served under its Eagles.

My mother proceeded to Scotland, with Mr. Wilson. and both joined me in New York, before the year had gone round. In this free and hospitable country, the asylum of the world, and where the victims of political and religious persecution meet from every quarter, under the protection of liberty and equal laws, we were at length reunited—never more, I hope, to be parted in this life. I have since lost my venerable friend and benefactor, but my mother still survives, and I have yet the satisfaction of ministering to her comfort and happiness. Enjoying an honorable rank in the American army, and the proud title of a free American citizen, united to the object of my early and constant affections, the only daughter of my father's friend and countryman, Counsellor William Sampson, New York, (whose fate, it is well known, led him, like this country, a victim in the cause of liberty and land.) I feel, at length, like the sailor, wh

sage, returns to his home and finds himself clasped by all the ties, and surrounded by all the charities, that are dearest and most valuable to the human heart.

*Statement of the Services, Campaigns. Promotions, and Wounds, of Lieut. William Theobald Wolfe Tone, born at Dublin, 29th April, 1791.*

ENTERED. A Cadet in the Imperial School of Cavalry, at St. Germain's,	3d November, 1810. Served in that rank 27 months.
Passed in the Elite,	20th Nov. 1811.
PROMOTED. Sub-Lieutenant in the 8th Regiment of Chasseurs. Employed in the Council of Administration and training of recruits,	30th January, 1813. Served in that rank 9 months.
Conducts a detachment to the Grand Army, First Campaign opens 10th August.	20th April, 1813.
1. Action with the Black Hussars and skirmishes in Silesia.	August, 1813.
2. Battle of Lœwenberg.	
3. Battle of Goldberg,—wounded by a grape shot.	
4. Battle of Dresden, and incursion and skirmishes in Bohemia.	
5. Two incursions in Lusatia, and two in Bohemia, with several skirmishes at Bautzen and elsewhere, under Murat, King of Naples.	September, 1813.
6. Third incursion across the Elbe, action of Muhlberg, receives three sabre wounds.	
7. Actions of Coswick, Rossau, and Acken, skirmishes.	October, 1813.
8. Battle of Leipzick,—receives six lance wounds, 16th October.	
PROMOTED Lieutenant in the Staff, <i>Ad-joint</i> -de-Camp, and Member of the Legion of Honor.	1st November, 1813. Served in that rank 21 months.
Second Campaign. Blockade of Erfurt, sally of Ilvergehofen, bombardment, &c.	From 24th October, 1813, to 15th May, 1814.
2. Mission to France, to give in the adhesion of the garrison of Erfurt to the Royal Government.	26th April, 1814.
3. Mission to Erfurt and Wurtzbourg, with orders for the evacuation of those two fortresses.	5th May, 1814.
4. Employed on the inspection of the Northern frontier, return to Paris by the end of March.	February, 1815.
Third Campaign. 5. Mission to Landau, to organize a defensive force on the Rhine.	May, 1815.
6. Mission to Bayonne, for the same purpose, in the Pyrenees.	June, 1815.
Resigns his commission.	21st July, 1815.
Total of services, 4 years and 9 months—10 wounds.	

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